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SCANDINAVIAN MONOGRAPHS
VOLUME V

SCANDINAVIAN ART

THIS VOLUME IS ENDOWED
BY MR. C. HENRY SMITH
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Midsummer Night at Riddarholmen, by Eugen Jansson
Owned by Thorsten Laurin, Stockholm

SCANDINAVIAN ART

ILLUSTRATED

CARL LAURIN
EMIL HANNOVER
JENS THIIS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NEW YORK
THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

For this, the first comprehensive treatment of Scandinavian art in any language, the American-Scandinavian Foundation is fundamentally indebted to Mr. C. Henry Smith, of San Francisco, whose munificent gift provided for the completed manuscripts and the engravings. The volume has been the labor of several years on the part of the eminent authors, the translators, and editors. The survey of Swedish art has been written by Carl G. Laurin, author of *Konsthistoria, Sweden Through the Artist's Eye,* etc. The account of Danish art in the nineteenth century is by Emil Hannover, Director of the Danish Museum of Industrial Art. The development of modern Norwegian art has been traced by Jens Thiis, Director of the National Gallery in Christiania. The appearance of the work has been somewhat delayed because of the illness of Mr. Thiis, who was prevented from revising the last part of his manuscript. One of the translators, Mr. Frederic Schenck, of Harvard University, who rendered the Danish section into English, did not live to see his work in press. The Swedish section has been translated by Adolph Burnett Benson, assistant professor of Scandinavian at Yale University, and the Norwegian manuscript by Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt, assistant professor of English at the University of California, Southern Branch. The Swedish plates have been engraved by P. A. Norstedt och Söner of Stockholm, the Danish and Norwegian plates by the Photochrome Engraving Company of New York. The task of collating the manuscripts, editing the translations, and placing the illustrations, as well as proof-reading, has been executed by Hanna Astrup Larsen, editor of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW. Throughout the preparation of the book the Committee on Publications consulted Dr. Christian Brinton, the well known art critic, who will be remembered in this connection especially for his various essays on Scandinavian art and for his catalogue of the Scandinavian Exhibition of 1912-1913.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATIONS.

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 11

A SURVEY OF SWEDISH ART

I. The Ecclesiastical Period 37
II. The Castles of the Vasas. After the Thirty Years' War 58
III. The Carolinian Age. The Royal Palace 73
IV. French and English Influences in the Gustavian Age 87
V. Sergel 106
VI. The Transition Period 114
VII. The Düsseldorf Influence. The Historical Painters 128
VIII. The Opponents. New Tendencies in Swedish Painting 151
IX. New Tendencies in Swedish Painting (Continued) 185
X. Modern Plastic and Decorative Art 207
XI. Architecture at the Opening of the Twentieth Century 223

DANISH ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I. The Period Before Eckersberg 241
II. Eckersberg 247
III. Eckersberg's School 255
IV. Marstrand 270
V. The Europeans 280
VI. The Nationalists 293
VII. The Coloristic Awakening 315
VIII. The Quest of Style and Recent Tendencies 359
IX. Sculpture 393
X. Architecture 420

MODERN NORWEGIAN ART

I. The Nineteenth Century Pioneers, Dahl and Fearnley 437
II. Tidemand and Gude. Düsseldorf Technique and Norwegian Subjects 454
III. The Munich School 484
IV. The Beginning of French Influence 497
V. The Naturalists: Thaulow, Krohg, and Werenskiold. Gerhard Munthe 507
VI. Other Painters of the Seventies and Eighties 542
VII. The Intermediate Generation 560
VIII. Munch 580
IX. The Present Generation of Painters 592
X. Sculpture in the Nineteenth Century 613

INTRODUCTION

BY

CHRISTIAN BRINTON, M.A., LITT. D.

INTRODUCTION

By Christian Brinton

I

WHILE it may appear extraneous to apply to aesthetic considerations the rigid determinism exemplified by Hippolyte Taine, yet it is obvious that a knowledge of the land and its people is essential to a proper understanding of the art of a given country. You cannot appreciate the significance of the Italian Primitives unless you know something of the serene beauty of the Tuscan or Umbrian hillside as seen in the conventionalized backgrounds of the early masters. And similarly you will fail to grasp the spirit of Northern painting if you are not in some degree familiar with the conformation of the country and the composition of the light that slants obliquely upon shimmering fjord or sparse upland pasture. There can be no question concerning the fundamental differences between the art of the North and the art of the South. The one is septentrional, the other meridional, with all the distinction implies, and it should be apparent to any observant person that these divergences are in large part due to circumstances of race, clime, and climate.

Granted a specific ethnic heritage and a special natural environment, it is interesting to note how certain nations react to their surroundings. The art of the Italians, following that of the Greeks, is formal and balanced. It reveals a regard for proportion, a genius for co-ordination, not seen elsewhere in the pageant of pictorial expression. Italian painting is not primarily a record of external observation, of nature found ready at hand. Its spirit is philosophic. It

is deeply imbued with thought and reason. Little windows scrupulously spaced look out upon vistas where everything is held in equilibrium, upon a miniature universe subjected to an inner sense of symmetry. There is in Italian painting, from the fresh-tinted frescoes of Giotto to the flowing harmonies of Tiepolo, no marked departure from this essential principle. And while color plays an important rôle in these compositions, notably in the work of the Venetians, it rarely attains ascendency over line and form.

That which, without risk of misapprehension, may be termed the scholastic element in Italian art assumes, with the work of the Frenchmen, a more scientific application. The chief contribution made by latter-day France to the art of painting has been the development of the theory and practice of what is known as impressionism. While there have been reactions against impressionism, they have proved nothing more than tributes to a method without which modern art could scarcely have come into existence. The entire panorama of contemporary landscape painting bases itself upon impressionism. We no longer, as with the Italians, gaze through narrow little panels upon a remote, ordered world. We are at last out of doors flooded with sunshine. We were brought there by means of the patient analysis of light and the application of certain definite scientific principles to the problem of atmospheric painting.

If the art of the Italians is philosophic, and that of the Frenchmen, especially Manet, Monet, and their successors, illumined by scientific clairvoyance, it is but reasonable to infer that the work of the Scandinavians should betray characteristics equally distinctive. The inhabitants of the Northern peninsula, cut off from the main current of Continental cultural development, and living in close community with nature, have evolved an aesthetic expression that may be termed indigenous. In painting, sculpture, and architecture similar conditions have produced similar results. While it is manifest that the art of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway is by no means identical, it nevertheless shares certain specific affiliations. The differences are those of degree,

not of kind. This art is an expression that foreigners instantly recognize as septentrional.

Scholastic with the Italian, scientific with the Frenchman, aesthetic utterance with the Scandinavians displays a lyric quality such as one encounters in the art of no other country. In its finer essence the pictorial production of the Northern peoples is lyrical. These paintings are songs in color, these artists poets in line and tone. That this should be the case there need be scant wonder, for here again have certain causes produced their appointed results. Determinism in matters artistic is in fact as firmly established as is determinism in the field of physiology or psychology.

The farther one journeys from Greece and Rome, the less is one enslaved by the fetish of form, by that academic tyranny which is the enemy of individual expression. The relative remoteness of the Scandinavian artist from such sources of enervation has proved his salvation. Living alone or in more or less isolated surroundings, there has sprung up between the Northern painter and his environment a kind of pregnant intimacy. He has been compelled to seek inspiration in his feelings and fancies, his reactions to nature and natural scene. And the particular character of the scenes with which he is most familiar constitutes not the least of those silent yet eloquent forces that have conditioned his aesthetic consciousness. Serenity and precision may flourish in the South, among the luminous isles of the Ægean or along the shores of the Mediterranean, but the North is the home of mystery, of poetic suggestion, and that psychic restlessness which you encounter alike on the canvases of Edvard Munch or in the pages of August Strindberg. The exalted, at times frenzied, struggle for freedom which confronts you in the work of these men amounts indeed to a phase of eleutheromania.

The first thing that impresses the student of Scandinavian art is the infrequency with which one meets representations of the human figure. Man is here not the center of interest as is the case with the Greeks and Latins. It is nature and natural phenomena that hold the place of honor. The art

of the North is a chaste art. It betrays an impersonality, a cosmic anonymity far removed from the petty or trivial. Deriving its stimulus from direct contact with the out of doors, it dedicates its energies to a species of pantheistic nature worship. The deity which presides over Northern art is not fashioned in the image of humanity. It is compounded of that elemental rhythm which models the surface of the earth, tints the far reaches of the sky, ruffles the waves, and stirs the foliage of birch or pine.

That the language of this art may possess general appeal, that it may attain that universality of application with which the nations of the South have endowed their conception of the human form has been the aim, conscious or unconscious, of the Northern artist. In the following pages you will be enabled to judge how far this result has been achieved. Whatever the verdict, there is one fact that stands plainly forth, namely, the fact that the Scandinavian artist, once he finds himself, seldom lacks the tenacity to be national in theme and treatment. "Forward and home," was the inspiring slogan of that courageous coterie which in the middle eighties of the last century forsook Munich and Paris to return to the Northland, and happily, "forward and home" has since been their watchword.

The picture of Scandinavian art you will gather from the ensuing pages is a threefold presentment. You have herewith unveiled before you the artistic features of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. Each section has been traced by a practised hand. While the touch varies a trifle, the result will not fail to fuse itself into a composite portrait of the aesthetic physiognomy of the Scandinavian people. It is but natural that the art of painting should receive major consideration. Aside from certain monuments of historical interest, architecture is comparatively new in the North, and sculpture is not as yet widely cultivated. The art of Scandinavia is coloristic. While it took these fresh-visioned Northerners some time to outgrow the sombre tonality of museum and gallery, they eventually recaptured their rightful heritage of clear, tonic color and high-keyed harmony. It was indeed

not for naught that they enjoyed in France the distinction of being known as *la belle école blonde.*

The story of Swedish art as outlined by Mr. Carl G. Laurin forms a full-length portrait. The background is amply filled in, and none of the important accents is missing. Protected by the Court and patronized by the nobility, the artistic taste of Sweden was from the beginning eclectic. Brilliant, responsive, and full of rapidly assimilated impressions from the outside world, Swedish painting of the eighteenth century is replete with the artificial grace of the reign of rococo. Names such as Gustav Lundberg, Alexander Roslin, Nils Lafrensen the younger, and Peter Adolf Hall were less known in Stockholm than in Paris, where they contributed their quota to the delicate yet imperishable bloom of a deathless age. While there was sounder stuff in their predecessor, the Hamburg-born David Ehrenstrahl, they typify the auspicious inception of an art that has always appealed to the aristocratic classes, and which has been practised with distinction by more than one representative of the royal family.

The baroque pomposity of Ehrenstrahl and the rococo radiance of Lundberg and his associates were succeeded by the pseudo-classicism which dates from the French Revolution, and by the extravagant though sincere nature worship of which Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the fervid apostle. Wertmüller's Danaë, in the National Museum, and the poetic landscapes of Elias Martin, revealing manifest traces of the influence of Gainsborough and the English elegiac school, are indicative of the tendencies of the period. The English affiliation established by Martin was strengthened by Karl Fredrik von Breda, who studied with Reynolds. Breda returned to Stockholm with a richer tonality, a more expressive line, and an emotional warmth that foreshadow the dawn of romanticism. His likenesses of the prominent personages of the day furthermore possess a sense of style and a talent for character delineation that entitle them to high rank in the category of Peninsular portraiture.

Strange as it may seem, the one outstanding figure in the

eighteenth and early nineteenth century art of Sweden was not a painter, but the sculptor Johan Tobias Sergel. Swedish painting has in fact not yet produced its Sergel. The modeller of the Faun, in the National Museum, was a man of extraordinary endowment and rare force of character. Too robust a soul to succumb to the emasculated classicism of the day, he worked out his artistic destiny in typically independent fashion. Older than Canova or Thorvaldsen, he nevertheless remained younger in spirit, in vision, and in his veracious rendering of form during a period when plastic expression was notably deficient in vigor and sincerity.

Midway between the older and newer schools lingers the refined, mobile silhouette of Egron Lundgren, the Swedish Constantin Guys, who like Guys, was attracted by English life, social and military, and who did some of his best work while in the British capital. Lundgren was a cosmopolitan product. With his responsive line and delicate eye for color, he was a posthumous child of the age of rococo. When the rest of the world was turning to historical subject, drab peasant theme, or landscape darkened by heavy shadows from the venerable Fontainebleau oaks, Lundgren's vision remained vivacious and contemporary. He possessed the true aristocratic instinct for style, and nothing in Swedish art compares in grace and sensitive charm with these spirited water-color sketches.

While Egron Lundgren was transcribing with sparkling verity the pageant of mid-century life in London or Lucknow, in Paris or Madrid, the balance of Sweden was, as has been intimated, engaged in the sober task of creating a national school of art. The vogue of frigid neo-classicist and false romanticist was succeeded by the genuine outdoor sentiment of such pioneer landscape painters as Edvard Bergh and Alfred Wahlberg. The reposeful vision of the nature intimists was supplemented by the story-telling genre of August Jernberg and Ferdinand Fagerlin, and the earnest attempt to translate native myth and fable into paint was exemplified in the canvases of Blommér and Malmström. The most imposing talent of the day was, however, Johan

Fredrik Höckert. Though imbued with the treacle tonality of the romanticists, Höckert managed to express himself with vigor and conviction. His large, effective canvas entitled The Palace Fire, 1697, is an epoch-making work in the history of Northern art.

The foregoing men constitute certain important highlights in a general survey of Swedish painting. For its definite sequence you have the discriminating exposition of Mr. Laurin, who follows its progress from its brilliant, sporadic beginnings to the substantial achievement of the contemporary school. It is only within the present generation that Swedish art has come into its own. With the return from France, from Paris, and from Grez, of the intrepid band who resolutely opposed the Academy, and the formation, in 1886, of the society known as the Konstnärsförbundet, Swedish art assumes its rightful position in the forward march of European taste. The influence of Düsseldorf, which had been superseded by that of Munich and Paris, gave place to a passionate love of native scene and character, and a determination to become national alike in theme and treatment. With eyes for the first time open to the beauty of the homeland, and a technique fortified by familiarity with the message of latter-day naturalism and impressionism, the Swedish painter was not long in giving proof of his new-found power.

In the vanguard of the modern movement looms Ernst Josephson, equipped with a masterly breadth of draughtsmanship and a Manet-like faculty of placing the figure upon canvas. By the side of Josephson stands the dextrous, cosmopolitan Anders Zorn, who brings to the altar of art every gift save the gift of soul. And along with Zorn come Larsson and Liljefors, names familiar to lovers of Swedish art the world over. The preceding men are transitional figures, whereas with the rigorous Nordström, the sober-minded Wilhelmson, and notably with Hesselbom, Fjæstad, Kreuger, Prince Eugen, and Eugen Jansson we are confronted with tendencies more stylistic than naturalistic or impressionistic. The art of these painters and their younger col-

leagues, such as Axel Törneman, is subjective and synthetic in spirit. It is not representation they seek but decoration, and their work is notable for its vigor of outline and appropriate employment of color spaces. Beginning as modest lyrists, they have managed to endow their creations with monumental significance.

The contribution of this particular group, which is the most homogeneous unit in contemporary Swedish art, brings us to the debatable threshold of expressionism, which has already been crossed by Isaac Grünewald, Gösta Sandels, Einar Jolin, Leander Engström, and kindred apostles of out and out modernism. The older men belong to a definite school, the men of the middle period participated in certain well defined movements, but these latest recruits to the cause give free range to a luxuriant individualism. The extreme manifestations of their art will doubtless, however, be modified by the benign caress of time, for there is nothing like time to ameloriate the rigors of radicalism whether aesthetic or social.

The leading charactertistic of this work, be it conservative or experimental, is its sense of nationalism, its fidelity to native theme. Each of these artists has his favorite sketching ground which he makes indisputably his own. Liljefors finds inspiration in the forest life of Uppland or among the skerries of the Småland coast. Nordström evolves an austere, stone-age mysticism out of the iron mountain ranges of Lapland and the shadowed hillsides of Bohuslän, while upon the blue waters of Stockholm harbor, fringed with its crescent of amber lights, Eugen Jansson breathes a luminous lyricism that for sheer poetic intensity is without parallel in the annals of contemporary painting. Nor is all modern Swedish art serious-minded, for with the drawings of Albert Engström, the characterful statuettes of "Döderhultaren," and the diverting evocations of Ossian Elgström and John Bauer we are led into a world where actuality gives place to humorous exaggeration or the touch of creative fantasy.

Whether in the stillness of snow-crusted forest with Fjæstad and Schultzberg, among the Lofoten Islands with

Anna Boberg, or on the terrace of Prince Eugen's villa at Valdemarsudde, you instinctively feel that each of these painters approaches his theme with sincerity and conviction. The particular is here not infrequently infused with a significance that is general, and that which was local becomes typical. With the clarification of the modern palette Swedish painting has taken on fresh chromatic brilliancy. This art is more Swedish than was formerly the case. The national race consciousness has grown stronger and more eloquent alike of the outward vesture of nature and of that inner vision which fashions all things to its appointed purpose.

It is unnecessary in any degree to anticipate the able exposition of Mr. Laurin. His account of the development of Swedish architecture from the ecclesiastical period to the latest creations of Ferdinand Boberg, Gustav Clason, Ragnar Östberg, Carl Westman, and others is notably instructive. His survey of Swedish plastic art, which carries us from the Giant Finn of Lund Cathedral to the neo-renaissance yet modernistic compositions of Christian Eriksson and the varied inspiration of Carl Milles, is of equal merit and interest. You gather in fact from Mr. Laurin's text a general impression of flexibility and creative fecundity that augurs well for the future of Swedish art.

It may not be amiss to note by way of recapitulation, that art in Sweden did not long remain the exclusive property of the upper classes. It was not restricted to park and palace, to the aristocratic confines of Gripsholm or Drottningholm, but, reinforced by a basic peasant virility, it became a thing of the people and for the people. Carrying its brightness into cottage and home, bearing its message from Malmö to far off Kiruna beyond the arctic circle, it chants the visible glory of Svea. At first a plaything and apanage of royalty and a powerful ring of nobles—of the Hedvig Eleonoras and Axel Oxenstiernas of Swedish history—it finally won universal suffrage.

II

There could be no stronger contrast than that afforded by a comparison between the art of eclectic, cosmopolitan Sweden and the home-loving production of the Dane. If the art of Sweden is extensive, that of Denmark represents an intensive development in close conformity with the political and social traditions of the country. The lyric quality already noted in the art of Sweden is also present in that of Denmark, only it is not a poignant cry of passion or disillusion. It more often takes the form of gentle mysticism or the simple charm of a fireside lullaby. Just as you find in Danish literature no Verner von Heidenstam or no Oscar Levertin, so you encounter in contemporary Danish painting no Eugen Jansson or no Karl Nordström, the integrity of whose vision is tinged by a deep-seated pessimism, a touch of cosmic austerity.

As you turn to Director Hannover's sympathetic presentation of Danish art you will not fail to gain an impression of homogeneous development. Danish art is indigenous. The treasures of early Danish painting and sculpture did not arrive in stately fashion from foreign lands as was the case with Gustav III's collection of statuary. They sprang from the happy hearts and healthy sensibilities of a people who had no restless visions of grandeur and world conquest, a people fervently attached to their serene little country. The Danes are addicted to an amused scepticism when it comes to matters beyond their immediate range of sympathy. The tendency was manifest at an early stage of their cultural development, and it has doubtless served to protect them from follies and exaggerations in various fields of activity.

Yet it must not be assumed that Danish art attained maturity without assistance from the outside world. Denmark, like Sweden, sent abroad, chiefly to France, for her first architects and sculptors, while not a few of her painters journeyed to Rome or elsewhere in order to acquire that broader experience which was deemed essential to a proper practice of their profession. The fact nevertheless remains that these digressions did not materially alter the course of

Danish art. As Director Hannover observes, there was no genuinely Danish painting before Eckersberg, and Eckersberg himself had the sagacity not to be adversely influenced either by David in Paris or the specious neo-antique espoused by his countryman Thorvaldsen in Rome. Saving Pilo and Carstens but few of these men renounced their national affiliations. And as you study Constantin Hansen's portrait group depicting seven leading Danish artists, all former pupils of Eckersberg, foregathered in Hansen's Roman studio, you spontaneously assume that they are thinking and speaking of that endearing country to which they were shortly to return and whose more familiar aspects they were destined to celebrate.

Their preceptor, Christoffer Vilhelm Eckersberg, called the father of Danish painting, just as the Hamburger Ehrenstrahl was known as the father of Swedish painting, and the Norwegian, Johan Christian Dahl, was later to become recognized as the parent of Norwegian painting, was a remarkably endowed artist. Temporarily interested in Italian subject, he found his true sphere of activity in depicting local theme—landscape, marines, and views of ships and shipping in the vicinity of Copenhagen. His gallery of portraits, including that of Thorvaldsen in the Kunstakademiet, is also of particular importance. Everything he left in fact possesses a tranquil verity of vision and statement that no change of taste can ever discount.

You do not need, in a preliminary survey of early nineteenth century Danish painting, to go beyond the three typical figures of Eckersberg, Köbke, and Marstrand. Each in his way reflects a distinct phase of the national temperament, and between them they offer a complete picture of native life and scene. At a period when the rest of Europe was absorbed in the cultivation of a passionless pseudo-classicism, the clear-eyed professor who dwelt in modest quarters at the Academy in Kongens Nytorv was content to transcribe reality with patient exactitude. It was upon a foundation of substantial objectivity that he based the structure of modern Danish art. Following him comes Christen

Schjellerup Köbke, who supplemented the constrained vision and handling of the older men with a fresh, sunlit beauty, a brighter tonality, and a freer technique. The figure, not landscape, was Marstrand's preoccupation, and he in turn discarded the arid formalism of Abildgaard and Jens Juel and brought to Danish painting a humor, a grasp of character, and a breadth of style that proved an infinite boon to the art of the day.

The successive steps in the evolution of Danish painting from the constriction of its early stages to the freedom of its new-found worship of light, color, and form are too comprehensively indicated by Director Hannover to require more than passing mention. Following the eclipse of classicism and the tinsel romanticism of the Düsseldorf period, came the ringing appeal to the nationalist consciousness enunciated by Höyen, whose propensity for aesthetic preachment even rivalled that of Ruskin. This movement, which paved the way for Dalsgaard, Exner, Vermehren and similar exponents of peasant genre, failed to achieve significant results for the reason that its devotees were lacking in technical proficiency. It was, in fact, not until the advent of the Paris trained talents that Danish painting was able to overcome that professional provinciality which had been its handicap from the outset.

If the school of Eckersberg taught the Danish artist what to paint, it was the school of Skagen that taught him how to paint. Naturalistic at first, and by turns impressionistic and luministic, it was the flexible, acquisitive Peter Severin Kröyer who was the inspiration of the little colony of artists who set up their easels along the sunlit dunes of the Skaw and for the first time let into Danish painting the magic of light and air. More potent as an influence than as an enduring master, Kröyer, with his cosmopolitan cachet and dazzling manipulative dexterity, was the dynamic force of the movement. Whether in his vine-screened cottage at Skagen or in his sumptuously appointed studio in Bredgade, where used to take place those memorable evening musicales, he was always to the fore. Red-faced and white flanneled,

he acted as the beacon, the Skagen Fyr, of the group, and once he pointed the way, the rest proceeded to flood Danish art, indoor as well as out, with the same tonic radiance.

A few paces from Kröyer's studio in Bredgade came to live a man of different stamp, not a versatile talent, eager to attack any pictorial problem, but a modest, retiring soul who shrank from the glare of day, who preferred the dimness of sparely furnished rooms or the mystic film of twilight on grey-green roof or dark castle wall. In Vilhelm Hammershöi Denmark produced an apostle of aesthetic quietism beside whom even Whistler seems restless and sophisticated. A product of neurasthenia this tremulous, penetrant work may be, yet it bids fair to survive the legacy of many a more emphatic talent. Along with Hammershöi should be mentioned Ejnar Nielsen, whose severe, achromatic vision, somewhat indebted to the Italian Primitives and the pallid serenity of Puvis de Chavannes, possesses a lineal purity and a tonal restraint that lend it unique significance.

The subdued, crepuscular panels of Vilhelm Hammershöi, and the not infrequently pathological inspiration of Ejnar Nielsen, constitute an intermezzo in the forward progress of Danish painting, which, having acquired light through the efforts of Kröyer, next proceeded to add color through the chromatic opulence of Zahrtmann, and form through the vigorous plasticity of Willumsen. One of the most original figures in Danish art, and the possessor of a richly subjective color sense, Kristian Zahrtmann is also notable as a helpful and inspiring preceptor. Zahrtmann's Skole which has fostered such genuine talents as Johannes Larsen, Peter Hansen, and Fritz Syberg, has exercised a fruitful influence upon current Danish and also Norwegian painting. It has taught the lesson of nationalism through the development of a more conscious sense of individuality and a more definitely localized sphere of interest.

In the matter of individuality there is, however, no figure in Danish art whether in painting, sculpture, architecture, or decorative craftsmanship comparable with Jens Ferdinand Willumsen. The entire struggle for freedom from conven-

tion and from the stupifying effect of academic somnolence centers in the fecund personality of Willumsen. Everything Willumsen touches acquires the precious boon of life and form. A protean genius, he has attacked in succession all phases of current artistic activity. Nor has he failed to leave his impress whether it be upon the starkly simplified façade of the Frie Udstilling building or a bit of polychrome pottery. Combative as well as creative, Willumsen waged a valiant battle for aesthetic liberty, and it is mainly through his efforts that the younger men of to-day owe their comparative immunity at the hands of a none too reverent public.

The recent developments of contemporary Danish art synchronize with similar manifestations in Sweden and Norway. The movement has been away from naturalism and impressionism and in the direction of decorative synthesis. The amazing fertility of the late Thorvald Bindesböll, the Danish William Morris, and the pre-Raphaelite inspiration of the brothers Skovgaard have aided in the fostering of a new group. A richer tonality, a more opulent feeling for mass, and a frank desire to combine beauty and utility are among the chief characteristics of the younger generation of painters, sculptors, architects, and designers. A species of new romanticism, an awakening to the subjective and stylistic possibilities of color and form has superceded the objectivity of the older men.

Danish art of to-day has gone a long way from the simple verity of Eckersberg and Köbke, and the patient observation of Lauritz Ring, who still resides in his flower-fronted cottage at Roskilde, a picturesque reminder of the past. Contemporary Danish painting even possesses its expressionists and synchronists—some designate them as dysmorphists—who periodically enliven the exhibitions of Den Frie and the newer secessionist organization known as Grönningen. Yet despite its advanced pretentions the work of such men as Harald Giersing, Edvard Weie, Sigurd Swane, Aksel Jörgensen, William Scharff and their colleagues remains essentially Danish. It is Danish just as the art of Willumsen, the aesthetic anarch of a decade or more ago, was reluctantly

acknowledged to be Danish. That which indeed we first note in the production of these innovators are the departures from precedent, the exaggerations. On subsequent acquaintance we perceive that the difference between them and their predecessors has been all too slight.

It is the art briefly outlined in the foregoing paragraphs, together with the architecture of Martin Nyrop, H. B. Storck, and Hans Holm, and the sculpture of Willumsen, Freund, Hansen-Jacobsen, Kai Nielsen, and the Iceland-born Einar Jónsson, that reflect the present-day character of Danish aesthetic development. The illuminating presentation of the subject by Director Hannover is so comprehensive that it merely remains to summarize one's general impressions. Danish art, like the Danish landscape or Danish literature, possesses the faculty of not striving to transcend certain definite limitations. Dramatic intensity is absent. Yet while it is true that Danish letters boasts no Strindberg, no von Heidenstam, and no Levertin, it may well claim its Herman Bang or Jacobsen whose work, suffused with tender mysticism and lightened by flashes of humor, is typical of the modern Danish spirit.

And so it is in painting. When Köbke depicts a boat-landing party with the Dannebrog fluttering on the fresh morning breeze, when Lundbye paints a wide-horizoned stretch of his beloved Sjælland, when Kyhn devotes himself to views of Jutland, or Skovgaard senior masses in monumental forms the beeches of Dyrehaven, we have something exclusively Danish. The same is true of Ring, Syberg, and Philipsen in their records of rural life and scene, nor is it otherwise with Julius Paulsen in his delicate landscape nocturnes or Viggo Johansen in his particular province, for who has pictured the intimacies of domestic existence with more sympathetic insight than Johansen. There is no pretense here. It is all consistent and contained. We are far from the Salon *machine* concocted to astound a jaded public.

Danish art of to-day, having overcome certain early disabilities, reflects a wholesome equability of temper and a gen-

erous measure of material well-being. This art is rich in tone and texture and discreetly sensuous in spirit. The splendid assembly hall of Martin Nyrop's Raadhus radiates light and color, while Willumsen's playful putti disport themselves with true abandon. Midway between the brilliant eclecticism and lyric exaltation of Sweden, and the stormy, ossianesque grandeur of Norway, stands the instinctive moderation, the natural amenity of Denmark. Having achieved a definite emotional and social stability, the Dane can well afford to remain himself, and to smile indulgently upon a stressful, unquiet world.

III

Entering the arena of art at a later date than Swede or Dane, the Norwegian possessed the priceless assets of youth, abounding energy, and freedom from precedent that enabled him to express himself with unhampered vigor and directness. The first thing that impresses one on viewing a representative collection of Norwegian painting, sculpture, or decorative art is its aspect of freshness and general absence of fatigue. You may note a certain overconfidence, but you will rarely encounter echoes of empty traditionalism or a point of view that savors of academic anaemia.

The history of modern Norwegian art covers but a scant century of consecutive effort, yet within that period the Norwegian painter has nevertheless been able to place himself on even terms not alone with his Peninsular neighbors, but fully abreast of the broader currents of Continental artistic development. The realization that he started later, and consequently had more to achieve, proved an incentive rather than a detriment. And in order to diminish all disparity the Norwegian merely had to draw upon an unexploited wealth of vitality, aesthetic and physical.

The text of Director Thiis which you will herewith peruse is a model of constructive exposition. Working in a more or less virgin field, a field that he himself has largely created, Director Thiis is in a position to contribute pioneer criticism, and of this opportunity he takes full advantage.

The profile of the period preceding the declaration of national independence in 1814 is bound to appear more or less sketchy on account of the paucity of data at hand, yet even this relatively remote epoch in the history of Norwegian art has its well defined tendencies and its outstanding personalities. Though for the most part of anonymous authorship, the early ecclesiastical or secular sculpture, painting, and handicraftsmanship display characteristics that were destined to reappear at a subsequent date. New art is invariably conditioned by latent aesthetic instincts. The decorative fantasies of Gerhard Munthe are based upon century-old saga motifs; and it is by no means improbable that the hypersensitiveness of Edvard Munch, that feeling of cosmic fear which pervades his work, harks back to the primal awe of primitive man in the presence of the insoluable enigma of nature.

Out of this somewhat dusky half-light emerges the rugged silhouette of Magnus Berg, a richly endowed craftsman who passed most of his life in Copenhagen, and left a legacy of deftly carved ivory groups displaying marked baroque influence. It is Director Thiis's placing in relief of such figures as Berg, and rescuing from obscurity such comparatively unknown men as Mathias Stoltenberg, the provincial Nordland portrait painter, and Lars Hertervig, an imaginative nature mystic who recalls our own Ryder or Blakelock, that lends his text its particular value. The Gudes and Tidemands, like the Thorvaldsens, have been too persistently exploited. The public deserves to know something of less conventional types, and no one presents their respective cases with more authority than the scholarly, militant Director of the National Gallery of Norway. He is amply qualified for such a task, having already done much to force acceptance of Munch and to win proper recognition for the Norwegian plastic genius Gustav Vigeland.

It is in fact this same militancy of spirit that distinguishes Norwegian art and letters in general. The leading figures stand starkly forth as though rough-hewn from the native rock. And to those given to indulging in symbols, the view

of Dahl's storm-tossed birch tree buffeted by the wind yet clinging to its stony base may well seem typical of the entire course of Norwegian art. Cast in heroic mould, these men have forged their way to the front through sheer power and persistence. There is not, even to this day, in Norway such a thing as an academy of art, royal or national, and technical instruction has necessarily been difficult to obtain. The pioneers were largely self-taught. Berg was a simple rustic who began life as a woodcarver. Dahl was the son of a humble fisherman and ferryman of Bergen. These men were not protected by kings and nobles as were the Swedes, nor were they reared amid the security of a solidly established social order as were the Danes. Almost without exception they fought their battles single-handed, and many of them are still indulging in this same salutary pastime.

Such conditions have not been without effect upon the development of the arts in Norway. You meet in this work a degree of individualism not apparent in the production of Sweden or Denmark. There are of course marked affinities between one artist and another, or one group of artists and another, yet each man stands firmly upon his own feet. The art of Norway does not fall into the category of a sharply defined school, as for example is the case with the art of Holland or of Denmark. Its progress is uneven. It does not proceed upon its course with placid uniformity. It advances intermittently, not to say explosively. There was something meteor-like in the rapid rise to fame and European position of Johan Christian Dahl, the father of contemporary Norwegian painting, and on more than one occasion the world has been startled by the sudden eruption of a fresh-born Norwegian genius of letters or art.

When Dahl eventually located in Dresden as professor of landscape at the Kunstakademie, pallid neo-classicism had been superseded by a romantic nature poetry and a taste for theatric peasant genre. While it was impossible even for this sturdy son of West Coast fisherfolk to escape the pretense of the period, it is to his credit that, during long residence abroad, he never ceased to remain Norwegian at

heart. He did not devote his energies to the portrayal of moonlit ruins on the Rhine or the fateful Lorelei. Every summer he journeyed homeward where he passed the time sketching among the fjords and mountains of his native land. While his work remained romantic, it never lost contact with reality. It pulsates with dramatic passion, with genuine bardic power, yet it is based upon actual observation. And what is true of Dahl is even more true of his successor Fearnley, and of the deeply lyrical Cappelen who died while still in his twenties.

From the outset these men displayed a vigorous intensity of statement that to this day has remained typical of Norwegian painting. Even the panoramic Gude and the popular exponent of peasant life, Adolf Tidemand, had their moments of genuine veracity. And once the specious glamour of poetic sentiment had been dispelled, and the Norwegian painter was permitted to see nature in her true aspect, this faculty came more prominently to the fore. The older men down to the time of Amaldus Nielsen and Ludvig Munthe studied in Düsseldorf. The succeeding generation drifted to Munich and Paris. In due course the pictorial insincerity of Schirmer and Lessing and the anecdotal inanities of Knaus and Vautier vanished with the increasing vogue of an art based upon a closer study of nature and a more accurate comprehension of existing visual phenomena. Teutonic romanticism gave place to Gallic rationalism, to an art that endeavored to place the eye upon a parity with the mind, to supplement sentiment and imagination with first-hand observation.

Erik Werenskiold was the earliest Norwegian painter to sense the impending change and adjust himself to the new order of things. In 1879 he saw the memorable French exhibition in Munich, and straightway wrote to his colleagues that the Bavarian capital was dead as an art center. With ready receptivity he realized that the forward movement pointed away from the studio claptrap of Piloty and Löfftz toward the sturdy terrestrialism of Gustave Courbet and the fresh graphic vision of Edouard Manet. His advice

was fortunately followed, and between 1880 and 1883 most of the progressive Norwegian painters foregathered in Paris to admire and emulate the grey-green harmonies of Cazin, the sober peasant vision of Bastien-Lepage, or the rude proletarian touch of Roll. Eilif Peterssen, Hans Heyerdahl, Werenskiold himself, Fredrik Collett, Frits Thaulow, and Edvard Diriks formed the vanguard of the new movement. And one by one they returned to their native country bearing with them the inspiring message that precipitated a veritable revolution in the province of pictorial representation.

The Norwegians espoused the gospel of naturalism in all sincerity, each pursuing his pathway with independence of spirit. That same tendency which in Sweden initiated a school of synthetic landscape interpreters, and in Denmark fostered a genuine decorative renaissance, aroused in Norway a different set of reactions. In particular it gave birth to a group afflicted with social and pathological sympathies. In literature this coterie included Hans Jæger, Arne Garborg, Gunnar Heiberg, and Knut Hamsun, and in art found its leading exponents in Christian Krohg and Edvard Munch. Robust and defiantly objective looms the massive form of Krohg, while in the shadowland of an acute subjectivity lingers the solitary, enigmatic apparition of Munch.

Though Krohg, the epic apostle of Zolaism in paint, has undergone numerous vicissitudes, his militancy of temper and mental vigor remain unimpaired. Seated in the garden of his fjord-side home at Dröbak, grizzley and primeval, he seems to epitomize the stressful epoch of which, with pen as well as brush, he was for years the living incarnation. The complexion of Norwegian art has altered during the last decade. Of the actual pioneers several have passed away. Yet Diriks has not entirely deserted Dröbak for Paris, while upon the pine-crested heights of Lysaker, overlooking the upper reaches of the Christiania fjord, still reside Eilif Peterssen, Gerhard Munthe, and Erik Werenskiold whose talented son Dagfin carries promisingly forward the paternal tradition.

The rigors of naturalism were followed by the delicate irradiance of impressionism, which in due course was succeeded by the new romantic spirit of which the late Halfdan Egedius was the initial exponent. Many of the younger men, the generation of the nineties, including Erichsen, Folkestad, Kavli, Onsager, and Wold-Torne received their professional training in Copenhagen, mainly under Zahrtmann, and their work consequently reflects not a little of the stylistic and coloristic traditions of the contemporary Danish school. Holmboe, a somewhat older man, is also allied to the decorative romanticists, while Harald Sohlberg adds to the main characteristics of the movement a visual restraint and a concentrated emotional intensity that entitle him to a place apart from the rest of his colleagues.

In a measure a product of the naturalism of the early and middle eighties of the past century, and also representing a sharp reaction against naturalistic tendencies, stands Edvard Munch, the unchallenged head of the modern movement in Scandinavian art. The enthusiasm with which Director Thiis pens his apologia for Munch is by no means misplaced, though it is safe to say that Munch's position in European painting and graphic art is not yet adequately appreciated in his own country. Edvard Munch is a born pictorial fantast. From the recesses of a responsive consciousness he evokes images plastic and graphic the like of which cannot be met outside the pages of Poe and Baudelaire or the portfolios of Félicien Rops and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. The inspiration of Munch is not however Southern, it is purely Nordic. You may possibly recall the Berlin of the early nineties on viewing some of the initial graphic studies, but never the Boulevards. The significance of this art lies in its affinity, its power of identification, with the visible universe. In these broadly brushed canvases and strongly accented lithographs we are made to wander by dark waters, under pale, far stars and over mountains toward the rim of the world where we stand transfixed with tragic apprehension.

It is part of Munch's deep-rooted pessimism that in his

work he should reduce the human equation to minor proportions when brought face to face with the inscrutable physiognomy of nature. Alike in his paintings, mural decorations, or in the field of graphic expression Edvard Munch remains the commanding figure in Northern art. He is the apotheosis of that tendency which is farthest removed from the fixed form of the Greeks and Latins. The potency of this art lies not in its capacity for definite realization but in its magic power of suggestion. We have here moved beyond the radiance of the meridional sun into sub-arctic twilight where fantasy wins its silent, almost imperceptible victory over fact.

Under the ægis of Edvard Munch have sprung into consciousness a number of artists more or less directly influenced by him, though revealing the approved Norwegian capacity for independent expression. They share his freedom from the tyranny of form, his suggestive coloration, and his sympathy with the modern movement whether in Scandinavia or on the Continent. Of this group Henrik Lund and Ludvig Karsten are the most prominent representatives, while Per Krohg, the progressive son of a father who in his day was equally advanced, carries the programme of modernism still farther along its vaguely charted pathway. One and all they are effective draughtsmen and exuberant colorists. Displaying familiarity with Manet, Cézanne, van Gogh, Henri-Matisse, and Picasso, they constitute the advance guard of Norwegian painting.

The complexion of Norwegian art in fact changes with refreshing rapidity, for whereas formerly we felt in the work of Fearnley and Cappelen the beating of the wings of romantic aspiration, to-day we no less distinctly sense the stir of aesthetic radicalism. A scant decade ago the outstanding figures, apart from Munch, were Lund, with his swift psychological insight and Manet-like saliency of stroke, and Karsten, whose canvases revealed a chromatic vigor and a freedom of draughtsmanship new to their generation. In 1914, however, occurred the debut of a new group known as De fjorten, among whom were Sörensen, Heiberg, Per Deberitz, Thyge-

sen, and Revold. All are, of course, ardent modernists, and during the past half dozen years not a few of them have found their final emancipation in abstract formulæ. For the rigorous realism of the eighties, the neo-romanticism of the nineties, the delicate shimmer of impressionism, and the intervening manifestations of a questing creative consciousness have meanwhile merged into that broad category which may best be characterized as expressionism.

You see the work of these artists in the current exhibitions, and you meet the men themselves, now in the café of the Grand Hotel, now in Copenhagen, or next in Paris where they sip their liqueurs or modest bocs at the Café de la Régence, just as the former generation of Northern artists used to frequent the Café de l'Hermitage. What they have to say about, and in, paint they say with assurance. So much downright, unspoiled capacity for pictorial expression do they display, that one is constrained to conclude that it may be just as well, after all, that Norway should still boast no official academy of art. For, had it such an institution, it is by no means certain that these truculent young radicals would condescend to darken its threshold.

We shall leave to Director Thiis the congenial task of tracing the artistic physiognomy of Norway's most distinguished sculptor, Gustav Vigeland. His predecessors in the field, prominent among whom were Julius Middelthun, Brynjulf Bergslien, and the stressful and by no means subtle Stephan Sinding, are likewise thrown into characteristic relief upon Director Thiis's pages. The story of Norwegian sculpture is brief, as is also that of Norwegian architecture. It is in painting, and in the minor handicrafts, particularly weaving, that the greatest progress has been made. And here again you will note the same strength of color that you find on canvas. For while the Swede is notable for the gift of decorative synthesis, and the Dane exhibits a highly developed sense of form, color is the chief contribution of the Norwegian.

In surveying Scandinavian art as presented throughout the ensuing pages, you will readily discover the lyric

mood already mentioned, for it is manifest almost everywhere in the production of these Northmen to whom emotion has not infrequently proved of more significance than mere substance or form. Detached, and in a measure isolated though the artistic activity of these peoples has perforce been, their contribution in certain instances transcends that which is merely local in appeal. With the work of such men as Sergel, Thorvaldsen, and the troubled, aspiring Munch, this art attains true universality of utterance. And yet, while such manifestations constitute its moments of supreme expression, it everywhere commands respect through its genuine creative fecundity, and above all through its virile, organic nationalism. It is in brief by bringing forth the native richness of spirit, and not relying upon atelier and academy, that Scandinavian art has won its present position in the larger pageant of pictorial and plastic aspiration.

A SURVEY OF SWEDISH ART

By

CARL G. LAURIN

Author of Konsthistoria, Sweden Through The Artist's Eye, Etc.

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I

THE ECCLESIASTICAL PERIOD

NUMEROUS relics of ancient times bear witness to the high peasant culture possessed by Sweden thousands of years before the Christian Era. The finely-shaped swords and the spiral ornaments on buckles and shield-plates of the Bronze Age reveal the presence of artistic taste and skilled craftsmanship in our country before the Persians encountered the Greeks. At a much later period, the Germanic peoples, under impulses from classic civilization, evolved an arabesque form of ornamentation, which spread southward to Italy with the Lombards, and northward to England and Ireland. From Erin's Isle the arabesque was again transplanted to the North, where it underwent a varied development, as may be seen in the decorative convolutions on certain rune stones, found principally in central Sweden, and executed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Erected at a time when the Romanesque school dominated the continent, these runic monuments often show Romanesque influence in the style of their ornamentations, and the same is true of the old Norse forms of decoration that were revived in the boldly fantastic, marvellously well executed portals of the Norwegian wooden stave-churches as well as in the remains of the Swedish. The first churches in Sweden, like the houses and temples of pagan times, were of wood.

After 1100, stone churches became more and more common. In the twelfth century, Lund Cathedral was dedicated,

The crypt of Lund Cathedral with the Giant Finn embracing one of the columns

though it has, of course, been altered and repaired several times since its erection. Built by Canute the Holy, it was designed after the Romanesque temples of the Rhine district. It was thoroughly repaired in the beginning of the sixteenth century under the supervision of the Westphalian master-builder, Adam van Düren, and during the nineteenth century it was subjected to a crude restoration. The choir is adorned with richly carved Gothic stalls, executed about the year 1400. The magnificent crypt, resting on columns with square capitals, extends beneath the chancel and transept. The oldest sculpture of the cathedral is the so-called Giant Finn, who embraces one of the columns of the crypt. It is considered by many to represent Samson. In the last decade of the twelfth century, Gumlösa Church in Skåne, about twenty kilometers northwest of Kristianstad was dedicated. It was covered by a cross-vault, and was built of brick, with the tower and the roof ornamented by corbie-step gables. These latter, which were added subsequently, constitute, naturally enough, a characteristic of brick architecture, and are often found on the church buildings that rise on the

waving grain fields of Skåne or gleam among the beech woodlands of Sjælland. Now and then, these edifices were given a round form, but more often they were constructed with a single rectangular nave. The walls of the small country churches were as thick as fortresses, and during these times, when there was a constant state of war, they were in fact sometimes used as forts. The steeple was not considered a necessity, and several of our foremost abbeys and cathedrals had no steeples, but when it became the custom in many country districts, especially in Gotland, to erect towers for defense, known as castellets, it was ultimately found practical to build these towers adjoining the church. The Keep in Hälsingborg, a remnant of the defenses of the city, probably dating back to the twelfth century, is one of the few secular constructions from olden times in Sweden.

In the region of Västergötland, where Christian Swedish culture first made its appearance, the abbey of Varnhem indicates a French arrangement of choir and chapels. The monastery of Varnhem was founded about 1150 by monks

The abbey of Varnhem completed in the thirteenth century

The choir in the abbey of Varnhem presaging the Gothic style

of the Bernardine order. On the plain below Billingen, the white walls of the venerable church gleam through the verdure. The edifice was not completed until the middle of the thirteenth century, and its interior presages the introduction of the Gothic style. The Gothic cathedral of Skara, with its abruptly terminating choir, has been much altered in the course of its manifold reconstructions. The original building, like the present one, was characterized by triforia. In the city of Sigtuna, on Lake Mälaren, there were a number of churches erected in the twelfth century in the Romanesque style, but unfortunately these are now in ruins.

Without doubt, Gotland was the Swedish province where

The lower story of the peculiar double church of the Helgeandsorden at Visby, now a ruin

the art of building attained its highest development during the Middle Ages. The active mercantile relations of the island with Russia and northern Germany, the presence of a wealthy German-Swedish middle class in Visby, and the abundance of sandstone and limestone were factors in pro-

ducing a richer architecture than that on the mainland. The golden period falls in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and many a stately church sprang up between the corbie-step gables of the burghers' houses, behind the defiant city wall with its bartizans and earth-bound towers. The peculiar double church of the Helgeandsorden dates presumably from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and reveals the mingling of Romanesque and Gothic forms characteristic of the period. It is an octagonal, centralized construction,

Dalhem Church typical of the country churches in Gotland

The portal of Etelhem Church with the union of Romanesque and Gothic characteristic of Gotland churches

with two stories connected by flights of stairs and by an opening two meters wide in the floor of the second story. In all probability, one part was intended for the sick and the poor, the other for the wealthy supporters and friends of the Order among the merchant aristocracy of Visby. Unfortunately the Helgeandskyrka, like all churches of Visby—with the exception of the St. Maria Cathedral—is a ruin, though tolerably well preserved. The Gothic choir of St. Karin belongs to the end of the fourteenth century, and must therefore have been built immediately after Valdemar Atterdag sacked the city in 1361, when the Danish ships were loaded with several barrels of shining Visby coins minted with the figures of the lamb and the lily. The

majority of the churches on Gotland were enlarged or rebuilt during the Gothic period.

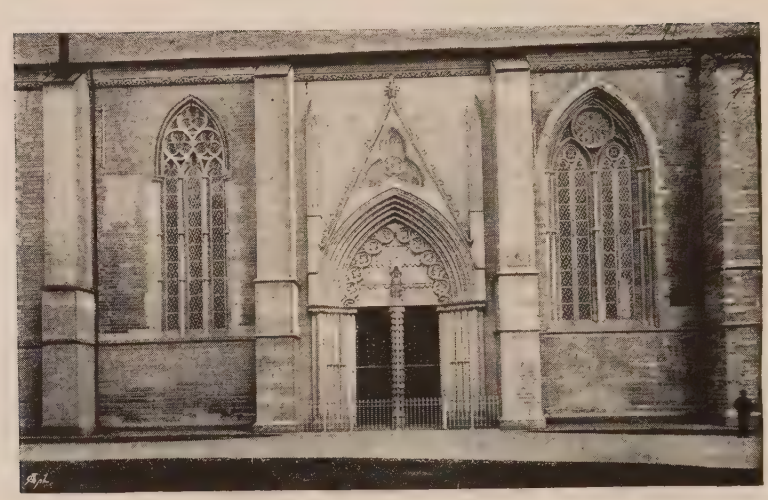
In the country districts of Gotland the churches are better preserved. Dalhem Church, dedicated in the beginning of the thirteenth century, has a tower that is typical of many of the country churches of Gotland; the lower part is Romanesque; the upper part has been added later and has pointed

View of the interior of Etelhem Church showing the central column

arches. In its interior it is a hall church, resting upon slender columns with the square capitals characteristic of northern Europe. In several churches the nave was covered by four cross vaults, resting upon one central column, as in the Etelhem Church. As an example of the Gotland portals with their union of Romanesque and Gothic forms, and with a lintel resembling the Romanesque ornamentation in wood, the portal of Etelhem Church may be mentioned.

The nave of Linköping Cathedral showing English influence

Gotland belonged to the bishopric of Linköping, and with the help of the Gotlanders, who were skilled in stone work, one of the most stately cathedrals of the land was erected in the city of Linköping. Its predominating style, however, was English. It took a long time to build Linköping Cathedral. It is said to have been begun shortly after the year 1200, and the construction went on during the whole of the thirteenth century, the first half of the fourteenth—the work was interrupted by the Great Plague—and the fifteenth century. The west towers, which were a



The south portal of Linköping Cathedral showing the influence of the Gotland church buildings

part of the plan, were never erected. The church had a greater richness of ornamentation than any seen before in our land. The interior consisted of a three-naved body, forming a hall-church with a later Gothic choir and ambulatory. The construction of the choir was begun in the early part of the fifteenth century by a Master Gierlac from Cologne, and was completed about a hundred years later by other "Cologne master-men." The magnificent south portal betrayed clearly a Gotlandic influence.

On the plain of Uppland, Sweden's largest cathedral edifice, Uppsala Cathedral, stands as the foremost example of Swedish brick architecture in the Gothic style. Numerous fires, restorations, and finally a complete reconstruction in 1885-1893 have considerably changed the old church, but the interior, the plan, and certain details still remain from the medieval period. The foundations were laid during the second half of the thirteenth century, and during the whole of the following century papal indulgences were granted to those who contributed gifts for its erection. The cathedral was not dedicated until 1435, and was not even then entirely finished. The plan is northern French. It is a three-naved basilica, that is, it possesses a central

body provided with windows and consequently higher than the side naves. A row of chapels extends around the whole church—an arrangement typical of the Baltic region. The choir has the characteristic French form with an encircling ambulatory and a row of chapels, the central one of which contains the stately Sarcophagus of Gustavus Vasa, made in the Netherlands. The fresco paintings added in the thirties of the nineteenth century are painted by Johan Gustav

Sculpture on a console in Uppsala Cathedral representing Jews being suckled by a sow

Sandberg, and treat of the historical events in the life of Gustavus Vasa according to the conceptions prevalent in that period. The interior of the church measures 107 meters in length, 27 meters in height, and is for the most part newly decorated.

Among the more noteworthy remains from medieval times still seen in the church are the consoles, originally pedestals for statues that have since disappeared, which now adorn the pillars near the choir-ambulatory. The sculptures that grace the consoles were in all probability exe-

cuted by Gotlandic sculptors about 1350, and represent naively, but with considerable faithfulness of description, medieval legends and symbols and even a brutal anti-Semitic raillery. Jews and pigs are seen tumbling over one another with obvious friendliness, an illustration that calls to mind the coarseness of medieval sermons, spiced for the special benefit of the congregation. The French sculptor, Etienne de Bonneuil, and his journeymen worked on the cathedral the last years of the thirteenth century. Back of the high altar, near which Archbishop Jöns Bengtsson Oxenstierna swore at one time not to exchange armor and sword for the bishop's hat and staff until he had driven Karl Knutsson out of the land, stands the "Gilded" silver shrine of St. Eric —the present one executed by a Danish goldsmith during the reign of Johan III—containing the bones of the saint, which were brought here from Old Uppsala in 1273. The pulpit, carved by the sculptor Burchardt Precht after drawings by Nikodemus Tessin the Younger, was set up early in the eighteenth century and is a master example of the most luxurious baroque, well suited to the pompous and endless sermons of the Carolinian age. Precht carved also the magnificent altar-piece in the baroque style, which adorned the church for almost two hundred years, until it was removed at the time of the restoration, and replaced by a new one in the Gothic style of 1890. This remarkable work of art was sculptured by Precht strongly influenced by the design of the altar of St. Ignatius by Padre Pozzo; it is now in the Vasa Church in Stockholm. The exterior of the cathedral has undergone, if possible, yet greater changes. About the year 1400, two enormous brick towers of the North German style with buttresses were erected. In the course of time, the spires have had a great variety of forms. During the seventeenth century, the church had spires in the baroque style and a smaller spire or ridge-turret directly over the intersection-point of the roofs. The fire of 1702 did violent damage to the cathedral. In the restoration which followed thereupon, the arch-buttresses and ridge-turret were removed, and the architect Hårleman

erected those tower-caps which gave their characteristic stamp to the Uppsala of Linné and Geijer. The reconstructed building, which was completed in the nineties of the last century, is an attempt to give the church again a kind of French-Gothic appearance in the cheapest and quickest way by removing the alterations that have accrued through the centuries. The old, venerable tower-caps were torn down, the tower façades were redone, and phialæ and fountains were done in cement, since in our day we could not "afford" to use cut stone for the first church of the kingdom. In contrast with this thin and cheap cement-Gothicism, the beautiful south portal, erected early in the fourteenth century at the expense of Chancellor Ambjörn Sparre, produces an effect of unusual charm through the beauty of its sculpture and the richness of its material.

Two important brick churches are the old cathedrals of Västerås and Strängnäs, which have been several times rebuilt, and which in the latter half of the fifteenth century received new choirs. The recently restored Strängnäs Cathedral, with its picturesque tower in the baroque style and its red brick walls rising out of the verdure, is certainly through its location and also in other ways one of Sweden's most beautiful cathedrals.

Most notable among the churches of the late Middle Ages is the abbey of Vadstena, built of limestone with the choir toward the west, according to the directions of St. Birgitta, as prescribed and revealed to her by Christ. The fifteenth century—the chapel was dedicated in 1430—was the golden age of the abbey and convent. The bluish-grey limestone walls of this towerless church were surrounded by the most luxuriant vegetation, for the monks and nuns of the Briggittine order were zealous gardeners and possessed an appreciation of the beauties of nature. Many believers visited the beautiful convent-chapel on the shore of Lake Vättern and found solace in the sight of the Holy Virgin's milk, a precious relic which was preserved there. The interior is supported by simple, octagonal pillars, and the roof is made up of graceful, ribbed vaulting.

Baptismal font executed in Gotland, about the year 1200, used in Tingstad church in Östergötland. The reliefs around the cuppa represent the Three Wise Men and other incidents from the childhood of Christ

Sculpture and painting were very little developed in Sweden during the Middle Ages. The sculpture on the portals of the cathedrals has already been mentioned. There was not much art in the ordinary Swedish country church during the Middle Ages, but sometimes the baptismal font would be a real work of art, with a cuppa, or bowl, embellished with carved arabesques or reliefs. The sacred vessels were also of noble form and decked with precious stones. Pictures of Mary and the saints, all sculptured in wood in adherence to the prevailing tendencies of art on the Continent, were not uncommon. Large carved crucifixes were sometimes suspended in the triumphal arch, the vault of the chancel. Now and then, during the earlier Middle Ages, the altar in Sweden was beautified also by a sculptured tablet of wood or metal, the antemensale. This form of altar-decoration was succeeded during the fourteenth

century by tabernacles placed back of the altar with figures of the madonna and the saints. Toward the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, tabernacles of unusually magnificent workmanship were imported from the Netherlands. In these so-called mystery tabernacles, the figures, formerly so rigid, were brought together dramatically to reproduce situations from Sacred History, arranged in groups reminiscent of scenes from the Mystery Plays, and installed in small niches. The figures were carved in wood, and were painted and gilded, so that the whole assumed a character of wrought gold in conformity with the essence of the Gothic style. All this was seen when the tabernacle was open; when it was closed, only the paintings on the outside door were exposed to view.

A number of magnificent tabernacles were also imported from Germany, of which the most important was completed in the year 1468 in Lübeck for the Storkyrka in Stockholm. It is now preserved in Statens Historiska Museum. One of the most beautiful German tabernacles is one ornamented by painting and sculptures, which was executed early in the sixteenth century and is now found in the Stadskyrka of Köping. Here, however, the figures were set up one by one, just as in the older altar cabinets. Even individual madonna figures were inserted in tabernacles with painted doors; for example, the unusually charming madonna, which is preserved in Sorunda Church in Södertörn, where Mary, clad in gold brocade with a golden crown, is surrounded by the four mother virgins, Saints Barbara, Dorothea, Catherine, and Margaret, painted on the doors. This work of art was executed in Lübeck about 1480. In the preservation of such partly destroyed and often dispersed and slighted works of art as baptismal fonts, crucifixes, and tabernacles, which form so important a part in our country's history of art and aesthetic beauty, the well-directed, practical, and energetic measures of Docent J. Roosval and Professor S. Curman have earned the gratitude of our nation.

In the so-called triumphal arch, the arch which separates the choir from the nave, there often hung what was termed

The madonna tabernacle in Sorunda church in Södertörn, where the Virgin Mary is surrounded by the four mother virgins. Executed about 1480 in Herman Rode's workshop in Lübeck.

a triumph crucifix, and the most artistically finished of these is a figure of the crucified Savior, with the symbols of the Evangelists on the four ends of the cross, executed in painted wood about 1440. The well-nigh naturalistic treatment of the design calls to mind the Spanish wood sculptures of the seventeenth century. It has been hanging in the abbey of Vadstena since medieval times.

The triumph crucifix in the abbey of Vadstena, called "Salvator i Wadstena," supposed to have been made by a German master about the year 1440

Gustavus Adolphus was accustomed to say that, "in Sweden there were above others three great masterpieces: the Knight St. Göran in Stockholm, the altar painting in Linköping (by the Dutchman Hemskerk), and the Salvator

St. Göran and the Dragon, sculpture in wood by Berndt Notke, from about the year 1489. In the Storkyrka at Stockholm

in Vadstena." The foremost example of medieval Swedish sculpture is the enormous statue of St. Göran and the Dragon, paid for by national subscription, and set up, in 1480, in the Storkyrka in Stockholm by Sten Sture the Elder

to commemorate his victory at Brunkeberg, 1471.* The statue, which is executed in wood and painted, was carved by the German artist, Berndt Notke. In a youthful spirit of combat, the patron saint of warriors attacks the dragon with his sword, and the terrible monster, from whose skin protuberances have grown like moose horns, roars, and in his death-struggle clutches with one of his claws the broken lance of the saint. The kneeling rescued maiden reminds us of the noble Swedish women who, while the battle was raging on the slopes of Brunkeberg Ridge, sent up fervent prayers for the life and victory of their knights.

The Storkyrka in Stockholm, built by Birger Jarl and first called *bykyrkan* (the village church) was sacred to the patron saint of sea-farers, St. Nicholas. The interior, which has been finished with great taste and care, is one of the most beautiful church interiors of our country. Besides the above-mentioned St. Göran and the Dragon, the temple is adorned by a magnificent altar-piece made of silver, ivory, and ebony, which was presented to the church in the middle of the seventeenth century by the royal councillor, Adler Salvius, replacing the old tabernacle made in 1460-1470 which is now preserved in Statens Historiska Museum. Before it stands a seven-armed, medieval, bronze candlestick of enormous size, a gift from the middle of the fourteenth century of King Magnus Eriksson. A number of pompously gilded epitaphs from the late Renaissance illumine the solemn brick vaults. Strängnäs Cathedral received at the close of the fifteenth century, from Bishop Kort Rogge, a

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* The figure of St. Göran (St. George) was allowed to stand for nearly four hundred years in the Storkyrka where "the great Göran" aroused the interest of all church attendants, and not least of the country people who came to Stockholm. Carl Larsson tells us what a strong impression the fantastic group made upon him as a boy. In 1866 the statue was moved to the National Museum, where it was set up in a dark and very unsuitable place, and stood there in obscurity until 1907, when it was reclaimed by the Storkyrka. In 1912 a bronze copy of St. Göran was set up on Köpmanbrinken in Stockholm. The princess was added in 1913. From the standpoint of beauty, the arrangement of this whole group is, I dare say, the happiest that any work of sculpture, placed out of doors, has received in our land.

Altar tabernacle in Strängnäs Cathedral with sculptures representing Christ being taken down from the cross. Made in Brussels about the year 1490

tabernacle in painted wood sculpture, which was executed in the Netherlands.

In the thirteenth century people commenced to decorate the walls of the churches, and the mural paintings in Råda Church in Värmland, from the century following, are still preserved. During the fifteenth century, mural painting in

Unicorn pursued by the Angel Gabriel, painting in the ceiling of Ösmo Church in Södertörn

churches became very common. The paintings on the ceiling of Ösmo Church in Sodertörn date from the middle of this century. One of these represents the popular legend of the unicorn, when pursued by the angel Gabriel equipped with dogs and hunting-horn, taking refuge with the Holy Virgin.

II

THE CASTLES OF THE VASAS. AFTER THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

DURING the reign of the Vasa kings, the Church was obscured by the royal power. Communion cups and silver crucifixes found their way into the State treasury, monasteries were suppressed, and church-building —there was already a superabundance of churches—ceased. The economical rule of King Gösta did not permit art to flourish. The fortified castles and palaces of the realm, which had fared badly during the War of Liberation, had to be put in good condition first, before one could consider their artistic adornment. Kalmar Castle and the Royal Palace in Stockholm were repaired during the last years of Gustavus Vasa's reign, but, despite their interior renovation, they maintained their stern medieval exterior. The architects and artists of this period were mostly Germans and Dutchmen, which was natural enough, since the Swedish bourgeoisie, both at that time and during a large part of the seventeenth century, was mixed with a very considerable German and Flemish-Dutch element.

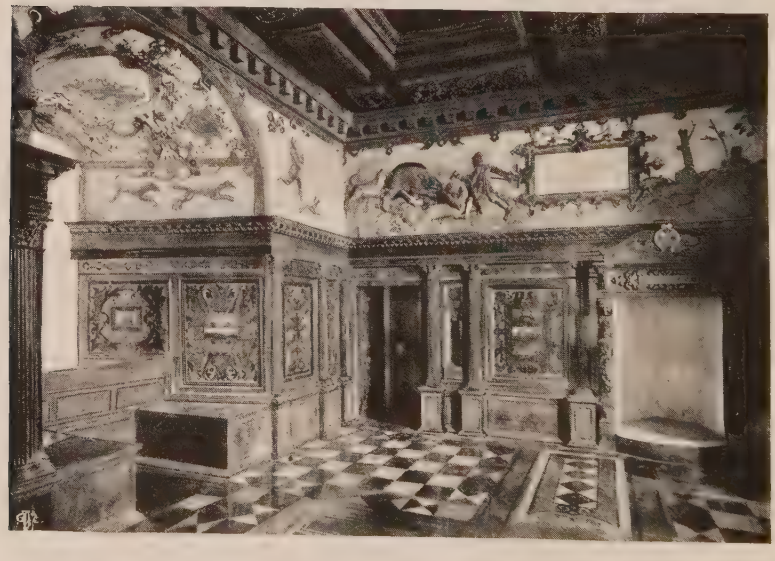
In the year 1537, Gustavus Vasa built Gripsholm Castle, which was enlarged by Charles IX during the last years of the sixteenth century. Ponderous brick walls enclose two irregular courtyards, the smaller bounded by four round towers with walls three or four meters thick, where the deep embrasures are like small rooms, from which the Mälaren bay and the castle park may be seen. The room in the tower from which Duke Charles looked out over his Södermanland has been preserved without any changes; the wooden wainscoting of the walls have a Renaissance char-

Vadstena Castle on Lake Vättern, built by Gustavus Vasa. View showing one of the richly ornamented gables that were added later

acter, but are simple in form; the white ceiling is decorated with a vine-ornamentation, painted by an artisan from Strängnäs, and the bed, engirded by pilasters of the Renaissance style, is built into the wall. To this bed there came

often, no doubt, gloomy thoughts, when the austere duke brooded over Sigismund, who was born in Gripsholm, or remembered how his brothers, Eric and Johan, with hearts full of hate, had imprisoned each other in this castle. Queen Hedvig Eleonora made Gripsholm her home during her long widowhood. She enlarged the castle, but it underwent yet greater alterations during the reign of Gustavus III. The substantial church tower was then renovated to form a coquettish theatre in the Gustavian style, where the members of the court and the royal family appeared in the performances. Several rooms were fitted up in the charming style of the eighteenth century; silk shoes tripped on the narrow stairways, and the gay laughter of the court ladies chased away all gloomy memories from the castle. In the nineties of the last century, the castle was restored.

Although Vadstena Castle, built in 1545, was intended first of all to serve as a military base in case of an attack from the south, it became in several respects Sweden's most important Renaissance palace. Built of greyish stone, with high and richly ornamented gables, added during the first



King Eric XIV's room in Kalmar Castle, decorated with a relief frieze representing hunting scenes in painted stucco

decade of the seventeenth century, and with its Doric portals of stone artistically carved, it produces an impression resembling the mansions of the German-Dutch princes.

A third castle, which shows Sweden's early Renaissance, the so-called Vasa style with its union of medieval architecture and Renaissance ornament (compare the style of Francis I, in France, for we were always a few decades behind Central Europe) is "the key of Sweden," Kalmar Castle. In the apartment de luxe of the castle lived Eric XIV, and here the gifted prince could receive his counts and barons in royal fashion. It is claimed that the king himself, who was interested in art, contributed with his own hand to the decoration of King Eric's apartment, where a panel with Corinthian columns, a relief-frieze with hunting figures in painted stucco, and doors inlaid with different kinds of wood formed a suitable frame for the court of the brilliant Renaissance monarch.

Fountain set up in the court of Kalmar Castle by Johan III, the work of Dominicus Pahr and Roland Mackle

The wealthy and splendor-loving Danish nobility built in Skåne, especially during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, a number of magnificent castles and strongholds, of which some are still preserved. Such are Glimmingehus, of which the foundation was laid in

Svenstorp castle near Lund in Skåne, built in 1596

1499; Borgeby near Lund; Vittskövle, which is situated a short distance from Kristianstad and mirrors its proud walls in the water of the canals; Skarhult near Eslöv; and most notable of all, Svenstorp in the vicinity of Lund, constructed about 1590, and the most stately and the most nobly conceived of these castles. Trefaldighetskyrkan in Kristianstad, completed in 1628, is also built in this Danish brick Renaissance style.

Johan III had a real mania for architecture. He added to the decorations of Kalmar Castle, and set up in the court a fine fountain, the severe Doric forms of which are enlivened by escutcheons and grinning faces, the whole crowned by a dolphin. King Johan, concerning whom Johan Messenius said,

"Well would he, as I have learned,
Stockholm into Rome and Venice have turned,"

repaired the Grey Friars' old temple, the Riddarholm Church in Stockholm, and built its present choir in the Gothic style. This church had been constructed at the end of the thirteenth century by Magnus Ladulås, who is buried there. Johan's chief interest, however, was to enlarge and beautify the Royal Palace in Stockholm. Its inner court was given an appearance more "in conformity with the time" by the construction of the Green Corridor and the large flight of steps with the baldachin and Trumpeters' Corridor. The exterior, with its smooth walls, and the proud tower Tre Kronor, retained its medieval character for a hundred years more.

On the barren Swedish soil, the art of painting grew slowly, and when we entered into direct relation with the Continent through the Vasa kings, an importation of art and artists was the only way in which artistic activity could be promoted. Thus the Dutchman, Verwilt, came during the last years of Gustavus Vasa's reign, and assisted in the interior decoration of Kalmar Castle during the reign of Eric XIV. He designed also the cartoons for the woven tapestries, which were then made in Sweden, and of which two are preserved in the National Museum. They treat themes from mythical history, one picturing the story of King Sveno and the other that of Magog. Baptista van Uther acted as court painter to Johan III.

The foundations of Jakob's Church in Stockholm were laid during the reign of Johan III, but it was not fully completed until the middle of the seventeenth century. The German Church in Stockholm is one of the most inspiring in Sweden, thanks to the faithfulness with which the old artistic interior is preserved. Moreover it is surrounded by verdant trees in the midst of urban houses, and possesses beautiful wrought iron gates. The church with its network of ribbed vaulting was finished about 1640. The vaults are of the late Gothic style, but the altarpiece, the pulpit of ebony and alabaster, and the showy royal gallery with its

The portal of Erik von der Linde's house in Stockholm, built at the time of the Thirty Years' War

glass walls, constructed in 1672, as well as the portal, are of the German baroque. In 1890 the German Church was extraordinarily well repaired.

Private houses in Stockholm retained the pointed gables of medieval times during the seventeenth century, as the copper engravings of Dahlbergh's *Suecia antiqua* show, but the ornamentation reveals a taste for an exuberant form of the baroque with the addition of a bourgeois touch. A typical example of a wealthy citizen's home in Stockholm during the days of the Thirty Years' War is the House of Erik von der Linde at 68 Västerlånggatan. Linde, himself a native of Holland, became a Swedish nobleman, and his

son Lars had the honor of being boon companion to Charles X Gustavus. The front of the mansion is adorned by a magnificent portal, where the busts of Neptune and Mercury indicate that the owner had acquired riches through commerce and trade. On the doorposts luscious fruits are carved—an expression of the Rubensian joy of living and love of sumptuousness that marked the age. The side which faces the Kornhamnstorg still retains, in spite of alterations, its bower (*burspråk*), a form of extension which was particularly popular in Germany. In the Linde house it is supported by comical sea-gods, rendered with that Northern humor which north of the Alps so often breaks through the studied forms of the Renaissance and gives a tinge of medievalism. That the house in its day had been costly can be concluded from the assertion of the builder that "nobody shall know what my house and my son Lasse have cost me." The Petersen House near Munkbron in Stockholm was built about 1650 upon the site where the historian Erik Göransson Tegel, the son of Göran Persson, had his spice shop in the early part of the century. An addition was built, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, on the side facing the sea. Often the ends of the crampirons were allowed to appear on the plastered façade and were ornamented. Decorative devices in metal were not seldom seen.

When the Swedish magnates, laden with booty, returned from the long German war, they found their poor wooden houses or their clumsy stone fortresses small and uncomfortable, and, spurred on by foreign examples, they now commenced to build castles and mansions which corresponded with the growing prestige of the nobility and with the more peaceful and orderly conditions within the country. The construction of Axel Oxenstierna's mansion Tidö in Västmanland, on the shores of Lake Mälaren, was begun soon after 1620, but was not completed until about 1650. Tidö consists of a main building and also, like the castles of the French grandees, of lower wings, which adjoin a third low building or wall, and encircle the paved courtyard. Through a stately stone portal in the style of the late Renais-

sance, ornamented by coats-of-arms, the heavy, seventeenth-century carriages rolled in and stopped in front of the big double flights of steps. As befitted the great chancellor, the walls of the castle apartments were adorned with Gobelin tapestry and gilt leather hangings, and the doors—real treasures—were inlaid with different kinds of wood and provided with artistically made locks. Tidö showed both in its exterior and interior that a new age had arrived. Instead of the irregular medieval structures, where the exterior signified only defiant strength, there began to appear castles in which a symmetrical design and noble, well-balanced proportions were intended to infuse in the spectator subservient sentiments of admiration and respect.

About 1650 the palace Makalös was built in Stockholm between Kungsträdgården and Strömmen. It belonged to the husband of Ebba Brahe, Jakob De la Gardie, and with its steep roof and rich sandstone ornaments, was the finest private house in the city. Later it was used as arsenal and dramatic theatre. It was destroyed by fire in 1825.

During the reign of Christina, the Dutchman, David Beck, resided a few years in Sweden. He painted the portrait of Queen Christina, and also left us a strong and subtle picture of General Gustav Horn, which proves that he studied to good purpose under Van Dyck. The Frenchman, Sébastien Bourdon, in his portrait of Christina—in simple black dress with white collar—has rendered in a distinguished manner her pale, aristocratic Vasa features with the large, greyish-blue eyes. His portrait of Christina's half-brother, the Count of Vasaborg, the son of Gustavus Adolphus and Margareta Slots, shows the same merits. Christina had a profound interest in art. Her collection of paintings was considerable, and an immeasurable aesthetic capital was removed from the land when she took away her Corregio, Titian, and Veronese canvases.

Many castles of real magnificence from the viewpoint of our conditions are pictured in *Suecia antiqua et hodierna* by the celebrated general and architect Erik Dahlbergh, the most superb and costly work de luxe that has ever been published in our land. Several of the castles reproduced in

Drottningholm Castle near Stockholm, the central part designed by Tessin the Elder for Queen Dowager Hedvig Eleonora

good copper engravings from sketches by Dahlbergh, rendering even the artistically trimmed hedges of the parks and symmetrically grouped platbands, have never been built; for the Crown reduction of Charles XI compelled many an ambitious building-plan to stop on paper. *Suecia antiqua* appeared in 1716.

One of the most splendid castles, filled with a superabundance of booty from the Thirty Years' War, was General Karl Gustav Wrangel's Skokloster with its magnificent vestibule supported by joined Ionic columns. It is situated on the fairway between Sigtuna and Uppsala, was built by a native of Stralsund, Nikodemus Tessin the Elder, and the Frenchman, Jean de la Vallée, and finished in 1679. Among the Elder Tessin's many and important buildings was Axel Oxenstierna's Palace (now the central office of the Statistical Bureau) near Storkyrkobrinken, and the former Riksbank in Stockholm, reminiscent of the Roman palaces. Tessin the Elder made the first drawings for the Carolinian mortuary chapel known as Karolinska Kapellet. The other chapels in the Riddarholm Church were constructed about 1650.

The central part of Drottningholm Castle was built, in conformity with the wishes of the art-loving Dowager Queen of the Realm, Hedvig Eleonora, by Tessin the Elder. Precht sculptured Hedvig Eleonora's magnificent golden bed-chamber. Tessin also designed Borgholm Castle on Öland. This building, begun in 1654, is now the most beautiful ruin in Sweden. In Kalmar Cathedral, dedicated 1682, Tessin the Elder furnished an example of a central church in the baroque style, although the cupola, which is essential for such a building, was never constructed.

The zealous orthodox movement which characterized the latter half of the seventeenth century in our land, not least during the severely ecclesiastical rule of Charles XI, resulted in a large number of church buildings. The majority of our churches then received altar decorations and pulpits in the rich and florid forms of the time; in the year 1671 Katarina Church in Stockholm was dedicated, and in 1658 the foundations were laid of the Hedvig Eleonora Church in the eastern suburb of the city. Both these, as well as the Ulrica Eleonora or Kungsholm church, which was built in the decade of 1670 and named after the pious wife of Charles XI, are central churches in the baroque style.

The most beautiful architectural creation of the century is Riddarhuset (the Hall of Knights) in Stockholm which, however, was not completed early enough to be occupied during the most brilliant period of the Swedish nobility. Two architects, emigrants from France, Simon de la Vallée (killed in 1642 by Erik Oxenstierna in a fight on the public marketplace in Stockholm) and his son, Jean de la Vallée, were the designers of this palace, which was constructed in a kind of French-Dutch baroque. The foundations were laid in 1642 from drawings by Simon de la Vallée, but Jean, who also built the beautiful palace, formerly the Town Hall, owned by First Lord of the Treasury Gustav Bonde, later altered this plan and, together with the Dutchman, Vingboons, became the real creator of the edifice. It was not before 1680, when the supremacy of the nobility was really nearing its close, and the nobles were compelled to bend

Riddarhuset (the Hall of Knights) in Stockholm, designed by Simon de la Vallée and his son, Jean de la Vallée, completed in 1680

the neck under absolutism, that the Estate took possession of the building. The red brick walls are partitioned by pilasters of sandstone, which, according to the new baroque ideas, pass through both stories. Very beautiful Corinthian capitals support a frieze, bearing an inscription which runs around the building and is composed of unusually well-formed letters. The boldly curved copper roof by Jean de la Vallée is crowned by chimneys constructed like altars or sending out clouds of smoke from bomb-like structures which rest on pedestals adorned with trophies. The roof, supported by consoles and graced by decorative statues, is broken by a gable on each side. Luxuriant garlands of fruit carved in stone separate the two stories, and beneath the windows and in the segment-arched or triangular gable-bays over the tops of the windows, grin the grotesque, decorative heads so well loved by the creators of the baroque style north of the Alps. In the large assembly hall of Riddarhuset, Ehrenstrahl painted in 1674, the same year that he himself was raised to the peerage, a gigantic ceiling composition representing The Graces in Counsel before the

Throne of Svea; and, now following, now deviating from these high precepts, the Swedish noblemen deliberated in this building about the welfare of Sweden until that memorable December day in 1865, when patriotism and generosity were strong enough to make them sacrifice their privileged condition of their own free will.

David Klöcker, enobled under the name of Ehrenstrahl, was born in Hamburg. In his pompous portraits of the kings of the Palatine House, of his patroness Queen Hedvig Eleonora, and of the ladies and gentlemen of the Swedish nobility, we see the princes and rulers of the age known as "The Period of Greatness," a little heavy perhaps in their pomposity, very uneven in artistic presentation, but always instinct with power and boldness. Ehrenstrahl has painted half a century of Swedish greatness. He became "the father of the Swedish art of painting."

The young Klöcker started—and this is almost symbolic of his art—as a chancery clerk in the negotiations connected with the Peace of Westphalia. The young German was noted for his beautiful penmanship, and there is an inner connection between the strokes and flourishes which he added to the graceful and bombastic diplomatic phrases and his own artistic temperament. He studied first in Amsterdam, came to Sweden in 1651, and the following year painted the equestrian portrait of Karl Gustav Wrangel. In the latter part of this decade he studied the contemporary baroque paintings in Italy. In 1661 he was called to Sweden and then painted in uninterrupted succession, sometimes carelessly and sometimes carefully, a countless number of portraits. Among these are Georg Stiernhielm, 1663; Erik Dahlberg, 1664; and the three Charleses: the talented and corpulent Charles X Gustavus and his son, the surly and dutiful economist, Charles XI, in Roman fancy dress, with luxuriant locks and fluttering mantles, curbing strongly built chargers; and, finally, Charles XII, though only as a child. Ehrenstrahl's Crown Prince Charles (XII) and his Brother and Sister Playing with the Lion of Gothia* shows the

*Here, one of the three original integral parts of Sweden.

Crown Prince Charles (XII) and His Sister and Brother Playing with the Lion of Gothia. Painting by Ehrenstrahl, in the National Museum at Stockholm

princely children tumbling about most graciously with the dangerous lion, which in all humility rejoices at the honor.

If we imagine his portraits placed in a seventeenth century salon, among ponderous, richly sculptured baroque cabinets with projecting mouldings, and hung above pompous mantlepieces of imitation stone in the castle apartments, these pictures, in spite of a certain awkwardness, have a decorative value which transcends the purely historical. Ehrenstrahl's colossal painting The Crucifixion, 1695, and The

Last Judgment, 1696, are now to be found in Stockholm's Storkyrka, where he himself is buried. In Gripsholm his painting of The Well-masters in Medevi, who pour out water for the bathing guests, 1683, is preserved. With this work he introduced genre painting into Sweden, and, strange to say, animal painting also, for in his rendering of the woods and the birds he contributed something distinctly new and Swedish. It is dilettantish, to be sure, but it is executed in a fresh and almost modern way. His Self Portrait, with allegorical figures, in the National Museum, bears the following inscription in his own hand setting forth the purpose of his art, portraits, and allegories: "This painting is executed in the year 1691 by His Royal Majesty's Court-Intendant, David Klöcker Ehrenstrahl, in his sixty-second year, and is intended to represent how, out of love for the art of painting, he seeks to exalt with his fantasy, the immortal honor of the higher authorities."

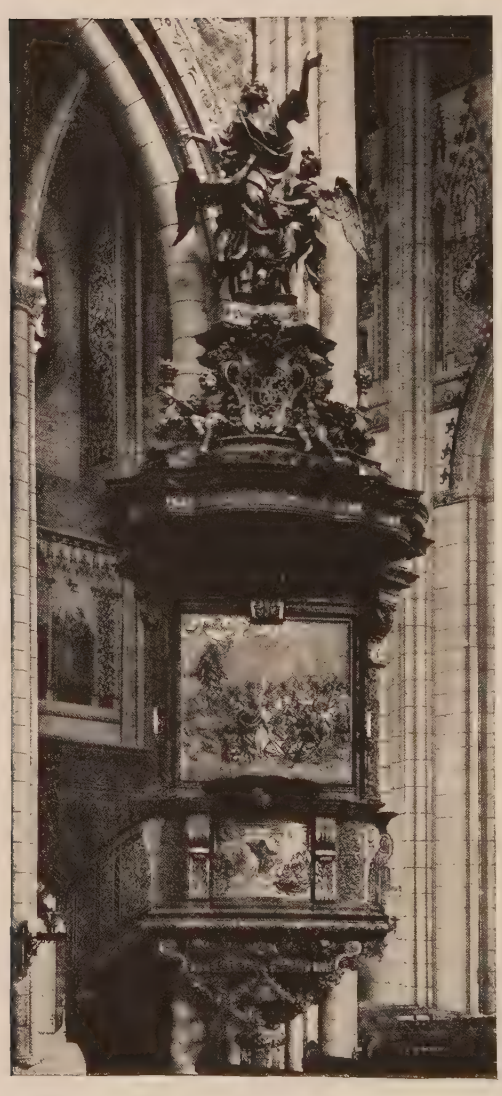
III

THE CAROLINIAN AGE

THE ROYAL PALACE

NIKODEMUS TESSIN the Younger was the son of Nikodemus Tessin the Elder, mentioned in the preceding chapter. It was prophetic of the royal favor he was destined to enjoy all his life that he was carried to the baptismal font by Queen Maria Eleonora, the widow of Gustavus Adolphus. He learned sketching from his father, but maintained that the direct impulse to enter the field of architecture came to him at seventeen from the Queen Dowager of the Realm, Hedvig Eleonora, who made her influence felt so often and so happily on behalf of Swedish art. The young man arrived in Rome at the age of nineteen, eager to learn, and was received with great kindness by Queen Christina, through whom he gained admittance to the artist most eminent in Rome at the time, Cavaliére Bernini. Concerning the latter Tessin testified that "with a special disposition and care he gave me all the information I could desire, both in the choice of the best works and in the censuring of the designs for my studies which I made myself."

He returned to Stockholm, and upon the death of his father in 1681, was appointed architect of the Royal Palace. It thus fell to his lot to continue the construction of the Drottningholm country palace and its extensive park. In order to carry on studies for the rebuilding of the old and venerable Royal Palace in Stockholm, which Charles XI had planned, Tessin went abroad again in 1687, this time in company with Burchardt Precht, a gifted German sculptor in wood who had settled in Sweden.



The pulpit in Uppsala Cathedral, carved by Burchardt Precht after drawings by Tessin the Younger

Nikodemus Tessin the Younger designed the pompous carved and gilded Kings' Pews which were executed in wood by Precht, and installed, 1684, in the Storkyrka. Tessin also made the drawings for a pulpit, sculptured by Precht, which was presented to Uppsala Cathedral by Hedvig Eleonora in the year of the battle of Poltava. Through these works of art in particular, baroque sculpture, as practised by Tessin and Precht, came to exert a strong influence upon the adornment of our Swedish churches.

Concerning the two travelers' visit to Versailles, Tessin writes, that Louis XIV "let the honor come to me that all waters in the whole Versailles have played for me." Europe's greatest landscape gardener, Le Nôtre, conducted him "from one pleasure-grove to another," and Tessin declares,

he "can never fully describe their magnificence." The two Versailles artists, Charles Lebrun and Bérain, the latter Tessin's ideal in the field of ornamentation, also interested him keenly. It is certain that what he learned there was of the greatest moment, both in the construction of the Palace and the designing of the parks which Tessin afterwards laid out in Sweden. In Rome, where he proceeded from Paris, Tessin again imbibed among palaces and baroque churches that disposition for bigness which was to characterize his greatest work, the Royal Palace, and immediately after his return to his native country he began, 1688, the drawings for the north façade. Before undertaking the construction of the Palace in earnest, however, he erected several buildings of great value to Swedish architecture, for example, Gustavianum in Uppsala and Steninge in Uppland. This beautiful castle, which was built at the close of the seventeenth century, became a model for many of the Swedish mansions erected during the eighteenth century and was called "a villa in the noblest sense of the term." Its dimensions were moderate, but the architectonic form all through was perfect. He fitted out his own house, now the Governor-General's Palace in Stockholm, with rare taste and beauty, and the magnificent salons were decorated in the pompous and elegant style of Louis XIV, often with features borrowed from the above-mentioned Bérain. The Tessin palace was presented by King Gustavus III to the city of Stockholm to serve perpetually as the official dwelling of the governor-general. Of special interest is the construction of the courtyard, where the background consists of a loggia of contracted perspective. When we see this, we are reminded of the tendency to stage effects which constituted a characteristic trait of the baroque. Tessin had a European reputation, and his plans for the rebuilding of the Louvre, which were shown to Louis XIV in 1705, were the source of admiration in France. We may be glad, however, that his proposal, like that of Bernini, was not accepted, and that Lescot's Louvre was allowed to stand.

The old royal palace, where Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus

Adolphus had lived, had fallen more and more into decay during the seventeenth century. As noted above, Nikodemus Tessin the Younger was commissioned by Charles XI to build a new one, and the north wing was already completed, when a fire broke out in May, 1697, at the very time when the body of Charles XI was lying in state. Tessin then made new drawings and immediately began the erection of the new palace. Its massive walls had already risen to considerable height when the building had to be discontinued; for money and people were pouring out of the land because of the war, while Charles XII led Sweden nearer and nearer toward the brink of destruction.

In 1728, the year that Nikodemus Tessin the Younger died, the work was again taken up, now directed by his son, Karl Gustav, whose contribution to Swedish art was to be of great import. Later the work was directed by Karl Hårleman, who was particularly active in behalf of the ornamentation; but during this time the progress of construction suffered from lack of funds due to the unwise and poorly planned offensive war against Russia in 1741. At last, in December, 1754, Adolphus Frederick and his gifted queen could move into the new palace, although the northwest wing was not completed until 1760. Lejonbacken (so named after the bronze lions modeled by the Frenchman Foucquet in Stockholm and set up in 1704) was completely laid out in 1830, and the Palace had then cost 10,500,000 rix-dollars, an enormous sum when we consider the hard times in which it had been procured and the current value of the money.

The Royal Palace is one of the most beautiful buildings in the whole world. In simple, lofty grandeur the noble square of the palace rises above the city. The enormous quadrangle has four lower wings. The most imposing part is the façade opposite Norrbro, which is 217 meters long. It is divided into three stories, with an entresol above the lowest. The upper part of the windows is supported by consoles, as was customary in the Roman neo-Renaissance. A small balcony rests on the cornices of a stately Doric portal. Two genii of fame are enthroned above the door to

The Royal Palace at Stockholm, designed by Nikodemus Tessin the Younger

this balcony, an adornment which gives life to the stern surfaces. The roof slants inward toward the courtyard, and the façades are crowned by a balustrade; hence the outer roof, as in the Italian models, is not visible. On the side facing Logården, which is perhaps the noblest in its virile beauty, Corinthian pilasters, resting upon a lower story in rustic-work, run through the two upper stories, a feature of the baroque style which is duplicated in the gigantic half-columns of the central part of the south façade, forming a kind of triumphal arch at the main entrance of the palace. This side is ornamented, besides, with reliefs and four beautiful bronze groups, representing the abduction of women, modeled by Bouchardon. The west façade is adorned with huge caryatids and medallions of Swedish kings. On this side lies the outer ballium with its two wings; the south, the Governor's wing; the north, that of the Palace Guard, where Gustavus III, on an August day in 1772, persuaded the officers to take part in the revolution.

The imposing main stairway leads up from the west vault, illuminated by tasteful bronze lanterns. These are supported by fat cupids, modeled by the Frenchman, Jacques-Philippe Bouchardon, according to the prevailing French

The Great Gallery in the Royal Palace at Stockholm

method of sculpture, and instinct with life and grace. The grand staircase is flanked by Ionic and Corinthian columns and pilasters. Nor are the effective perspectives, so frequent in baroque architecture, missing. Kronberg's paintings, executed in the decade of 1890, are fitted into the ceiling. The galleries and halls of the palace are furnished in the heavy elegance of the baroque style, with paintings on the ceilings, richly designed groups in plaster of Paris resting on the mouldings, and with heavy gilding. Other rooms, with their decorations often carved in masterly fashion out of unpainted wood, their shell ornaments, and lattice designs, indicate the rococo which in Sweden, however, had hardly time to become established, before the so-called Gustavian style (Louis Seize) with its returning classic features and its white and gold was generally adopted. The Palace possesses a collection of uncommonly beautiful Gobelin tapestries, which, paneled in the walls and depicting in subdued colors French gallant episodes, formed a rich background for the festivals at Gustavus's court.

Rococo door in the Queen's Red Salon in the Royal Palace, by Adrien Masreliez

The palace courtyard with its huge gate-frames of rustic-work conveys a strong impression of simple greatness. The

south portion of the palace is occupied by the hall of state and the Slottskyrka, and beautiful flights of steps lead up to both of these from the vault underneath. The Slottskyrka, with its vault adorned by Taraval's ceiling painting, its pompous pulpit, and its theatrical but effective altar-piece, where Christ in the Garden appears between rent temple-façades in high plaster-relief by Larchevêque, is excellently adapted to the magnificent building of which it is a part. This Palace was built with Herculean efforts, worthy the Sweden of Charles XII; it is as big as the bold dreams in Sweden's golden age of power, when its foundations were laid; its construction was continued with the most tenacious perseverance, when the soap-bubble of external greatness burst; and finally it was beautified with exquisite art, when Sweden began, for the first time, to occupy an important place in the science and culture of Europe.

The foundations of the so-called Karolinska Kapellet at Riddarholm Church, which became the final resting-place of the Palatine Charleses, were laid according to drawings by the elder Tessin, but the structure as a whole is the fruit of Nikodemus Tessin the Younger's studies in Italy. It is our country's most notable edifice in the baroque style. Smooth sandstone columns with Doric capitals embrace the semicircular windows, and an attic with round windows rests upon a triglyphical architrave. The chapel is built of sandstone and is covered by a copper-clad cupola. This is surmounted by a golden crown, supported by a pedestal of exceptionally tasteful form. Vases and memorial tablets, reliefs and martial emblems are found in great numbers, and upon a cloud reproduced in stone is seen a genius holding a crown. The chapel contains the Sarcophagus of Charles XII, where the club and lion's skin indicate the Herculean work of his life. This sarcophagus was fashioned in Amsterdam in 1735 after drawings by Nikodemus Tessin the Younger. An attempt was made in 1916 to replace it by a new one—a grotesque idea. The building was completed in 1743 by Karl Hårleman.

An architectural school grew up, fostered in the concep-

Karolinska Kapellet, the Carolinian mortuary chapel in Riddarholm Church in Stockholm, designed by Tessin the Elder, but not completed until 1743

tions of Tessin; the indigenous crafts received guidance from foreign artists; and, encouraged by the court, cabinet-mak-

A yellow soup tureen from the Rörstrand factory in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Now in the National Museum

ing, manufacture of glazed ware and porcelain, and other industrial arts, began to flourish. In 1726 the Rörstrand faience factory was established, but the product did not become satisfactory until 1758, when the shops of Marieberg entered into competition. The yellow, round faience soup tureen, which is reproduced here, comes from the factories of Rörstrand. The faience of both Marieberg and Rörstrand was much admired at the beginning of the twentieth century by those interested in art. Not only its decorative form, but also the somewhat coarser and more virile character of its surface, proved attractive as compared with other rococo porcelain. The Frenchman, Guillaume Thomas Raphael Taraval the Elder, who had been called to decorate the Royal Palace with ceiling paintings and lintels, through his instruction in drawing to young Swedish art students, gave the impulse for the birth of the Academy of Arts, 1735.

Chest with veneer of beech, birch, and maple, bronze fixtures, and marble plate. Made by Georg Haupt, about 1779. In Nordiska Museet at Stockholm

During the whole of the eighteenth century the Royal Palace was the center of Swedish art.

In the gloomy years of war in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Swedish culture, especially art, declined, and it was a long time before the country recovered from the effects. The Carolinian age was satisfied with crudely executed paintings that often revealed the hand of the artisan. It was a Hamburg artist, David von Krafft, summoned to Sweden by his maternal uncle Ehrenstrahl, who fixed on canvas, in austere, dark portraits, the features of the inflexible warrior-king, both as a young, rather gawky, fighter, and as an older man with bald crown and hair whitened by adversities.

Among the artists and portrait-painters who were active in Sweden and painted the celebrated men of the first part of

the eighteenth century was Martin Meytens the Elder, born at the Hague. His straightforward and dignified portrait of the author of *Atlantica,* Olof Rudbeck the Younger, is a good type of a gentleman from Sweden's Period of Greatness. His son, Martin van Meytens the Younger, was born in Stockholm but spent most of his time abroad; in France and Austria he painted members of the very highest society. Besides his elegant Portrait of the Artist in the Academy of Arts, we have in Sweden from his hand the stately group The Grill Family.

Georg Desmarées was also a pupil of the Elder Meytens. Among his portraits may be mentioned those of Nikodemus Tessin the Younger and Arvid Horn in a rather pompous style, and the more austere and realistic picture of the wife of Admiral Appelbom, painted in 1723 and now in the National Museum. Mikael Dahl chose his field of operation in England. Dahl was a pupil of Ehrenstrahl, but during his residence in England he came under the influence of the Van Dyck portraits which he saw there. A softer elegance is noticeable in the almost feminine portrait of

The pleasure palace China, near Stockholm, designed by Karl Fredrik Adelcrantz

Charles XII—not painted from life, however,—which is now in the National Museum. This influence is still more apparent in Dahl's paintings of women, a good example being the portrait, now preserved in Gripsholm, of the young Queen Anne of England, pale, with dark, waving locks and a loosely fitting, low-necked silk dress.

The tower of the Storkyrka in Stockholm, rebuilt by Johan Eberhard Carlberg

During the middle of the eighteenth century, the honest portrait-painter Olof Arenius, a pupil of David von Krafft, was active in Sweden. The last type of the somewhat bombastic German-Italian baroque style was Georg Engelhard Schröder. As portrait painter of the court, he put on canvas the ruddy, swollen features of Frederick I. The fashion painter of the period 1740-1760 was Johan Henrik Scheffel, among whose numerous portraits those of Linné and of the poetess Hedvig Charlotta Nordenflycht deserve special mention.

Karl Fredrik Adelcrantz is perhaps the most eminent architect during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The "patriotic goddesses of song" to whom Gustavus III dedicated his favorite creation, the Opera, had their habitation erected by Adelcrantz. Arvfurstens Palats is the Torstensson palace rebuilt by Erik Palmstedt—who had just finished the Exchange—and gives a picture of how the old Opera House looked. But the old auditorium, whose walls

were decorated by Adelcrantz with exquisite taste in white and gold, and which in their day had vibrated both with the "report of Anckarström's pistol"* and the silver tones of Jenny Lind, is gone forever. Adelcrantz made the drawings for Norrbro, of which the foundation-stone was laid in 1787, and which was completed in 1806. Its mighty arches, constructed of granite blocks, emphasize by their massive beauty the thinness and poverty of our modern iron bridges. The Adolphus Frederick Church in Stockholm is built after plans by Adelcrantz like an equibranchiated Grecian cross with cupola, but the small dimensions and especially the consequent low position of the windows weaken the impression which the visitor experiences in similar Italian churches. In the luxuriant verdure of Drottningholm park gleams the small, red-painted pleasure palace, China, its rococo forms intermingled with Chinese ornaments. At the time when it was built (1763) Chinese porcelain, then called East Indian, was in great vogue, and so was China's industrial art in general, for it harmonized in several respects with the super-refined, sumptuous taste of the rococo. The coquettish pleasure palace, a plaything for adults, was also a creation of Adelcrantz.

The Storkyrka in Stockholm, which had been rebuilt by Johan Eberhard Carlberg, was completed in 1743. The tower is one of the most tasteful and beautiful in the church architecture of the period.

*A reference to the murder of Gustav III by Anackarström, 1792.

IV

FRENCH AND ENGLISH INFLUENCES IN THE GUSTAVIAN AGE

IT was inevitable that Swedish art, during the reigns of Frederick I, Adolphus Frederick, and Gustavus III, should be stamped with French characteristics. The temper of the age, the confirmed French sympathies of Louise Ulrica and Gustavus III, as well as the influence of Nikodemus Tessin the Younger's son, the discriminating art patron, Karl Gustav Tessin, sufficiently explain this movement. Nevertheless, the close of the eighteenth century gave expression to many of the most distinctive traits of the Swedish temperament: festive exuberance, a taste for display and pomp and, underneath it all, a lightheartedness tinged with sadness such as we find in Bellman's songs. More important than the external influence of patrons and princes was the fact that during all this time artists directed their attention toward Paris, availing themselves of the opportunity to use the excellent French teachers and to acquire that firm technique which was the backbone of contemporaneous French art.

The first Swedish painter to become known in Paris was Gustav Lundberg, whose pastel paintings—a genuinely rococo form of art—won the admiration of his time. The portrait of a lady, which is reproduced here, is unfinished but, nevertheless, charming. It is that of Mlle. Hänck, later the wife of Assessor Schröder, who "because of her beauty was received by Her Majesty Louise Ulrica, who provided for her education." This lovely lady, painted just before 1750, has often been depicted by Lundberg's crayons, but

Portrait of the wife of Assessor Schröder, unfinished pastel by Gustav Lundberg, in the Academy of Art at Stockholm

never more beautifully than in this portrait. The technique of the pastel brings out the softness of a coquettish woman's face, glancing roguishly from beneath the broad-brimmed straw hat. It is reported that Lundberg was wont to fall in love with his model, and that he then painted his very best, and if so, we may assume from this portrait quite a tender passion. Lundberg was accepted in Paris as early

as the third decade of the century and studied with the famous Venetian woman pastel-painter Rosalba Carriera, who is excellently represented in our National Museum, notably by the pastel portrait of the Swedish-born Roman senator, Nils Bielke, in typical rococo colors, blue and silver.

Lundberg was in vogue at the court, where the young Swede had the opportunity to initiate the exiled Stanislaus Leczinski, father-in-law of Louis XV, into pastel-painting. His reputation was established when Karl Gustav Tessin, during the years 1739-1742, guarded the interests of Sweden at the French court and of Swedish art among artists and art dealers. Tessin procured for Lundberg a place in the French Academy of Painting, from the members of which the Count had ordered several portraits of his beautiful young relative, Fröken Charlotte Fredrika Sparre, then a resident in Paris. Karl Gustav Tessin himself had had his portrait painted in excellent manner by Lundberg; the picture is now in the possession of Baron Bo Leijonhufvud. Lundberg has also painted a fine portrait of his colleague Boucher.

During his sojourn in Paris, Tessin purchased pictures by almost all prominent contemporary French painters, especially by his favorite Boucher, but also by Lancret, Chardin, and others. This Swedish aristocrat, with his inherited taste and his intense interest in art, through these purchases of French and, not less, Dutch masterpieces, laid the foundation for the collection of paintings, engravings, and sketches in the National Museum.

Still more illustrious than the position of Lundberg was that occupied in the metropolis by Alexander Roslin. From the middle of the eighteenth century, Roslin was the painter of high society in Paris, and he amassed a large fortune by his portraits of the Parisian aristocracy. From the year 1756 dates the charming potrait of Baroness Neubourg-Cromière, so fresh and typical of the time, with the black half-mask in one hand and the fan in the other, the dainty figure dressed in a light silk gown. Many Roslin connoisseurs consider this painting the artist's masterpiece. "Qui

Baroness Neubourg-Cromière, by Alexander Roslin. Owned by Alfred Berg, Stockholm

a figure de satin doit être peint par Roslin," was the comment in France. Such a silky smooth face he has painted in the superb portrait of Himself with his Wife. The beautiful Suzanne, who was a French artist in pastels, is busy finishing a portrait. Her peach-colored complexion is enhanced by the light-green silk of her dress, and the features are refined by a touch of gentle dreaminess. He has

Portrait of the Artist and His wife, Painting in Pastel, by Alexander Roslin. At Fanö in Uppland

immortalized himself, behind her, smiling with that stereotyped smile of a man of the world which was so characteristic of the rococo and of his whole art.

Roslin was famous for his great ability in reproducing silk and satin and for creating a general impression of elegance. For his defective reproduction of character he was violently attacked by Diderot, who in the sixties wrote brilliant criticisms on the Salons, the annual art exhibitions. During a visit to Russia in 1775, Roslin had the opportunity to paint the Empress Catherine and the great men of Russia. The portrait of Catherine was considered a good likeness, but the noble lady herself maintained that it made her look like "a Swedish kitchen maid." His admirable head of the elderly Linné, in the Academy of Sciences, seems to challenge to a certain extent the censorious remarks of Diderot, for the features of the venerable old man beam with kindness, and his clear eyes, which had been permitted to "peep into God's secret council-chamber," sparkle with that bright outlook on life which was one of the most charming traits of the eighteenth century. As an excellent example of drapery painting the splendid Portrait of Gustavus III at Gripsholm occupies a high place. The portrait emphasizes the weak, almost effeminate quality of the King's figure. Gustavus III is dressed in a bluish-violet costume worked in silver and wears an ermine mantle. Roslin has often painted Gustavus and his brothers, and has, in a masterly way, reproduced the old acetous visage of Louise Ulrica, at the time when the Queen, on unfriendly terms with her son, was designated by the insolent members of the court as the lady "beyond the fence." The lustrous side of the famous Swede's art appears in the picture of Gustavus III and his brothers, which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1771. This is a brilliantly painted picture of the three elegant princes, who in their gold-embroidered coats, their breasts gleaming with stars and decorations, discuss the plan of a campaign, while with obliging condescension they turn their smiling faces toward the spectators. C. R. Lamm in Näsby has the largest number of Roslin paintings in any private collection.

Nils Lafrensen the Younger spent the time from 1760-1790, with the exception of a few years, in Paris where he

Three Women Musicians, gouache by Nils Lafrensen the Younger. In the National Museum at Stockholm

was known under the name of Lavreince. His art also was to an exceptional degree Parisian. He had in common with Fragonard a wide range of subjects, though he was far from

equalling him either in power to express the storms of passion or in the brilliant brush work in which this master of rococo was preeminent. It was in salon pictures that Lafrensen excelled. He was most at home in the beautiful Louis seize rooms, where the windows went down to the floor, so that one might see more of nature which Rousseau had just taught people to admire, where the gobelin covered chairs and sofas with oval backs and straight legs were occupied by charming countesses and baronesses, who dogmatically discussed chemistry and physics, the rights of man, and not least, the philosophy of love. Among these pictures from the world of salons, which were often reproduced in copper engravings after paintings by Lafrensen, the following well-known engravings deserve special mention: L'assemblée au salon, a representation of that pleasant social life which flourished during l'ancien régime, and, Qu'en dit monsieur l'abbé? where the advice of a gallant abbot is sought in a question of taste concerning dress, this important matter being decided, according to the custom of the time, at the morning toilet of the young lady.

Lafrensen preferred to paint in gouache. One of Lafrensen's most beautiful gouache paintings is that in the National Museum, representing Three Women Musicians, who sit in a room of the Gustavian style decorated with light green draperies. His women have a feminine grace, and the small scale common in his pictures gives a stamp of intimacy to these amiable sheperdesses of the salon, who laughingly tell one another their secrets, compare their charms, and revel in the tortures of their admirers. Lafrensen did not return home to settle in Sweden until 1791. He then occupied himself for the most part with miniature painting. Next to Hall, mentioned below, he is our foremost miniature painter. Among his portraits the gouache of Gustavus III in a Swedish costume of red and black is best known.

In miniature painting a Swede, Peter Adolf Hall, won, during the seventies and eighties, the greatest fame, and was called in Paris, where he made his home, the "Van Dyck of

Portrait of Fru Hall with Sister and Daughter. Miniature signed "hall, 1776." In the Wallace Collection in London

miniature." His miniatures of contemporaries, painted on ebony, gained general approbation because of his firm and light touch. In the National Museum are preserved his portraits of Gustavus III's friend the Countess d'Egmont, with refined features wasted by illness; his broadly painted Portrait of Himself; and the excellent picture of Sergel in Swedish costume. The miniature of Fru Hall with Sister and Daughter was purchased for 19,000 francs for that unique collection of eighteenth century art, the Wallace Collection in London.

Miniature art was very popular during the whole of the eighteenth century. It appealed to the prevailing taste for the pretty, and at the beginning of the century was much used on the snuff-boxes which were so fashionable at the time. During the latter half of the same century, the period of tender declarations of love and friendship, the collecting of miniature portraits became a mania.

The man who may be said to have been the real creator of the Gustavian style was the architect, Jean Erik Rehn, who, after studies in France, adapted the style of Louis XVI to our conditions, and exerted an excellent influence through his designs for Haupt's furniture and Rörstrand's porcelain. His fine taste is especially noticeable in Louise Ulrica's library at Drottningholm, which was fitted up by him.

Among the many excellent artisans in Sweden during the eighteenth century, the royal court cabinet-maker, the carpenter-artist Georg Haupt occupies the first place. He was born and died in Stockholm, but received his education in France and England. Bureaus, writing-tables, and secretaries, executed by Haupt in the Gustavian style and inlaid with wreaths, flowers, musical instruments, or cupids, aroused the greatest admiration during his life-time, and are now in constant demand by Swedish collectors. His masterpiece de luxe was the gigantic cabinet for minerals which was presented by Gustavus III to the Prince of Condé and is now preserved in the castle of Chantilly. With respect to taste and technical perfection of room-fittings and furniture, it is doubtful whether any age can compete with the artificers of the seventies and the eighties of the eighteenth century. Even when compared with the larger countries possessed of old culture, Sweden occupies a very high place in this field.

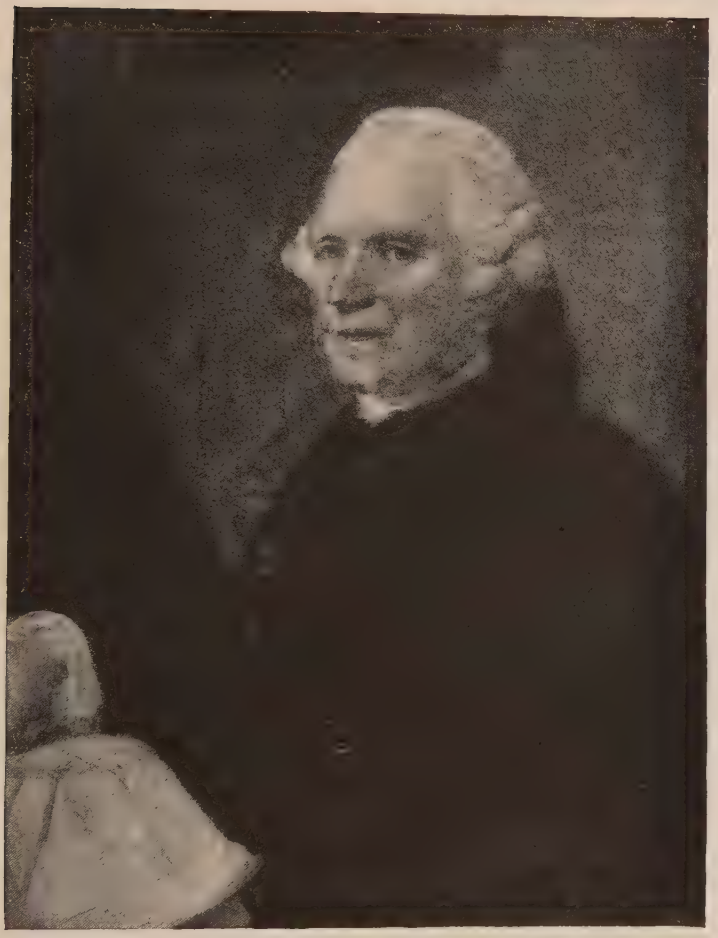
Karl Gustav Pilo, in his unfinished but magnificently beautiful Coronation of Gustavus III, now in the National Museum, has executed a masterpiece in the art of color. The painting—three meters high and five and a half meters long—is extraordinarily well composed. The sunlight plays upon the gilded pews carved after drawings by Tessin the Younger, and is refracted in the white silk and violet velvet, giving a vibrating life to the great ceremony in the Storkyrka. It is taken at the moment when Archbishop Beronius and Lord High Chancellor Count Horn hold the crown over the head of Gustavus. Pilo lived for a long time in Denmark, where, about 1770, he was for two years the director of the Academy of Art. His unusually fascinating portrait

The Coronation of Gustavus III, unfinished painting by Karl Gustav Pilo. In the National Museum at Stockholm

of the doll-like form of Sofia Magdalena, which stands out in a soft clair-obscure with something of an aristocratic fowl in her eyes and in the position of her head, testifies to his great gift as a colorist.

Sofia Magdalena, by Karl Gustav Pilo. In the collection of Count von Rosen

Per Krafft the Elder, born in Arboga, studied under Roslin in Paris and became afterward court painter in Warsaw. After he had returned to Sweden, in 1768, he executed some excellent portraits in clear, pleasantly harmonizing colors, among which may be mentioned that of Emanuel Sweden-



The Mechanic Daniel af Thunberg, by Lorens Pasch the Younger, in the National Museum at Stockholm

borg and the bright-tinted picture of Bellman with the Lute, in the Gripsholm collection.

The portrait painter Lorens Pasch the Younger was the most eminent of the well known Pasch family of artists. He was born and died in Stockholm. Lorens Pasch the Younger became a pupil of Pilo in Copenhagen and of Boucher in Paris. A pastel of Gustavus III, a faithful picture of the elderly pastel painter Gustav Lundberg, both in the Acad-

emy of Arts, and a good portrait of Louise Ulrica in Rosersberg are among the best works of this industrious artist. A rare firmness of character distinguishes the portrait Pasch made of the Mechanic Daniel of Thunberg. Something of peasant ancestry and something of middle-class uprightness and plainness is brought out in the picture of this workman who had ennobled himself solely through his own labor. The green ribbon of a Knight Commander of the Order of Vasa stands out against the brown coat.

Danaë and the Shower of Gold, by Adolf Ulrik Wertmüller. In the National Museum at Stockholm

Adolf Ulrik Wertmüller was born in Stockholm of an esteemed bourgeois family. He studied at the Academy of Arts, and in the same year that Gustavus III was crowned, set out for extensive travels abroad. He reaped greatest benefit from his sojourn in Paris, where he enjoyed the kindness of his relative Roslin, and himself acquired a good reputation as a portrait painter. It was at the request of Gustavus III that Marie Antoinette had a group picture of her-

self and her children painted by him. In 1786 she presented the portrait to Gustavus III. With national pride it is signed "Wertmüller suèdois." In the last decade of the century Wertmüller set out for North America, where he had the opportunity to paint the great Washington. After a visit to his native home, he returned to the United States and put on exhibition, in 1800, in Philadelphia, the unusually charming picture of Danaë and the Shower of Gold, which was executed in the new classical tendency of the time. An American patron of art has presented the work to the National Museum in Stockholm. Wertmüller married in America and died there in 1812 upon an estate which he had bought in Delaware, where Sweden possessed a colony in the seventeenth century.

Per Hörberg from Småland, a self-educated artist who studied a little in the eighties at the Academy of Arts in Stockholm, attempting to imitate the academic painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, executed in a somewhat naive and stiff-handed fashion, a large number of altar paintings, now preserved in the country churches of Östergötland and Småland.

Chardin's scenes from bourgeois life find a counterpart in Sweden in the productions of Per Hilleström the Elder. His art is of varying value, now dry costume pictures of an exclusively historical interest, now again well executed small interiors from the better middle class homes in Stockholm: a mother instructing her children, old women telling fortunes in coffee grounds, servant girls testing eggs against the light, or fair friends giving each other their confidences. Most frequently a touch of old-fashioned honesty, of joy and comfort of home, are found in Hilleström's paintings. The preference of the artist for a moderate scale befitting his themes is another good characteristic of his pictures.

A landscape painter who brought the new English conception of nature to Sweden was a nephew of the above-mentioned Haupt, a native of Stockholm, Elias Martin. In adherence to the English school of painting, with its light effects, coloristic foundation, and deeper feeling for nature,

At the Embroidery Frame, by Per Hilleström. Owned by Fröken Fraenckel in Stockholm

Martin, who spent a long time in England, painted several truly poetical landscapes, often of astonishing freshness and with something of Gainsborough's clair-obscure. As a portrait painter, he appears to very good advantage in the picture of Bellman. Martin has designed the vignettes of the latter's Temple of Bacchus and has, besides, engraved the sketches for the well known book Journey in Italy, by the art-philosopher and admiral-in-chief, Karl August Ehrensvärd, in which the author sets forth, in brief, oracular terms,

Landscape with Waterfall, by Elias Martin. In the National Museum at Stockholm

his one-sided and neo-Classic but often ingenious opinions about art, nature, and people. Both Martin and Ehrensvärd were friends of Sergel. For Augustin Ehrensvärd, the creator of Sveaborg, Elias Martin had painted views of this fortress, and had also acted as instructor to his son, Karl August. His brother, the copper engraver, Johan Fredrik Martin, is known for his Views of Stockholm in large outline etchings with handpainted water-colors of excellent artistic effect.

Portrait of the Artist's Father, by Karl Fredrik von Breda. In the National Museum at Stockholm

Karl Fredrik von Breda went to England in 1787 for the purpose of study and there enjoyed the guidance of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He painted the portrait of Sir Joshua as an admission-piece into the Swedish Academy of Arts. Breda, who is one of the country's very best portrait painters, had acquired in England a warm and extremely effective treatment of colors. After his return, in 1796, the aristoc-

racy, who valued the noble bearing he gave to his portraits, sought the services of the young artist. Besides his powerful technique, his broad brush, and sense of the picturesque, he brought from England that feeling for nature which characterized the last years of the eighteenth century. His portrait of the actress Teresa Vannoni, painted with warmth and breadth, reveals, through dress and conception, that the times of Gustavus were past; now people gave themselves up to nature-worship in the parks, where at the altars erected to friendship they consecrated tender sighs to the moon and stars. Breda has produced the most substantial and valuable in Swedish painting of the first half of the nineteenth century. His Portrait of My Father, painted 1797, with Spanish cane and the tall black hat that came originally from the Anglo-Saxon lands, indicates the invasion of romanticism, and produces an almost ghost-like effect with its pale face and its figure, wrapped in a wide, black, Spanish cloak against the background of a dark, stormy sky. From an artistic viewpoint, it is an important work. During his later period his portraits often received an unpleasantly reddish tint.

During the decàde of 1790, Per Krafft the Younger, the son of Per Krafft the Elder, painted his best portraits, especially that of the architect Deprez, now in the Academy of Arts. He received guidance from the great David. Krafft adopted a more and more inflexible method of painting during the last part of his extraordinarily long artistic career.

V

SERGEL

THE first and greatest name in the plastic art of Sweden is Johan Tobias Sergel. Born in Stockholm of German parents—his father was a gold-embroiderer from Jena—and educated in Sweden by French teachers, he received his deepest art-impressions later in Rome from the old Greek sculptures, which were the object of so much admiration and not less of learned study, especially in Germany, during the last decades of the eighteenth century. Sergel's individuality, however, was so strong that he was able to fuse these different impressions in his art. He succeeded in breathing warmth and life into his work, and was inspired by the antique in a more profound way than was generally the case with his contemporaries. For this reason his figures do not become stiff and cold imitations. Over the marble lies the rosy shimmer of the days of Gustavus, supple strength in the male forms and softness in the female, widely different from the smoothness of the Italian Canova or the magnificent but cold reconstructions of Thorvaldsen.

During the years of his apprenticeship under the French sculptor, Pierre Hubert Larchevêque, he assisted the latter with the large altar-relief in plaster of Paris, Christ in the Garden, for the Slottskyrka. Sergel received, besides, the opportunity to assist in the rough work on the statue of Gustavus Vasa, unveiled 1774, and that of Gustavus Adolphus, unveiled 1796, neither very successful. In these statues, Larchevêque was not on a par with the excellent contemporary French sculptors, but it must be admitted that, in the eighteenth century, with its defective historical sense, it was

almost impossible to obtain a picture of "old king Gösta" that was national and true to history. Larchevêque's greatest distinction consists in having been the teacher of Sergel, and, in 1758, when but a youth of eighteen, Sergel was allowed to accompany his instructor to Paris. There, without a doubt, he received strong impressions from Falconet and Pigalle, the great French rococo sculptors, whose grace and sensuous elegance were bound to exert an influence upon the precocious young Swede. In 1767 Sergel went to Rome and remained there until 1778. There the greatness of antiquity was revealed to him partly by means of the previously mentioned scholarly currents in art.

The Faun, statuette in marble by Johan Tobias Sergel. In the National Museum at Stockholm

In the year 1770 The Reclining Faun was finished. The figure attracted general attention by its joyousness and stamp of energy. Notwithstanding its small size—not quite a meter in length—it produces a very striking effect through its animation and its pagan, exuberant joy of life. There are

rare unity and buoyancy in this splendid work of art. In accordance with the custom of Bernini and the Italian-French sculptors, the marble is polished. A short time later Sergel modeled the hero-type Diomedes and began work on a group, Cupid and Psyche, originally ordered by Madame du Barry but acquired by Gustavus III, when the death of Louis XV prevented her from purchasing the statue. The theme is taken from the old significant myth about Cupid who is obliged to leave Psyche after she has sought, out of curiosity, to ascertain his origin and name. Psyche's trembling before the inevitable and Cupid's majestic repellent gesture are combined in plastic harmony. Kellgren wrote:

Behold, alas! in desperation,
Before the god of love she lies,
In pardon-seeking supplication
For slighting her belov'd's advice.

The magnificent group Mars and Venus was also modeled in Rome, though carved in marble at a much later date. It represents the goddess of beauty engaged in the battle about Troy, as she sinks fainting into the arms of the god of war. The contrast between masculine strength and feminine softness, the motif that was so popular with the neo-Renaissance and the rococo, appears here to excellent advantage.

Sergel returned home from Rome by way of Paris, where, as an example of his art, he modeled his statue of Otryades who, dying on the battlefield, inscribes upon his shield the tidings of victory. This dramatic representation created a lively sensation in the Academy where it was exhibited. Among those present on this occasion was the famous sculptor Pigalle, as also Pajou, Houdon, Chardin, and Roslin. This work gained for Sergel admittance into the Academy.

Sergel returned to Sweden in 1778. On the way he visited London, where he met Reynolds. The classical treasures that had been taken from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin were not put on exhibition until 1812; consequently Sergel could not see them. He had no opportunity to see either these works of sculpture or, for that matter, many of the best Greek statues of the fifth and fourth centuries which,

Mars and Venus, marble group by Sergel. Owned by Count A. F. Wachtmeister

according to the belief of our time, represent the culmination of classic art. It was the weaker neo-antique that Sergel and his contemporaries tried to imitate. Fortunately his art contains much of the good French traditions.

In 1780 the King ordered the Venus which bears the pretty rococo head of Countess Ulla von Höpken, née von Fersen. In this figure Sergel has immortalized one of Kellgren's "three graces." For the statue of Gustavus Adolphus, Sergel modeled during the decade of 1780 the group

Axel Oxenstierna Dictating to History the Deeds of the Hero, a group which has only in our day been set up in its right place at the base of the statue. The decorative genii who bore aloft the monogram of Gustavus above the curtain of the Opera, and have now been removed to the same place in the new Opera House, also date from this period. In another building, the Adolphus Frederick Church, also the creation of Adelcrantz, Sergel executed a monumental piece of work in moulded lead, namely the Memorial to the Philosopher René Descartes, who died in Stockholm in 1650. The theme of a genius lifting the veil of ignorance from the globe and letting the torch of enlightenment flame over the sphere was certain to make a strong appeal to Sergel, and indeed this monument glows with life and possesses splendid decorative qualities. Sergel executed also the altar-piece for the same church, where The Resurrection of Christ is represented in high relief in plaster of Paris. Christ, a beardless youth of Grecian type, ascends toward heaven with outspread arms, surrounded by angels. The form-language of the figures is classical, but the same is true of the first sculpture of the Christian church. Yet the beautiful gigantic relief is not Christian according to the conceptions of our time.

In 1783-1784 Sergel had the opportunity to accompany Gustavus III upon his travels in Italy. In Rome Sergel was royal councillor in matters of taste, and among other things expressed his most passionate delight over the recently discovered statue of the sleeping Endymion, which the king later ordered to be purchased. Two paintings in the French section of the National Museum are a reminder of Gustavus' visit in Rome, one of them by Desprez representing Gustavus III Attending Christmas Matins in St. Peter's Cathedral, 1783. Vapors of incense float about Bernini's bronze baldachin, as Pius VI raises the holy vessel where the miracle of transsubstantiation takes place to the music of the bells. The other painting is by Gagneraux. It shows the King and his entourage, among them Sergel, inspecting the wonderful collection of sculpture in the Vatican, escorted by the

Portrait of the Countess Charlotta Fredrika von Fersen, née Sparre. Marble bust by Sergel. Owned by Baron Höpken

Pope. In Rome Sergel met the young Canova and Angelika Kauffmann.

After his return home Sergel was employed chiefly in the field of portraits. His splendid portrait busts and portrait medallions of Sweden's most eminent men were highly valued, and the admiration aroused by his noble art contributed to elevate the standing of artists in the land. Particular mention may be made of his realistic, strongly characterized, bust of the Countess Charlotta Fredrika von Fersen, who as a girl—Fröken Sparre—had been with her relative Karl Gustav Tessin in Paris, where several French artists had reproduced her piquant features. Now, in 1787, she is represented as an aged grande dame, still so pleasing and beau-

Gustavus III, portrait statue in bronze by Sergel.
On Skeppsbron, Stockholm

tiful beneath the becoming widow's veil that she fully deserves to be a mother to those young ladies who enraptured the Stockholm of 1780, the "graces" Ulla von Höpken and Countess Löwenhielm.

Sergel several times perpetuated the figure of Gustavus III, and succeeded admirably—not least in "the living Gustaviad in bronze" on the Skeppsbro at Stockholm's Quay, giving artistic unity of conception to the complex nature of this King, who bore, "the laurels of the theatre in powdered hair strangely combined with the real, true ones." It is a Swedification of Apollo di Belvedere, ordered by the citizens of Stockholm in 1790 and set up in 1802 on the spot near Svensksund where the King landed as victor. Among

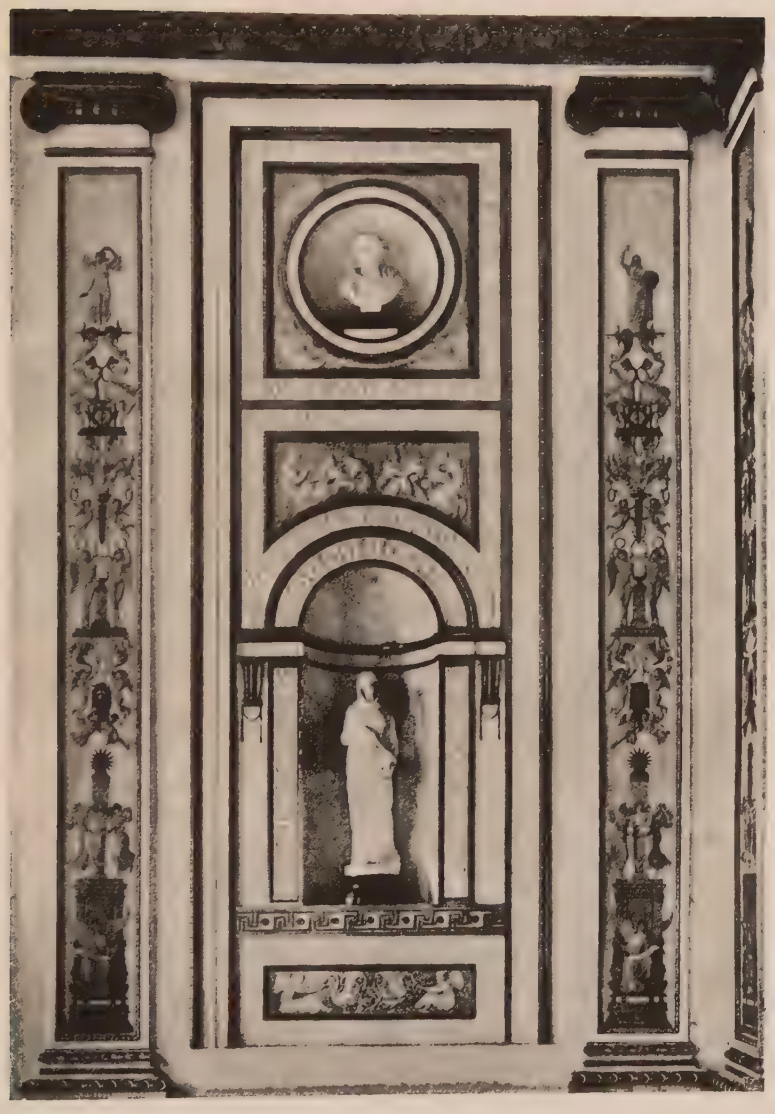
the portrait medallions are the genial countenance of Kellgren and the figure of Bellman, the wine-god of the North, with vine leaves in his hair. In his pen sketches Sergel has shown us the more intimate sides of the poet Bellman, in his morning-after mood, and he has also made many drawings of himself and his noted friends, the admirer of the antique Karl August Ehrensvärd, the Dane Abildgaard, and many others who frequented the artist's hospitable home. In general, his sketches and washes, at times grotesque, but always executed with a marvelous sense of the picturesque, constitute a very valuable complement to his productions as a sculptor. Sergel died on the 26th of February, 1814. Active at a time when pedantic imitation of the antique began to be considered as the highest art, he succeeded, thanks to his strong, healthy, and sensuous nature, in developing his personality so that he stands out as the foremost artist our country has possessed, and occupies an uncontested place of rank in the European art of his time.

VI

THE TRANSITION PERIOD

UNDER the influence of neo-Classic ideas, Swedish architecture, toward the end of the eighteenth century, began to be dominated by antique forms in the exterior of the buildings as well as in the interior decorations. Meanwhile the materials employed became poorer, while the power of invention lessened.

Olof Tempelman, a native of Östergötland, built, in 1790, the Chancery near Mynttorget, with its sober Doric temple façade. For Gustavus III, who lived occasionally in a little idyllic wooden house at Haga near Brunnsviken, Tempelman erected the so-called King's Pavilion, which was completed in 1790. The French-born Jean-Louis Desprez, who was to have built the giant palace Haga for Gustavus III in historical classic style, got no further than the foundation, which was laid in 1786. In the same period Uppsala Conservatory was begun after drawings by Desprez in the Doric style. Desprez was one of Sweden's best painters of stage decorations; especially beautiful were his decorations for the opera Gustavus Vasa which was performed in 1786. Desprez has painted also the magnificently composed pictures Gustavus III Attending Christmas Matins in St. Peter's Cathedral (see page 110)—the artist had made the acquaintance of the King on his Italian journey—and the Naval Battle of Hogland with cheering marines amidst huge fluttering sails. The latter has been preserved in Rosersberg Castle. Louis Adrien Masreliez, son of Adrien Masreliez, born in Paris, painter, art-theorist, and decorator, has decorated a number of rooms in the King's Pavil-



Wall decoration in "Gustavus III's Divan" at Haga, by Louis Adrien Masreliez

ion at Haga with some excellent, neo-antique ornamental friezes which call to mind Raphael or the loggias of Pompeii.

Though the architecture of the first years of the nineteenth century is marked by a certain aridness and frigidity,

Salon in Rosendal Palace at Djurgården, built by Fredrik Blom. Furniture in the Empire style. Frieze, The Coming of the Asas, by Hjalmar Mörner

and though it suffers from a certain meagreness especially with respect to material, nevertheless it does not lack distinction. Fredrik Blom built, during the decade of 1820, the beautiful old Animal House near Lilla Nygatan in Stockholm, the Rosendal Summer Palace in Djurgården park, and the splendidly located Skeppsholm Church which has a grandeur of form often lacking in the Swedish houses of worship in the later nineteenth century. Karl Kristofer Gjörwell was a son of the well-known author who has been called "the patriarch of learned labors." In the Queen's Pavilion at Haga and in the Military Hospital on Kungsholmen, especially in the latter, which was completed in 1834, he has attained that severe beauty which was the ideal of the empire style.

Among Sergel's pupils none equalled the master, although Johan Niklas Byström has executed some good work, and

Statue of the actress Emilie Högquist, by Johan Niklas Byström. In the Dramatic Theatre at Stockholm

especially his group The Sleeping Juno with the Child Hercules at her Breast has a touch of greatness that is doubly refreshing in view of the prevailing taste for the banal and the insipidly sweet. There is often something weak and impersonal, however, in his female figures, and it cannot be

Thor, marble statue by Bengt Erland Fogelberg. At the National Museum, Stockholm

denied that Swedish sculpture about 1850, even though not compared with great names like Rude, Barye, or Schadow, had about it something reminiscent of big, chalky caramels, the sugar being predominant in the work of Byström and the chalk in that of Fogelberg. While he lived in Rome, Byström's happy, hospitable home was a center of Swedish artists. The well known Bust of Bellman in Djurgården, unveiled in 1829, is from Byström's hand. He has made a delightful little statue which is undoubtedly a representa-

tion of Emilie Högquist in the role of Aventurine in The Polka. It was in 1845 that the fascinating and idolized actress appeared in this play—the last in which she took part—and enraptured the audience by her grace in the polka, a dance which was entirely new at the time. She died the following year in Italy.

Bengt Erland Fogelberg is noteworthy chiefly for his efforts to find a plastic form for the gods of Norse mythology. The question of employing themes from Norse antiquity in sculpture was zealously discussed at the beginning of the century. Geijer wrote, in 1817, a treatise "Concerning the Employment of the Norse Myths in Fine Arts" in which he said that these themes ought to be made use of, but warned against formlessness and exaggeration. He shows himself surprisingly far-sighted in his censure of the prevailing unnatural imitation of the antique, not least in the domain of painting, where the life element, color, was ignored, and the figures resembled "painted stone images." In the exhibition arranged by the Gothic Society in 1818, Fogelberg exhibited models for statues of Odin, Thor, and Freyr, the latter being exchanged afterwards for Balder. The statues were later cut in marble, and now stand on the staircase in the National Museum. A somewhat theatrical pose spoils the impression of Balder, and this is still more true of Odin. Fogelberg has succeeded best with Thor; he is a type of a Northern god, full of power and with conscious pride in his bearing and yet with something of a peasant's good humor about him. The statue of Gustavus Adolphus in Gothenburg and Bremen, of Charles XIV Johan and Birger Jarl in Stockholm, all three unveiled in 1854, are well known works of Fogelberg. His art has a certain dryness, and does not attract or charm like that of Sergel's, but the new types which he succeeded, after much hard labor, in giving form have been of importance in Swedish art.

Erik Gustav Göthe's rather tame art never rose to any high artistic level. The dull statue of Charles XII in Kungsträdgården in Stockholm, unveiled in 1821, and the perforated spire of the Riddarholm Church, for which he made

The Ruined Castle, by Karl Johan Fahlcrantz. In the collection of Thorsten Laurin

the drawings, are his best known productions. The latter was erected after the beautiful old spire had burned down.

In general, it may be said that the first decades of the century are characterized by a prevalence of dilettantism and extremely low standards in art. After the splendor of the Gustavian age, Sweden had a period of self-satisfied and Philistine mediocrity in the field of painting. All the more absurd, therefore, seem the bombastic eulogies of the Academy of Arts, when it condemns or comments in high-sounding phrases the feeble art products of the time.

In Alexander Lauréus, who was born in Åbo and died in Rome, we notice an agreeable change from the usual poorly depicted allegories and the still more tedious "historical" paintings of the time. In The Dance, executed in 1814, one of Lauréus's best pictures, the artist experiments with the

effects of candle light, a problem in illumination with which he was much engrossed. The prevalent conditions at the ball seem to be very simple, unpretentious, and even naive, but the fresh-colored beauties in their simple white fluttering dresses are enjoying it thoroughly, while the partners in their tight-fitting garments hesitate between "Astrild" and the goblet, as the punch-glass was so grandiloquently called in those days. The cold, tame allegories and the often wooden portraits of the highly esteemed Stockholm artist Fredrik Westin and his colored and sweetish nude figures, bedaubed with "Professor Westin's human paint," aroused the enthusiasm of his contemporaries, a fact which does not speak very well for their artistic judgment.

Karl Johan Fahlcrantz, born in Dalecarlia, was influenced by the melancholy of Ruisdael and the evening sunlight of Claude Lorrain, and became the painter of the romantic landscape. A typical picture is The Ruined Castle at the Foot of a Mountain. Warm, brown and violet tones and a kind of universally musical atmosphere are characteristics of this artist, who was so much admired in his own time. Apropos of Fahlcrantz's paintings, Geijer wrote the following profound words: "Painting is the art of developing the inner light or of stealing the light of all things, not only the external, but the light which beams from within. All good painting is soul painting."

The first half of the nineteenth century was a "harmless" period for art in our land. Among the few architects of any importance was Axel Nyström the Elder. He revised and carried out Tessin's plans for Lejonbacken—the north passage to the Royal Palace, so called from its two bronze lions—and attained a great effect by the use of excellent material, smooth-cut granite, as well as by firm, dignified lines. The Bazar on Norrbro, razed when the Riksdag building was erected, was by Axel Nyström.

Interest in art and the desire to purchase it were at this time negligible among the general public, and the few artists to be found lived by themselves in Rome as academic fellows, industriously wielding the brush on pictures repre-

senting Italian beggars and robbers, romantic opera-figures placed in a dazzling evening light. The paintings are characterized in general by a mixture of aridness, gaudy coloring, and minuteness of detail, with little individualization. Naturally, there were in the whole group of those who made their living by painting some men of talent who felt oppressed by the small town stagnation in the art life of Rome, where in reality only sculpture flourished, and where Thorvaldsen and Byström were hospitable hosts for the young Scandinavian painters. There lived in the twenties the witty dilettante Captain Count Hjalmar Mörner whose Stockholm Sketches, it is true, cannot be compared in an artistic sense with those of Daumier and Gavarni, but are, nevertheless, full of amusing and typical features. They picture gentlemen who in thick overcoats drink their warm toddies in the simple Stockholm taverns of 1830, or quiet tea circles with musical entertainment, or lively ferry-women with strong arms and fiery temperaments. His paintings—among them the frieze The Coming of the Æsir in the Rosendal Palace—possess less interest. Considerably more prominent as an artist was Mörner's faithful friend and comrade Södermark.

Olof Johan Södermark was, during the forties and fifties, the best portrait painter in Sweden. When he was invited to Rome by Byström, he had already distinguished himself as a soldier and received the medal of honor for bravery in the war with Norway in 1814—several painters of that period were military men—and now aroused general attention by his carefully painted and delicately characterized portraits. A combination of neo-Classic purity of form and romantic sentimentality is found in a portrait, typical of the time, of Byström's friend Karolina Bygler in greyish lavender silk dress with puffed sleeves, outlined against the yellow satin of the sofa. Södermark perhaps excelled most in his portraits of men. The great men and women of Sweden had their pictures painted by him. Among these may be mentioned especially the portrait of Berzelius, the conservative politician von Hartmansdorff, Jenny Lind as

Portrait of Karolina Bygler, by Olof Johan Södermark. In the National Museum at Stockholm

Norma, and, finally, Fredrika Bremer—one of the last portraits that Södermark painted.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Paris was not so popular among the artists as before. A Swedish painter, however, Per Gabriel Wickenberg, made a great success there. He died young, but managed, through the study of nature and of the old Dutch landscapes, to educate himself so that he became an artist of real merit, even though he could not compete in originality with the French

Moonlight after Rain, by Per Gabriel Wickenberg. In the National Museum at Stockholm

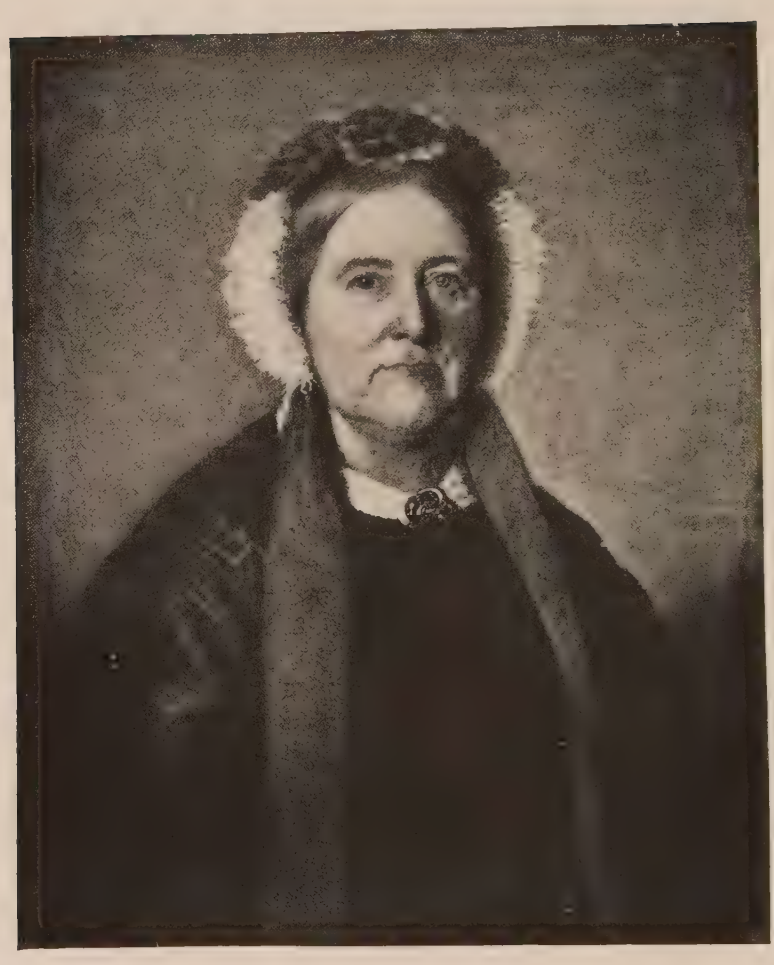
masters, Corot and others, who were not held in high regard at the time. In his winter motifs and in his Moonlight after Rain, in the National Museum, he avoids the theatrical features which spoil the greater part of the contemporaneous landscape painting, and his pictures belong to the truest nature descriptions that Swedish art had produced up to that time.

Gustaf Vilhelm Palm was the most esteemed landscape painter among the Swedes who lived in Rome. His Italian views have something harsh and glaring, but are animated by his feeling for picturesque architecture. The reminiscences of Rome in 1840 became determinative of his long artistic career. His landscapes from the Mälaren valley display a tone which reminds one of the Campagna and Lake Albano. He was most successful in his Stockholm view The Riddarholm Canal at the Middle of the Century with Palmstedt's beautiful stone bridge over the canal—a bridge, constructed in 1784 and razed in 1867 to make room for that monster of bad taste which has disfigured the place for half a century.

The Nix and Ægir's Daughters, by Nils Johan Blommér. In the National Museum at Stockholm

The animal painter Karl Wahlbom made an important contribution to Swedish figure-painting. Wahlbom was initiated into the old Norse sagas by his friend, the gymnast and poet Ling, and drew the illustrations for Ling's poem The Æsir. In his popular painting, The Battle of Lützen, 1855, he shows his great ability to represent the different movements of horses. His art marks a step forward in technique. Nils Johan Blommér gave form to the themes of the Norse folksong, and in his romantic painting The Nix and Ægir's Daughters, 1850, in the National Museum, he created a work full of poetic feeling, which—attractive even to us—appealed in the highest degree to the temperament of the age. On the other hand, his well known Freja Drawn by Cats, 1852, in the National Museum, is rather too suggestive of a caramel-painting.

The Värmlander Uno Troili was the most prominent of Södermark's pupils, but an exaggerated distrust of his own ability prevented him from taking the place he might have



Fru Anne-Marie Hallström, by Uno Troili, in the National Museum at Stockholm

filled. He studied in Italy, but learned most, perhaps, in Paris. Troili's portraits have something firm and honest in their execution, and the best of them show also an exquisite taste in the choice of color. A colored background throws into relief his pictures of imperious squires and their wives. During the fifties and sixties he was Sweden's best portrait painter. His brush knew how to bring out the monumental as well as the soulful. Among his works are

Secretary Myhrman, the finely characterized portrait of Fru Anne-Marie Hallström (the mother of Professor I. Hallström), with violet cap-strings against a black dress, painted with the consummate skill which Troili lavished on his draperies, and, finally, the charming picture of Fru Montgomery-Cederhielm, executed in 1861.

VII

THE DÜSSELDORF INFLUENCE. THE HISTORICAL PAINTERS

THE decade following 1850 received its impress from the painters who sought their education in Düsseldorf. In this quiet little town on the Rhine there had been formed a school of painters who tried to employ motifs from contemporaneous life, and, like the seventeenth century Dutch painters in genre, to depict peasant festivals, life in country parsonages, weddings, and funerals. But in these experiments there was always something of a stage effect, of an altogether too obvious humor, while artistic consideration was forced into the background by features designed to catch the public eye with cheap effects. By its choice of new subjects, however, and by pointing to the surrounding reality, the school became of great consequence, and it would be an injustice to forget the reawakening of public interest in art which, despite all, was due to the "Düsseldorfians." The Norwegian-born Swedish lieutenant Karl D'Uncker with his Pawnshop, his Gambling-hall in Wiesbaden, and his Third Class Waiting Room has given us characteristic types and personages of the fifties and sixties, more valuable, to be sure, in an historical than in a profoundly artistic way, but even from the latter viewpoint deserving interest. Bengt Nordenberg exemplifies the peasant genre of the school by his excellent Tithe Meeting in Skåne, a tableau vivant characteristic of the whole movement. Ferdinand Fagerlin, who was born in Stockholm in 1825 and died in Düsseldorf in 1907, surpasses the other members of the school in the artistic qualities of his ex-

Jealousy, by Ferdinand Fagerlin. In the National Museum at Stockholm

tremely detailed portrayals of the Dutch fishermen in their home-life, which he represents with feeling and a technically meritorious method. His beautiful and thoroughly well executed Jealousy, in which a young Dutch sailor pays court to a charming blonde, would perhaps have gained something by the absence of the second, sad-hearted girl, who gives the picture, according to the taste of our day, a touch of the unpleasantly anecdotical; but with respect to technique and color effect Fagerlin's production indicates an important advance. His art, however, is quite naturally more German than Swedish. August Jernberg, who was active during the sixties and seventies, shows himself very sensitive to color and for that reason more nearly on a par with the old Dutch models. His street scenes from Düsseldorf and more particularly his highly flavored and excellently painted fruit-pieces and kitchen interiors have that richness and strength of color which are often lacking among the Düsseldorfians; therefore, his pictures are valued more than others from

The Borrower, by August Jernberg. In the Gothenburg Museum

this school. The genre painting The Borrower with a motif from west Germany is a little masterpiece. A landscape painter of marked individuality, though in some ways typical of the fifties, at once superficial and possessed of power that had a touch of genius, was a native of Östergötland, Marcus Larson, who showed in his painting some of the traits that Johan Nybom exhibited in poetry. He be-

Landscape with Waterfall, by Marcus Larson. In the National Museum at Stockholm

gan as a saddle-maker's apprentice. Then after years of study in the Academy of Arts, travels at sea, and wanderings in Norway, he began to paint pictures strongly influenced by the Düsseldorf artists whom he studied. But he was perhaps still more deeply affected in Paris by the old Dutch landscapes, especially those of Ruisdael, which he saw in the Louvre. Larson infused his love for the wildness and melancholy of nature into paintings where we can see the waves surging, the lighthouse twinkling, and the waterfall hurling its foam between the tall trunks of the pine trees, while broken clouds scud across the sky. A distinct flavor of the theatrical is undeniable. The best of his pictures, however, bear evidence of great talent. His striving for effect, together with an unbridled and inharmonious element in his nature, prevented him, in spite of great promise, from being thoroughly successful. Through his own fault, he was

finally shipwrecked, both in his art and in his life. He died in London in 1864.

During the reign of Charles XV, there was considerable interest in Swedish art. The king, who was himself a painter, encouraged and supported artists with a generous hand. In his activity as a patron of art, the king received much aid from his friend and teacher of painting, Johan Kristofer Boklund, a native of Skåne. Boklund, who had made profound studies in Munich and Paris, had, as professor at the Academy, the very best influence upon his pupils, by whom he was especially liked because of his helpfulness. His real field as a painter lay in the historical genre—minor picturesque episodes in historical dress, such as soldiers at their drinking bouts, marauders, and similar things. Thanks to a rare capacity for work and a love of art, his activity has been of very great importance, even outside of his own artistic production from his position as intendant of the National Museum and director of the Academy of Arts.

The brother-in-law and nephew of Nyström, Fredrik Vilhelm Scholander, of Stockholm, soon became the leading artist personality in architecture. The historical sense had been more and more aroused in Europe; romanticism turned people's thoughts to the Middle Ages, and a strong interest in the Gothic style of building was manifested in almost all the countries of Europe. In Sweden, the "historical styles" came into use principally through the pupils of Scholander. As a teacher at the Academy of Arts he exercised a strong influence. All buildings at this time, even those of a monumental character—with the exception of the National Museum—were finished in fine plaster coatings, with decorations in plaster of Paris, in such a way as to simulate stone. Such a façade looks dead beside one finished in natural stone—although a well done plaster façade, which does not pretend to be anything else than what it is, has both its raison d'être and its beauty. Scholander's Synagogue in Stockholm, completed in 1870, with Oriental motifs deserves the approbation with which it was received.

It was the intention at first that he should erect the foremost Swedish memorial building, the National Museum, but in 1849 the designs of the German architect Friedrich August Stüler were accepted in preference. Stüler was a pupil of Schinkel and was born in Thuringia. In accordance with his plans the stately structure was erected in the Renaissance style and covered with grey and reddish limestone. The decoration of the interior, however, was directed by Scholander. The Museum was dedicated at the time of the Exposition in Stockholm, 1866. Scholander was also of great importance in Swedish art as a painter, musician, poet, and draughtsman. His remarkable feeling for the ornamental, a field in which his imagination is inexhaustible, is especially well brought out in his excellent sketches illustrating Fjolner's Saga, written by himself and published in 1867, as well as in other saga sketches with architectural and decorative motifs.

About the middle of the century, Swedish sculpture was represented by Qvarnström and Molin. It was a barren period in art, and the monuments and statues produced in considerable numbers during this time did not attain the highest level. In general, they are characterized by a certain correct tediousness and a considerable portion of pose and conventionality. Tegnér in Lund, Berzelius in Stockholm, and Engelbrekt in Örebro by Carl Gustaf Qvarnström were more the expression of the literary and historical interest of the time than of the artistic, and the same may be said of the somewhat theatrical Charles XII in Stockholm, unveiled 1868, by Johan Peter Molin. On the other hand, the bronze group The Belt-duellists, exhibited in the Paris Salon, 1859, is by virtue of its dramatic quality and excellent characterization a work of sculpture well fitted to adorn the beautiful spot near the National Museum in Stockholm. It is a truly original group with not only a Scandinavian theme but a Scandinavian conception. Molin's Fountain which was exhibited in plaster at the Exposition in Stockholm, 1866, and was later set up in Kungsträdgården, is of great decorative beauty. Even though the different

Indian Dancer, drawn by Egron Lundgren at a Festival in Lucknow, 1859. Owned by Fröken Elsa Nordenfalk, Lövsta

groups of mermaids and water deities that mark the site of Stockholm between Lake Mälaren and the sea are not in themselves perfect, nevertheless the whole work of art, with its bold elevation and mighty sweep of form, makes a fine impression, especially when seen against a blue summer sky with the water spurting over the cochleated edge. It is a fine impulse that leads men to adorn public places with an artistically formed fountain, which in the midst of the din and noise reminds us of the peace and harmony of beauty, itself a treasure of beauty which every citizen may proudly call his own.

Egron Lundgren, though born in Stockholm, spent most of his time in Italy, Spain, and England, and has recorded his artistic impressions in a number of brilliant letters. Quite naturally, he found the atmosphere in Sweden cold and depressing, but he continued to feel a warm interest in the artistic development of his native country. His greatest success was in water-colors, and his pretty and artistic small sketches and water-colors often reveal new points of view. His style, both in drawing and painting, is sometimes suggestive of Gavarni. There seems to exist a family likeness among all his coquettish Spanish women, but their easy grace won them a well deserved popularity with the public and the critics. Egron Lundgren was really a rococo painter born too late. He utilized color to the utmost, and it was through color that he was able to conjure up new, fresh aspects of the worn out Italian motifs. During the Indian Rebellion of 1858, Lundgren accompanied the British army and painted some of his best things in oils as well as in water-colors, one of them being The Spy in the National Museum.

The foremost representative of landscape painting was a native of Stockholm, Edvard Bergh. He, also, studied in Düsseldorf, but developed a genuinely Swedish conception. He preferred to depict on large canvases landscapes of middle Sweden, smiling scenes, where tall birches are reflected in inland lakes, or where the cattle graze in the pasture, and the sunlight filters in through the light green

A Gate in the Birch Woods, by Edvard Bergh

foliage. Bergh's art was easy to understand and was well liked. Its national stamp gives it an added value for us.

Johan Fredrik Höckert belongs to the painters whose art does not easily grow old. We are often unjust toward the products of a few decades ago. Living in the midst of a reaction against the exaggerations or faults of which they were guilty, we are prone to undervalue their merits. But

A Girl from Rättvik, by Johan Fredrik Höckert. In the Fürstenberg collection, Gothenburg

when it comes to Höckert, we see with pleasure that even during this period, which was so barren of great art, there were artists who painted with life and spirit, and were able to create something permanent and of real interest to posterity. Such was the work of Höckert. His Lapland Chapel, in the museum at Lille, The Interior of a Laplander's Hut, in the National Museum, exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1857, and his Girl from Rättvik, in the Fürstenberg collection, do not appeal either to the risible faculties or the tear glands, like many contemporaneous pictures of folk life; they picture life quite simply, but in a personal way and with warmth and color. Höckert studied in Munich, which soon forced Düsseldorf into the shade, and surpassed his

teachers in proficiency, especially after he had developed his technique during a sojourn in Paris in 1851. There he aroused attention and had the opportunity of selling to French galleries. His art rises to greatness in his last production, The Palace Fire 1697, one of the best paintings in the Swedish section of the National Museum. High among the flames we see dimly the casket of Charles XI, and in the foreground the white-haired "Mother of the Charleses" tottering along, supported by her grandchildren. There is spirit and life in the thrilling action, and the picture is painted with an unusual bravura, but it was chiefly through his gift for coloration that he attained his prominent place in the history of Swedish art.

The tendency toward the Old Norse, which already existed in sculpture, and was further strengthened by new and zealous archeological studies, now received champions in the field of painting also. Loki and Sigyn and Thor's Combat with the Giants by Mårten Eskil Winge do not now seem so imposing as they are colossal in size, but they are, nevertheless, remarkable illustrations of what the sixties meant by national art, and Winge's energy and enthusiasm in the execution of the Northern themes was admirable.

The man who found the artistic form for this interest in Old Norse was August Malmström. His father was a peasant carpenter near Medevi in Östergötland, who with great and touching sacrifice gave his son an education as an artist. Malmström studied at the Academy of Arts in Stockholm, in Düsseldorf, and in Paris. Both in himself and in his art there was much of a substantial and genuine Swedish quality. He was the right man to give form to the old sagas. In 1859 he painted in Paris a picture which is thoroughly Scandinavian both in color and character, Ingeborg Receives the Tidings of Hjalmar's Death; and about the same time Malmström started on a theme with which he was to struggle, in an artistic sense, his whole life. This was The Battle of Bråvalla, which is presented in two different productions, both of them excellent. The earlier and more romantic belongs to the Stockholm Municipal Building; the other in

Ingeborg Receives the Tidings of Hjalmar's Death, by August Malmström. In the National Museum at Stockholm

Nordiska Museet is more realistic and more Northern in its character. Through his pithy sketches for Fridthjof's Saga and the Saga of Ragnar Lodbrok, Malmström has contributed in a still higher degree than by his painting to give our people a true and full conception of our forefathers during the Viking Age. He has also sketched episodes from the Finnish War of 1808-1809, with an austere but appeal-

ing faithfulness to nature. His series of oils painted in grey tones illustrating Runeberg's The Grave in Perrho, which were presented by the artist to the Technical School in Stockholm, occupy the first rank among these war pictures. There is another side to Malmström, however, an element of tenderness which is sometimes in the best sense child-like. His Dance of the Elves, exhibited in 1866, belongs to the happiest incarnations of folk poetry, while his chubby Country Children show the humorous bent in his character. During the nineties, Malmström pictured in a number of excellent water-colors that combination of meagreness and grace in the Swedish landscape which is so dear to our hearts.

Poplars, by Alfred Wahlberg. Owned by V. Bünsow

The ideas of the Fontainebleau School were put into practice in Sweden by Alfred Wahlberg, born in Stockholm in 1843. He studied first in Düsseldorf, and among the results of his studies there we find the magnificent composition, Landscape in Kolmården, 1865, in the National Museum. From the French painters in Paris he learned

how to look at nature in a simpler and more profound way, and hereby a new element, difficult to define, entered into the Swedish landscape art—the spiritual quality known as *stämning*. Moonlight scenes, groups of trees, and views had been painted before; now the artists strove to paint the soul of the landscape and to fix on the canvas a transient moment so that it would produce in the spectators a concentrated sense of evening repose, of the threatening power of a storm, of the frosty clearness of an autumn day, or the torturing melancholy of the rain. A slight theatrical aspect, a memento of the Düsseldorf period, still remains in his large Moonlight Landscape with a river, in the National Museum, although the French School already asserts itself. The sureness and elegance of Wahlberg's art have contributed much to open the eyes of the public to a truer and more intimate landscape painting. An unusually good example of Wahlberg's lyrical conception of nature is a picture full of sentiment known as Poplars.

Gustav Rydberg, himself a native of Malmö, painted the lowlands of Skåne and the beautiful country around Ringsjön with a loving and discriminating touch. Olof Arborelius of Orsa painted the luxuriant verdure of Dalecarlia and the mining district Bergslagen with a freshness of handling which increased with the years. Reinhold Norstedt pictured the landscape of his native Södermanland, its estates and castles with parks, avenues, and pastures, often bathed in the moonlight and suffused with a soft melancholy. A Mill near Spånga, The Eriksberg Castle and A Summer Landscape in Södermanland, in the Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, belong to this phase of his artistic talent. He has also painted Stockholm, however, once in a picture of gigantic dimensions, A Summer Night near Stockholm Stream, the property of the Stockholm Municipal Building, where the mighty outlines of the Royal Palace may be seen in the background. In his canvas The Norstedt Printing Office on a Winter Afternoon, he has revealed that subtle beauty which a twilight hour may lend even business buildings, iron bridges, and street cars. Norstedt's art is like its parent.

A Mill Near Spånga, by Reinhold Norstedt. Owned by Carl G. Laurin

Everything wild and passionate is absent. He did not like anything unfinished, and shunned what was rough as much as what was sickly sweet. His pictures were small in size, conceived in an artistic and well-rounded style, and painted with an ardent, manly feeling, often with spirit, in spite of the slow and careful execution of details.

During a residence of several years in France, Norstedt became the one who appropriated to the fullest and deepest degree the ideals of the Fontainebleau school and transplanted them to Sweden. Not only the view of nature but also the purity of mind and dread of humbug, strife, and turmoil, that were so characteristic of Corot, Rousseau, and Millet, shine forth from the life and work of Norstedt, and the same is true of the personal delicacy of feeling which is found in these French artists, and also of their musical timbre. As an etcher of landscapes Norstedt is our foremost representative thus far.

It is noted above that Munich began to take the first place as a center of German art. Düsseldorf was outdone. The historical painter Piloty in Munich was a popular teacher,

during the sixties and seventies, of that historical figure-painting which was so much in vogue at the time, a field in which the Frenchman Delaroche, in the thirties and forties, and the Belgian Gallait, in the thirties, had won a European reputation. Whereas the Düsseldorf paintings resembled, in many respects, scenes from comedies, the products of the last named artists call to mind well staged tragedies. There is something vacuous and ostentatious in this art which had its authorization as an opposition to the colorless art at the beginning of the century. It was this hollow method of treatment of the historical themes which made "historical" paintings suspicious; for the main point is how a subject is handled, whether it be a still life or a battle. At all events, we understand our age better than any other. Historical reconstruction will always be false, and our time paints an overcoat better than an armor, just as the Middle Ages painted an armor better than a toga. We tire most quickly of archaizing art, i. e., that painting, which, using a stale method borrowed from the old masters, seeks with a feigned naïveté to obtain the same touching effect which the latter unconsciously gave their paintings.

Georg von Rosen received his education from Piloty in Munich and even more from H. Leys in Belgium, who imitated the archaic in Holbein's style. Rosen soon reached a finished artistic development. He was born in Paris but came to Sweden at the early age of five, and Paris, strangely enough, was to be the art center with which he had least in common. It might almost be said that Rosen in his art realized just what the Munich school tried in vain to express. The historical and universally human have in him been fused into a unity. The sound, aristocratic art of Velazquez had an influence in giving him his thorough technique. Rosen's production has not been abundant, but it is of sterling quality. King Eric's anguish of soul is reproduced in masterly fashion in the large painting Eric XIV, Karin Månsdaughter, and Göran Persson. Eric's scarlet garments shine with royal splendor, and we see him wavering between hate and love. On this canvas, signed 1871, monumental

Eric XIV, Karin Månsdaughter, and Göran Persson, by Georg von Rosen. In the National Museum at Stockholm

grandeur and exquisite color are united into a whole, and the characters live their own lives woven of hatred, terror, and love, but play no part for the spectator. The same dramatic suspense is found in The Prodigal Son, in the National Museum. Upon the ground, outside of a medieval country home, with glowing evening skies in the background, lies the ragged, despairing son on his knees before his mother, who is just coming out upon the steps. In 1881, a few years before The Prodigal Son, Karin Månsdaughter Visiting Eric in Prison was put on exhibition in the Art Museum in Copenhagen. The light from the tiny prison window falls upon Karin's face. With beautiful eyes she looks up to her gloomy husband. It is a great moment, but full of bitter pain.

Rosen's etchings and sketches with themes from the sixteenth century show an unusual ability to transport himself to past ages. Among these are the copper etching The Christening and the masterly glass etching Ture Jönsson Returns

from the National Assembly in Västerås. The artist is perhaps most successful of all in portrait painting, a field of art in which our time, with its sense of the individual, is much interested. Very impressive and spirited is his Portrait of

Portrait of Self, by Georg von Rosen. In the Uffizi Gallery at Florence

Himself in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. The portrait of his father and that of Pontus Wikner are both among the best productions of contemporary portrait painting. The former pictures the old count and railroad builder in his decorative fur coat, his eyes beaming with friendliness and intelligence; and the latter, painted in 1896, several years after Wikner's death, interprets the hunted, restlessly searching expression of a countenance furrowed by thinking and suffering of the soul. In his official portraits also Rosen shows himself very eminent. That of Director General Troilius with its mixture of ponderousness and kindliness is a good example. The Portrait of Charles XV, with the outstretched hand, is excellently characterized, as is also his Oscar II, a picture which has a high value from a coloristic viewpoint as well. Unfortunately, however, the latter has been completely spoiled by subsequent retouching by the artist. The monumental picture of Governor Baron af Ugglas should be especially mentioned, as well as the strong, slightly humorous head of A Farmer from Södermanland, in the National Museum.

Rosen's best known canvas from the closing period of the century was The Resurrection of Queen Dagmar, painted in response to an order from Denmark and hung in Frederiksborg. Here the artist depicts the gentle queen of Valdemar the Victorious, who has died during his absence and who comes to life for a moment, through a miracle, to bid her husband farewell. The painting was completed in 1899. For decades the artist strove to picture the inexorableness of Fate in an allegorical painting called Sphinx. In the figure, a lion with a woman's head, he succeeded in producing something of the very scent of a beast of prey, while the superbly painted face, with the beautiful, hard mouth, the delicate nose, which seems to be smelling blood, and the terror-striking look of madness and pain, bear testimony to his great art and psychological insight.

Julius Kronberg, born in Karlskrona, in 1850, also experienced the influence from Munich. By a thorough study of the technique of the masters, he attained sureness in

The Nymph of the Chase and Fauns, by Julius Kronberg.
In the National Museum at Stockholm

means of expression and discovered a brilliant, luscious coloring. He made his reputation by The Nymph of the Chase and Fauns, purchased in 1875 for the National

Museum. It shows his art from its best side. Here we meet an unexpected boldness and a vivid color that had not been seen before. The nymph in her white beauty against the warm, yellow silk, the play of sunbeams on the tropical foliage and, not least, the merrily grinning fauns, full of the love of life, called to mind the joyous coloring of the seventeenth century. The following year Spring was painted, representing a beautiful young woman who flies through the air on a stork, surrounded by flower-strewing cupids. In Saul and David the kingly form of Saul is one of the artist's best figures, while the decoration of the royal hall shows his exquisite taste and wide knowledge in the domain of industrial art. Kronberg's greatest works, however, are the ceiling pieces above the main stairway of the Royal Palace. Of the three allegorical paintings, the first pictures Svea surrounded by the symbolical figures of Commerce, Agriculture, and Industry; the second portrays the rose-colored form of Aurora; while the third represents The Ascension of the Soul. In a series of paintings with subjects from Biblical history, Kronberg completed the decorations of the cupola in the Church of Adolphus Frederick in Stockholm. The ceiling panels in the auditorium of the Dramatic Theatre, representing Orpheus and the Muses, is distinguished by a magnificent composition, even though, like several of his works, it suffers from a banal sweetishness both in color and form. His portrait of the blind Professor Hamberg and the strongly characterized portrayal of the energetic aged profile of Consul Ekman show his many-sidedness. Like Franz von Lenbach in Germany, Julius Kronberg has made a large number of admirable copies from Venetian and Flemish painters.

Within the domain of historical painting, which was more and more neglected, Nils Forsberg, of Skåne, after profound studies in France, won distinction with his gigantic A Hero's Death, a motif from the Franco-Russian War, and was awarded a medal of the first class at the Paris Salon in 1888. The largest picture that Forsberg has painted up to this time appeared at the International Exposition in

Paris in 1900. It represents Gustavus Adolphus before the Battle of Lützen, and has been presented to the Gothenburg Museum, which is also in possession of Forsberg's Family of Acrobats, a very skillfully executed figure painting.

French academic impressions from the seventies, which were present in Forsberg's art, are found also in the work of Gustaf Cederström, who was born in Stockholm in 1845. His large canvas The Funeral Procession of Charles XII, painted in 1878, is universally known. The original is now

The Funeral procession of Charles XII, by Gustaf Cederström. In the National Museum at Stockholm

in Russia, but a copy came to the National Museum in 1884. In this popular painting the interesting motif has been treated with loftiness and grandeur. The period of Charles XII has often been pictured by this artist, whose cold scale of colors seems suited to the winter atmosphere that lies over those stern and hard times. But there was enthusiasm also beneath the austere surface, and in his Magnus Stenbock on the 27th of September, 1709, placed in the Provincial Assembly Hall in Malmö, he has demonstrated his ability to express this as well. In Cederström's large painting

Narva, in the National Museum, a product which is rather unsatisfactory from a coloristic standpoint, the artist has shown the first and most brilliant act of the drama of Charles XII. Cederström's woman Salvationist trying to convert some bar-room habitués is one of his best paintings.

Carl Gustaf Hellquist, who died in Munich in 1890, was a painter of historical themes who received much appreciation in Germany, where he spent most of his time. He lays great stress on archeological details, and is sober and dry in his coloring, but has painted some good pictures whenever he has avoided that theatrical strain which has tainted so many historical paintings. He is most successful perhaps in The Religious Discussion between Olavus Petri and Peder Galle. The Sacking of Visby is not wholly free from pose.

VIII

THE OPPONENTS. NEW TENDENCIES IN SWEDISH PAINTING

THE beginning of the eighties was a turbulent period in the world of Swedish art. Many of the artists had had their eyes opened to the rich growth of sculpture and painting that flourished in France. They had eagerly sought to utilize for their own ends the new suggestions from Paris, and had learned the value of a closer and more thorough study of nature and a broader method of painting. They had become interested in painting the life that pulsates round about us in fields and meadows, in drawing-rooms and factories. Efforts were now made to paint the motif on the spot — outdoor painting — and to obtain stronger light effects. All this was pursued with youthful enthusiasm, and when the results were exhibited at the Opponents' Exhibition in Stockholm in 1885, they were met by that mocking laughter with which the new has always been greeted. Among the "Opponents," who opposed the academic conception and method of teaching, there were, at the close of the century, many artists who were known and admired all over Europe, and who, more than any of their predecessors, had made Swedish art known and respected in the circles and among the people who, in the course of time, have most influenced European judgment of art. Many of the Opponents united in 1886 and formed Konstnärsförbundet.

Among all the Opponents, Ernst Josephson was perhaps the most oppositional nature. Violence and weakness, tendencies at once revolutionary and romantic, were found in him, and his contribution to Swedish art has been invaluable. Ernst Josephson was born in a highly cultured Jewish

family in Stockholm. In the beginning of the seventies, he went through the Academy of Arts, and he afterwards travelled in Holland, Italy, and France. At first he was strongly influenced by the Dutch and Venetian schools of art; then he went to Paris, where he received deep impressions from Manet. When Josephson exhibited his portraits at the Paris Salon in 1881, he was lauded in the foremost art magazine of France, *Gazette des Beaux-Arts,* as one of the greatest of contemporary portrait painters. It was more difficult to obtain recognition in his native land.

Josephson was the man who took the initiative in the above-mentioned opposition to the Academy, the result of which was Konstnärsförbundet. The duration of his creative period was to be short; for as early as 1888, during his art studies in Brittany, he was attacked by a mental disease. An unusually rich and intense inner life lies back of his art, and is revealed in his coloring as well as in his ideas. In fact, this characteristic quality can be detected even in the sketches which were made during his illness. Though hazy and distorted, they often disclose the guiding light of genius, while they are conventionalized in execution.

Josephson had learned much from Rembrandt and the Venetians of the sixteenth century. He made a superb copy after Rembrandt's Director of the Clothes Dealers' Guild, and his first paintings bear witness to influences from the old masters. In 1878 he painted Saul and David, with its warm golden tone and its rich, deep pigments, calling to mind the Venetian masters of the Renaissance. The painting has been presented to the National Museum by a society called Friends of the National Museum.

Josephson is excellently represented in the finely selected and arranged collection of Klas Fåhæus in Högberga, Lidingö, where a whole wall is devoted to him. The eye is at once arrested by the portrait of Fru Gustaf af Geijerstam, with its look of foreboding, while perhaps the most noteworthy of all is the large painting Cheating Gamesters, a mere sketch but masterly from a coloristic and dramatic viewpoint. Among Josephson's portraits are those of the

The Journalist G. Renholm, by Ernst Josephson. In the National Museum at Stockholm

two artists, his friend, Allan Österlind, in the Gothenburg Museum, and a splendidly characterized picture of Carl Skånberg, the elegant, hunchbacked artist, pictured with a Gobelin tapestry as background. It is especially in the portrait of the Swedish-French journalist Renholm, sketched in his black suit against the cream-colored wall, that Joseph-

Spanish Blacksmiths, by Ernst Josephson. In the National Gallery at Christiania

son has introduced a freedom and breadth and at the same time a fresh modernity, which makes this production a milestone in the development of Swedish art. The same qualities and maybe more of the "joy of painting" are found in his Spanish Blacksmiths, done in 1882 in Seville, and now adorning the National Gallery in Christiania. Among his portraits of women are Fru Bagge, née Heyman, in a black dress and with a bouquet of flowers, and the excellent portrait

Fru Jeanette Rubenson, by Ernst Josephson. Loaned to the National Museum

of Fru Rubenson, at once conventionalized and realistic and with a delightful mixture of Orientalism and Swedish summer pleasure.

Before illness broke his strength, he executed his large and violently contested painting The Water Sprite which is in the collection of Prince Eugen. It was painted in Eggedal, a few miles north of Drammen in Norway, and represents a young boy who in the midst of sunshine plays his despair upon a golden violin. With its blue and green tones, with the light body of the youth against the cliffs and foaming cataract, this work represents Josephson's strange

The Water Sprite, by Ernst Josephson. In Prince Eugen's home, Valdemarsudde, Stockholm

union of realism and romanticism. It is a cry of anguish and unsatisfied longing, of despair at the impossibility of giving form to the emotions of the soul. This remarkable

work of art, at one time offered by its royal owner to the National Museum, which refused it, was not adequately appreciated even by Josephson's comrades among the Opponents. It is now set in a wall in what is possibly the most beautiful home in Sweden, that of Prince Eugen at Valdemarsudde in Stockholm. The artist has treated the same theme more harmoniously in another smaller painting called The Nix, presented to the National Museum by the "Friends" of that institution. One seems to hear the mighty, full-toned stroke of the bow, mingling with the roar of the cataract, when the tawny, leaf-crowned boy plays in the summer night.

Carl Hill, who died insane in 1911, received strong impulses in France from the impressionistic painting of light, and has left some landscapes which show that Swedish art suffered a great loss when he broke down so early. August Hagborg and Hugo Salmson, who were also counted among the Opponents, may be said to belong, through choice of themes and technique and prolonged residence in France, to French art. Hagborg is fond of painting the people on the shore of northern France, the silver-grey sky, and the greenish-blue waves. Among his scenes from the seashore may be mentioned Waiting, a fisherman's wife from Skåne, who with her child on her arm is watching for her husband. Hagborg won fervent admiration through his painting Low Tide near La Manche. Hugo Salmson was influenced by Bastien-Lepage and other French painters of country folk in the choice of his motifs from the villages in Picardy. His White Beet Harvesters, in the Gothenburg Museum, painted in 1878, shows this tendency. He has also found motifs for many pictures in Skåne, as in The Gleaners, in some well painted interiors of peasants' cottages, and in The Children at the Gate in Dalby, which was purchased by the French government, and is probably the representation of Swedish peasant life most popular on the Continent.

Per Ekström is an important landscape painter. Long a resident in France, he received impressions from the French landscape painters, impressions which, however, he has used

in his own art with much independence. Ekström is a colorist, whether he paints the barren heaths of his native island, Öland, or lets a red evening sun play with luminous beams over glittering waters and greyish-violet cliffs. Carl Skånberg, through pictures distinguished not least from the viewpoint of color, introduced, about 1880, a new freshness into Swedish landscape painting. Especially the harbor motifs from Holland and Venice are comparable with the best of contemporary landscape painting, and perhaps the foremost of all is the pearl grey, masterly canvas Santa Maria della Salute in the Rain, which was presented by Ernst Josephson to the National Museum. How airy, clear, and exquisite in color does not this painting appear compared with G. V. Palm's hard, monotonously tinted pictures of Venice!

The sterling art of Carl Larsson is typical of much that was best among the so-called Opponents of the eighties. He was born in Stockholm in 1853 and began his career as an illustrator. We have had few good illustrators in Sweden, but in his drawings to the poems of Anna Maria Lenngren, and not less in his genuinely Stockholmian sketches to Sehlstedt's Songs, he developed a combination of wit and essential Swedishness heretofore unequalled among us. Larsson went to France, and there became engaged to Karin Bergöö. His artistic talent burst into full bloom in the water-color of a French Peasant Girl grinning in the sunlight among red and yellow flowers, painted in 1883 and now in the National Museum; in delicate and verdant garden pictures; and in the water-color masterpiece Grez sur Loing, representing Fru Anna Liljefors at the shore of Loing, now in possession of Fru M. Levisson in Gothenburg. These motifs are taken from Grez, a small town near the forest of Fontainebleau, about seventy kilometers southeast of Paris. There lived at the beginning of the eighties a large number of those Swedish artists who have given the name "Opponents" an honored place in the history of art, among them Carl Larsson, Karl Nordström, and others. A characteristic of Larsson was his restless productivity. Everything he has done is instinct with energy and joy of life, and it is only when

Mother and Daughter. Water-color by Carl Larsson. Owned by Ernest Thiel, Stockholm

genius is combined with such indomitable love of work that it can lead, as with him, to great results. An example of this is his revival of monumental fresco painting. Through the generosity of a native of Gothenburg, P. Fürstenberg, he was able to make, in 1891, his first attempt at mural painting in a girls' school in Gothenburg. Hereby Swedish art not only gained some excellent new paintings to add to its treasures of beauty, but an important beginning was made in reintroducing art into life and, instead of storing it away in museums, letting it shine—as during the Renaissance—in everyday life, giving ideality to a place of daily toil.

Herr Fürstenberg's art collection, established with prescient taste and containing much of the very best of vital Swedish art from the close of the century, has now been presented to the Gothenburg Museum. Here are found the three large decorative mural paintings by Larsson, depicting the three epochs in art, Renaissance, Rococco, and

Woman Sitting. Etching by Carl Larsson

Modern Art. These three are resplendent with color, and the last mentioned, in its fresh, happy scale of colors, has a typical air of the eighties. The foreground is occupied by an artist modelling in clay the statue of a woman; behind him is seen Larsson himself as an outdoor painter, with a Japanese looking on to call to mind the admiration of the new movement for Japanese art. In the background we see Paris, the city where a more thorough technique was learned, and a new, less conventional view of nature was inculcated.

Paris, the city of violet lights in an atmosphere filled with chalk-dust. The half finished Eiffel Tower rises beyond the Seine, and a midday haze lies over the landscape. A warm, red cactus flower in the foreground has an exhilarating effect like a cheerful trumpet blast. Beneath the painting Larsson has sculptured in high relief a naked young woman, who turns her back and the pretty, merry profile toward the spectator; in her whole supple figure we find the joy and youthfulness which the new art purposed to give.

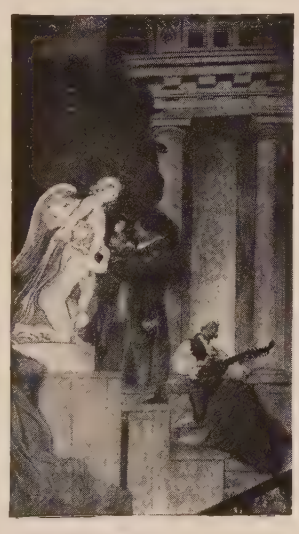
In the Paris of 1880 there were many Swedes. There Strindberg wrote his turbulent stories so full of spring feeling, and there the Opponents learned to paint from good teachers in an environment which was stimulating and absorbed in art. It was the second time that our art became indebted to France; but the art of the eighteenth century languished, when it was transplanted to our indifferent and parsimonious fatherland. The fresh art of the eighties, on the other hand, flourished and shot new, national shoots in our land, encouraged by Swedish patrons of art, but also vigorously combated in many influential circles.

Larsson executed a monumental achievement—not only with respect to physical dimensions—in his gigantic frescoes above the staircase of the National Museum. Carl Larsson learned from the art of Japan and the rococo, and most assuredly appropriated impressions also from the decorative paintings of Tiepolo; but in temperament he was wholly a Swede, and these frescoes are not only an expression of Swedish generosity, but are Swedish in their conception and execution with an abundant measure of the splendor and magnificence that we have loved from days of old. The expense of the frescoes was defrayed from a fund created by Fröken Sofia Gieseke and the merchant J. H. Scharp, who have thereby given proof of a patronage worthy of the gratitude of all Swedish citizens and the emulation of the wealthier among them. The six frescoes, three on each wall, represent an equal number of episodes in the history of Swedish art. All these episodes, with the exception of one, are localized in the Royal Palace, around which Swedish art

Gustavus III in Logården Receiving the Antique Statues He Had Purchased in Italy. Fresco by Carl Larsson, in the stairway of the National Museum

centered during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Ehrenstrahl, the Father of Swedish Painting, for whom Charles XI, the surly royal economist, is posing as a model, is the theme of the first. The central part on the same wall shows Nikodemus Tessin the Younger, the gifted architect of the Royal Palace, who is giving over to Hårleman the task of completing the Palace. The aging Tessin is represented with monumental breadth against a background of scaffolding and mural surfaces. To the right of this picture is seen the Frenchman Taraval's Painting School, where the young Swedish artists who helped to decorate the Palace

received guidance in their art. As mentioned before, Taraval's school furnished the initial impetus for the establishment of the Academy of Arts. The undulating lines of the rococo, the instructive, guiding attitude of the teacher, and the setting up of the model are all rendered effectively and in a manner typical of the time. The left side of the opposite wall is occupied by a picture from Louise Ulrica's library at Drottningholm. The Mæcenas Karl Gustav Tessin, the grand-seigneur of European fame, is showing the queen, who was much interested in art, his treasures of engravings and sketches which he had brought home from Paris, and which now constitute a precious part of the collections of the museum. On the middle fresco Gustavus III is seen in Logården receiving the antique statues he had purchased in Italy. The words "there was a glamour over the days of Gustavus" stand out vividly before our mind, when we behold the festive joy which radiates from the mural surface and meets the spectator. To the right of this fresco Sergel is represented working on his Cupid and Psyche. Sergel's countenance has something of a deeply brooding nature; one can understand that in this magnificent head were born the visions of beauty later given form in marble. Original composition, manly and confident execution, and the jubilant tone of the mighty harmony of colors make these six frescoes, completed in the autumn of 1896, not only the largest but also the best monumental painting that our country has produced up to this time. In 1908 Larsson continued the decoration of the grand staircase by adding his gigantic work in oil, The Entry of Gustavus Vasa into Stockholm,



Sergel at work on His Cupid and Psyche. Fresco by Carl Larsson, in the National Museum

Midsummer Eve, 1523. It is well placed over the door, and shows Gustavus, a picture of Swedish vigor and health, riding on his white horse bedecked with flowers. The drawbridge and the cheering multitude outside the city wall have been used by the artist to create a composition of unusual monumental effect. A work which was highly valued by the artist himself, but is not held in great esteem by many of his admirers, either from the viewpoint of color or contents, is A Midwinter Offering, picturing an Uppsala king who sacrifices himself. In 1915 it was sketched on an immense cardboard, and the artist intended that it should be executed in fresco as a pendant to The Entry of Gustavus Vasa.

In an atelier in the North Latin School in Stockholm, Larsson painted, in the summer of 1901, a fresco representing the pupils of the school gathered for Prayer in Ladugårdsgärdet. The fact that he here has pictured his own time in its own dress will give this painting an historical value in addition to its great artistic merits. One of the best things from a decorative point of view that Larsson has ever done is the oil painting sunk into the white ceiling of the lobby in the Dramatic Theatre. The Birth of the Drama is the name of this imaginative ceiling-piece, in which a female form symbolizing the poet's idea is seen amid the three crowns gliding across the nocturnal sky, while in her wake follow the human passions, nude and wonderfully well drawn bodies of men and women. At one end we see the poet, at the other the actor receives the embodied idea which he is to reveal later to the spectators.

Larsson's pictures from his home, Sundborn in Dalecarlia, have contributed most to making him a popular painter. He shows himself in them an unexcelled portrayer of children, while every piece of furniture seems to thrive in an atmosphere of humor and harmony. In these rumpled youngsters, portrayed with the double keen-sightedness of love and art, there is an effervescing joy and a kindly roguishness, qualities which indeed characterize Carl Larsson's whole artistic production. The group My Family, painted in life size, deserves special mention. It represents Carl Lars-

son's wife and children in the yard at Sundborn, and is found in the collection of Thorsten Laurin in Stockholm. The artist has painted his own person in two remarkable portraits of himself, one of them, in the Thiel collection, in half length, the other showing him enveloped in a yellow dressing gown. This last portrait especially has an impressive air. Carl Larsson possessed the prodigality of genius to an unusually high degree. Frescoes, oils, watercolors, sketches, lithographs, and etchings of high value have been created by this remarkable artist, who infuses into all his work the distinguishing touch of his own personality, even though all have not the same value, and sometimes a certain calligraphic dryness and sweetishness appears. Carl Larsson's art possesses to a rare degree the great and precious qualities of originality and style. His production was cut short by his death in 1919.

Portrait of Self, by Carl Larsson. In the Gothenburg Museum

The artistic career of Hugo Birger, who was born in Stockholm in 1854 and died in 1887, was brief. In his color he is often hard and garish, and he liked to choose themes that allowed the use of motley tints, such as the toilet of elegant ladies of the beau monde in Spain, enjoying life with a lightness of heart which characterized the artist himself in the highest degree. It was left to this life-loving artist, at a time when disease had already begun to undermine his strength, to fix on a large canvas a memorial of

Breakfast in Ledoyen's Restaurant, Paris, at the Opening of the Salon, by Hugo Birger. In the Gothenburg Museum

the happy companionship in Paris during the time of the Opponents. His Breakfast in Ledoyen's Restaurant at the Opening of the Salon, exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1886, and now in the Gothenburg Museum, has, in addition to its great historical value, a breath of sunshine and joy, of good fellowship and zest of living. Among the artists who took part in these breakfasts on the large glass-enclosed veranda, which have thus been preserved for posterity, were Salmson, Hagborg, Josephson, Pauli, Larsson, Thegerström, Wahlberg, Hasselberg, Edelfelt, Vallgren, and Birger himself, who died the year after the exhibition of the painting.

Parnassus. Fresco by Georg Pauli, in the stairway of the Gothenburg Museum

One of the most ardent organizers of the opposition movement was Georg Pauli, born in Jönköping in 1855. Among his productions in the eighties At the Sick-bed, a work of sensitive coloring, now in the possession of Fru Clara Pauli, of Stockholm, occupies perhaps the foremost position. But his Roman Wet-nurses, in the Gothenburg Museum, a canvas glowing with color and painted with humorous characterization, is an excellent work of art. With the exception of Carl Larsson, Georg Pauli is the only one who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, devoted himself to the difficult and exacting art of fresco painting. The stairway of the Gothenburg Museum, a building of solid and tasteful construction both within and without, has been adorned by Pauli with dignified frescoes in discreet colors, representing in general outline the history of the progress of Gothenburg. They were completed in 1896. The lateral parts were ready as early as 1895, and Pauli thus really became the first artist of recent date to use fresco painting in our land.

In one of these Gothenburg frescoes called Trade and Commerce we see an East India ship transporting Chinese porcelain for the East India Company, which at one time had its storehouse in the present museum building. Characteristic of Pauli is the other larger fresco, The Parnassus, where literary characters and artists from Gothenburg in the fifties symbolize the scientific and artistic interests of the city. The decorative painting Courtship, in possession of the architect Ragnar Östberg, was executed in 1899 and pictures a "garden of love" with sentimental couples among the laburnum shrubs, wearing costumes from the time when enthusiasm for Jenny Lind and Emilie Högquist was at its height—a theme well suited to Pauli's art with its distinction, marred by occasional weakness in drawing. Pauli's deeply poetical and decorative Midsummer Wake, in the possession of Erik Frisell in Stockholm, is an exceptionally happy representation of the magic effect of the light Northern summer night. His large fresco in the South Latin School of Stockholm was painted in 1904, and depicts the Trimming of the Maypole on an old Swedish estate. Among his best productions are the frescoes Mining and Agriculture in Riksbanken and, perhaps even more, the actor groups in Kungsträdgården, steeped in the aroma of their time, which were painted in 1908, and are now in the buffet of the Dramatic Theatre. A drawing-room in Dr. Pauli's house near Djursholm is adorned with a series of decorative frescoes representing the seasons and the pastimes belonging to each. During the year 1910 Pauli executed his charming, sun-filled painting May in the music room of the Östermalm School in Stockholm. In his delightful illustrations to Gösta Berling's Saga, Pauli has interpreted the temper of Swedish country life at the beginning of the nineteenth century and created interiors with an impressive, characteristic atmosphere, peopled by characters instinct with the spirit of the imaginative masterpiece itself.

In his untiring search for the true principles of mural decoration, Pauli tried several of the new tendencies, and finally adhered, in 1915, to cubism. As early as 1913 he

had finished painting, in the staircase of the New Elementary School in Jönköping, a series of allegories on education, in the cubist style. He is an excellent writer on art, especially distinguished as a stylist.

Friends; Ellen Key Reading Aloud in Pauli's Salon, by Hanna Pauli. In the National Museum at Stockholm

Hanna Pauli, née Hirsch, of Stockholm, belongs to our figure painters, of whom, unfortunately, we have altogether too few. Her portrait of Fru Jenny Soldan sitting on the floor is done with a strong and realistic stroke, and has the virile note which is also conspicuous in the likeness of Heidenstam, painted in 1906, which in its romantic and fantastic conception interprets so well both the inner and outer man of the original. The blue-gowned, light-haired little princess of folksong at the city wall of Visby, The Princess, in the Norwegian National Gallery, reveals her Swedish nature underneath the archaizing form. This woman artist has produced things of value in landscape painting, for example her excellent Kungälv by Evening Light, an exceptionally

magnificent landscape motif. She reaches her highest level, however, in her portraits. For many years she was occupied with a group picture, Friends, begun in 1900 and now in the National Museum, showing Ellen Key in Pauli's salon reading aloud to a sympathetic audience.

J. A. G. Acke is an original, versatile Jack-of-all-trades. Sketches, decorative screens, and friezes, paintings with occasionally far-fetched but always imaginative ideas—for example In the Forest Temple, in Thiel's gallery—alternate with portraits which show a touch of real genius. Foremost among these, perhaps, is the splendidly characterized likeness of the author, Tor Hedberg, in a bright green dressing-gown, in Thiel's gallery, where the soulful picture of Topelius is also found. Among his many renderings of the sea, the fresh-colored painting Östrasalt in the Gothenburg Museum perhaps takes first rank.

Oscar Björck is one of our most eminent portrait painters. He was born in Stockholm in 1860, studied at the Academy of Arts, and spent some time at Skagen, in Paris, Munich, and Italy. Björck is very successful in his broadly painted portraits of elderly ladies and gentlemen, for example that of Fru Charlotte Clason and the quite superb portrait of the manufacturer Åkerlund. In the latter a subtle and restrained emphasis on slight humorous traits adds to the characterization. The delicate and warmly colored little picture of his wife at the piano is also among the best of his earlier portraits. As a portrait painter he undoubtedly entered into the fullness of his power in the striking, characteristic, and beautifully painted picture of his royal fellow-artist, Prince Eugen.

Among Björck's earliest and most substantial productions are Distress Signal, an excellently painted interior of a sailor's home, hung in the Copenhagen Art Museum; Roman Blacksmiths, in the Museum in Washington, showing a sooty shop illuminated both by the sun and by the fire in the forge; and the powerfully executed Farm Scene, in our National Museum, with its brilliant sun effect. The large picture painted in 1904 of Vadstena Abbey beneath a red evening

Prince Eugen, by Oscar Björck. In the National Museum at Stockholm

sky is decorative and romantic. This painting was presented by Prince Eugen to the Technical School in Stockholm.

Among his portraits we note the impressive picture of Verner von Heidenstam, painted in 1900 and now in the Gothenburg Museum, showing the poet leaning against a white column looking from his balcony out over the waters of Stora Värtan, also his singularly fresh and charming portrait of Fru Olga von Heidenstam, painted the same year and now in the Copenhagen Art Museum, and the captivating and noble picture of Princess Ingeborg, in white and gold, which is one of his most successful products, not least by virtue of its coloring. The paintings done by Björck in 1895 in the dining hall of the Opera Restaurant are possibly a little too large in scale and suffer from the excess of decoration and gilding in the room. Many of them are excellent, however. Björck is uneven in his portraits, but often reaches very high levels in both characterization and feeling for color. It is seldom that we see an official portrait more captivating from all viewpoints than that of Baroness Anna Trolle in black against red and gold, in which line, color, and expression blend in an exquisite unity. The picture of the bank director Louis Fraenckel in the Handels-

bank in Stockholm portrays the financier looking out with a good-humored yet sarcastic expression, as he sits in an office with red carpets and solid polished mahogany surfaces. The portrait is painted in a manner that is at once pleasing, amusing, clever, and kindly.

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century landscape painting was practised by hundreds of artists. Among these, besides those previously noted, a few good artists may be mentioned. Robert Thegerström, born in London in 1857, shows himself also a skillful portrait painter, for example, in Stenhammar at the Piano. Axel Lindman studied in Paris and Italy, where he painted several luminous pictures from Capri. His masterpiece is the large canvas The Entrance to Stockholm, which hangs in the Stockholm Municipal Building. Anshelm Schultzberg has painted winter in Dalecarlia. His best work is perhaps Walpurgis Night in the Mining District, in the National Museum. Vilhelm Behm has pictured Swedish nature in

A Moonlight Night, by Gottfrid Kallstenius. Owned by Paul Majovski, Budapest

a fresh and genuine manner, under impressionistic influences from France. Alfred Bergström has rendered with much taste and skill the buoyant coolness of the winter air as well as the stifling atmosphere of summer. Gottfrid Kallstenius has, after studying in Stockholm and France, developed into an eminent interpreter of the moods of the skerries, especially along the magnificently formed coast of Småland. Pine woods against deep blue summer skies or banked with huge, wet snow-drifts and islands and waters in the magic light of the moon are rendered with an artistic seriousness and a lyrical strain which give Kallstenius's art a genuinely Swedish quality, as in A Moonlight Night and the splendid Baltic Coast hung in the Hälsingborg Museum.

A profound thinker and a seeker after knowledge, a philosopher of art almost as much as a painter, was Richard Bergh, born in Stockholm in 1858, the son of the landscape painter, Edvard Bergh. The picture of his first wife, in the Gothenburg Museum, with its spiritual delicacy and exquisite coloring of bluish-green tones, and its realistically reproduced interior of the eighties, is one of the most interesting of his earlier portraits. Others from the same period and equally characteristic are the masterpiece Nils Kreuger, in the Copenhagen Art Museum, and the portrait of the artist and art patroness Eva Bonnier, in the National Museum. The latter is painted with passionate force and with psychological keeness; the expression of harassed intellect and restless seeking so typical of the time vie in interest with the color scheme of clear yellow tones contrasted with the black and gloomy pigments. A modest and charming Swedish quality is found in Bergh's Toward Evening, a little flaxen-haired peasant girl twining flowers on a meadow slope. This picture is in the Gothenburg Museum. One of the few realistic genre pictures produced in our land during the period of realism is Richard Bergh's large painting A Hypnotic Seance, in the National Museum.

Bold and fantastic is The Knight and the Maiden, painted by Bergh in 1897 and now in Thiel's gallery. The monumentally treated landscape is illumined by the setting sun;

My Wife, by Richard Bergh. In the Gothenburg Museum

the solemnity of decision envelops the young girl; but to the knight all is bright with the crimson, flaming color of love. In the Portrait of Himself, painted in 1898 for the world-renowned collection of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, the searching eye of the artist has been turned toward his own ego, and has reproduced on canvas a countenance in which we divine the throes of the soul by which lasting works of art are given birth. The picture of the admirable actress, Fru Fåhræus, née Björkegren, is perhaps the most powerfully and soundly executed of all his later portraits of

women. Full of beauty and fervent feeling is A Northern Summer Evening, representing a young couple who, from a veranda, contemplate a Swedish midsummer landscape with luxuriant verdure. It is a moment of complete happiness, of complete stillness. The foremost examples of his later production are: The Old Folks on the Shore, in the National Gallery at Copenhagen; the interesting group, The Directors of Konstnärsförbundet; the monumental and humorous

Chr. Eriksson. Eug. Jansson. Kreuger. Nordström. Thegerström. The Directors of Konstnärsförbundet, 1903, by Richard Bergh. In the National Museum at Stockholm

interpretation of Karl Warburg's active intelligence; the wonderfully individualized portrait of August Strindberg, the man of contradictions; and Gustav Fröding painted while sitting alone in his sick-bed as in the desert, his hair entangled like a hermit's, and his eyes aflame with great secrets. Bergh was an excellent author on art subjects, colorful and original even in his literary style. As director of the National Museum from 1914 till his death in 1919, he rendered invaluable services to Swedish art.

While landscape painting has all too frequently degen-

erated into a factory-like overproduction of morning and evening atmospheres, and it is especially in this field that an unrestrained dilettantism has flooded the market, we also find an intimate understanding of nature growing constantly more subtle in certain artists, who at the same time recognize that the decorative element—for a picture is of course supposed to decorate, that is adorn, its place—is indispensable in a wall adornment, and that it should preferably be affixed to the surface in a suitable setting.

Karl Nordström, born on the island of Tjörn in 1855, has a touch of manly melancholy and even of defiant power in his art. During the eighties, when he lived in Grez, Nordström painted as delicate and graceful pictures in as charming tones as did the other Parisian Swedes. The pastel portrait My Wife and the oil painting Garden Motif from Grez, which call to mind the earlier water-colors of Larsson, are examples of his style at the time while he was receiving ideas from the impressionists and from the Japanese. During a rather lengthy residence in Varberg in the middle of the nineties, his scale of colors changed. It became darker and more gloomy, while the monumental and decorative qualities were intensified in contrast with the emphasis on detail and on the accidental which characterized the tendency of the eighties.

The White Steamer, gliding forth among the skerries outlined in the pale radiance of the summer night against dark rocky shores, aroused a wondrous feeling of mystery. In this painting from 1891, Nordström has already commenced to pass from the French conception to the Swedish. Easter Fire, in Zorn's collection, is one of his best works from the middle of the nineties. From the top of the mountain the flames rise toward a sky glowing with pale light, while the frosty chill of early spring night lies over the landscape. A mystic pagan feeling for nature appears in this remarkable picture—as indeed often in Nordström's art. His sketches have as great artistic value as his paintings. At first he used a technique reminiscent of copper etching. Later he adopted a larger scale and a broader method of sketching

Winter Evening at Roslagstull, by Karl Nordström. In the Gothenburg Museum

with charcoal, by means of which he won from the iron mountains of Lapland and the valleys of Bohuslän a beauty at once austere and sensitive. In these sketches, as well as in his paintings, he has occasionally given something of a fantastic and much-needed beauty even to the most banal rows of tenement-houses. It is the beauty in the very crust of the earth—in round mountain knolls or in ploughed fields with clouds lowering above them in threatening masses—that Nordström portrays. Storm Clouds in the National Museum is typical; it conveys to the beholder an almost oppressive sense of a nature which seems to live its own life and to be infinitely misunderstood by man with his restlessly beating heart. Karl Nordström is a leader in Konstnärsförbundet, and his oppositional spirit, which is at home only in a contrary wind and feels stifled in a calm, is the life and soul of the Society both in regard to art and art policies.

Nils Kreuger was born in Kalmar and also studied in France. All the delicate nuances that mist can lend are

Farmyard, by Nils Kreuger. In the Gothenburg Museum

rendered by Kreuger in his earlier productions with a lyric realism of the most artistic spirit. A good example of a picture in which an accidental motif, taken apparently at random, is treated artistically is Kreuger's Farmyard. A part of a ramshackle building and a fence whereupon hangs an inverted tub with a bird perched on top—that is all. The snow is reddened by the light of the morning sun, the windows are aflame; a glamour of beauty has been cast over the simple reality.

Kreuger, too, found in Varberg, about 1895, a new style. He loved the wide horizons, which are almost entirely lacking in the middle Swedish landscape. He is as much a draughtsman as a colorist. There is something of simple greatness in his cows, whose heaviness and clumsiness have never been pictured so faithfully and, one may add, so beautifully as

On a Stony Bottom. Drawing by Nils Kreuger. Owned by Ernest Thiel, Stockholm

by Kreuger. The sheep grazing on the high plateau of Öland, huddle together in characteristic flocks. But it is horses that Kreuger prefers to paint; now outlined ghost-like in the bright summer night; now in blinding sunshine, wading in the dark blue water near Öland's long, low shore, and again, as in his Cab-stand (in the possession of the author) during a moment's rest, chewing their hay with philosophical melancholy.

Kreuger often paints on small wood panels, but likes also to use larger dimensions. Some of the best mural paintings in Sweden have come from Kreuger's hand. Two Öland scenes with cows and horses, presented in 1904 by Fröken Eva Bonnier, adorn the Grammar School near Valhallavägen in Stockholm, and the society Konsten i Skolan (Art in the Schools) has presented a painting called Midsummer Eve in Stockholm, full of summer sunshine and the joy of work, to the Adolphus Frederick Grammar School near Vanadisvägen. Honesty and firmness are at the very root of Kreuger's nature and art.

The decorative quality pervades also the soulful and personal art of Prince Eugen, born in 1865 in Drottningholm

The Old Castle, Sundbyholm in Södermanland, by Prince Eugen.
Owned by the artist

Castle. The Old Castle, with its threatening clouds and warm, glowing colors, has something impassioned in its tone. In his painting A Summer Night, in the National Museum, he employs the unplastic lines of the middle Swedish landscape in such a large and monumental way that the forest heights and small islands enveloped in the luminous twilight of the summer evening give the spectator a sense of the structure of the landscape and of a universality without abstract coldness. Prince Eugen has treated the beautiful motif from Tyresö in a mural painting eight meters in length, which he has presented to the North Latin School in Stockholm. On the wide expanse dark masses of pine are outlined against the glassy lake, and over the landscape shines a

golden yellow evening sky. The painting is placed in a hall the architecture of which calls to mind the Florentine houses. Grandeur and serenity rest over the landscape, and the painting gleams like a jewel between the austere columns. In the main auditorium of the same school Prince Eugen has painted a decorative landscape in apsis. The same artist has expressed a mystic, personal feeling for nature in the two pictures Night Clouds, in Thiel's gallery, and The Quiet Water, in the National Museum. Prince Eugen has worked with great energy and with a clear purpose. He has often painted his home environment on Djurgården and the harbor of Stockholm as it appears from his house, with white steamers and the lamps of the city shining like precious stones over dark hulls of ships. No one else has interpreted that most lyrically Swedish of all motifs, the summer night, so well as Prince Eugen.

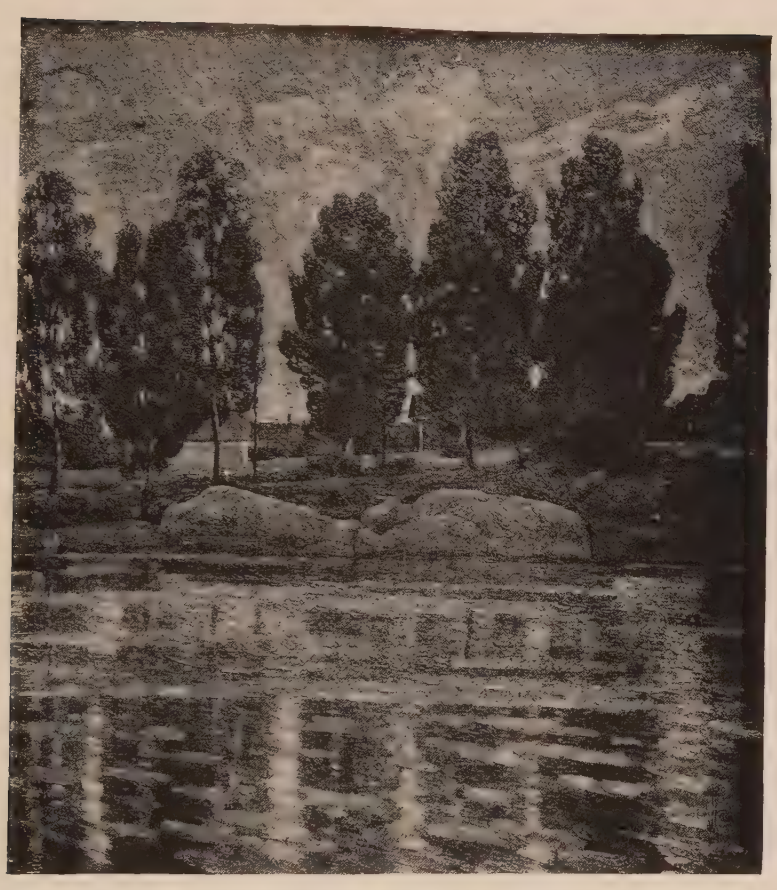
An obvious striving after the monumental is revealed in his more recent work; wherein he adapts some of the latest tendencies in modern art, for which he has always cherished the deepest interest. The Sun Shines Over the City is the name given by the artist to the exceptionally well-placed fresco in the Östermalm School in Stockholm. The figureless altar-piece in the Kiruna Church, in the most northern part of Sweden, is intended to show, in the midst of darkness and ice, the blessing of light when it gladdens earth by its warmth and brightness. Recently he has depicted the

Evening at Tyresö. Mural painting by Prince Eugen, in the North Latin School, Stockholm

Midsummer Night at Riddarholmen, by Eugen Jansson. Owned by Thorsten Laurin, Stockholm

home of primitive Swedish culture in Västergötland, and still later in Östergötland, where he gives the tender lines of the hills and the wide views of the plains something of that simple nobility which should be the foundation of all great and genuine art.

Prince Eugen's conception of nature, at once sensitive and arbitrary, is met with again in Eugen Jansson, who died in 1915. In the choice of subjects he generally limited his field to his native city, Stockholm, and he succeeded in bringing out new aspects of its beauty. Most frequently he painted Stockholm as it appears from "Söder" (South



On the River Bank, by Herman Norrman. In the Gothenburg Museum

Hill), and occasionally Riddarholmen reflected in the bay on a calm summer night with deep violet shadows. Then again, he painted a Winter Afternoon, when the setting sun cast a copper-colored sheen over the cloud masses, when the windows of the Palace gleamed, and the boats cut channels in the snow-covered ice of the bay. This painting is in the possession of Ernest Thiel, who owns a large number of canvases by this great and original landscape painter.

In Eugen Jansson's colorful art lives a spirit which thinks and feels with its own age. His workmen's tenements,

the windows reflecting the burning gas jets, are rendered in a light and with a technique that excite a sense of a fermenting social discontent; yet this impression is conveyed simply by the method of painting, for the use of figures as accessories to guide the spectator finds no place in the work of this artist, who despises all catering to the public. In Eugen Jansson there is much of that searching spirit which characterizes our best painters. He is never satisfied with what he can do. This eminent artist—one of the most personal interpreters of the beauty of nature that our age has produced—has achieved, perhaps, his greatest success in the large picture of Riddarholm Bay bathed in golden light.

Eugen Jansson worked with admirable energy within a field new to him when he painted the nude men in our cold water bathhouses in Stockholm, all in bright sunlight and with strong, blue shadows; yet these figure paintings from his later period can by no means be compared to his wonderfully personal and creative landscapes.

An artist who has made valuable contributions to Swedish landscape painting is Herman Norrman, born in Småland. Norrman painted landscapes and portraits in light tones learned from the impressionists and with unusual freshness. Among his portraits is Fröken Bäckman in a black dress against red, painted in 1887, now in Thorsten Laurin's collection. In his later style Norrman is impassioned, imbued with a strong personal touch. A reddish-brown tone pervades his larger pictures, which are executed with a broad brush and thick layers of paint. He is most interested in clouds and their shadows upon woods and fields. Examples of his work are found in Prince Eugen's collection, in the Thiel gallery, and in the Gothenburg Museum, and he is also well represented in the National Museum. Norrman was originally a cabinet-maker in Tranås, but despite that, this gifted man developed into an artist in the true sense of the word.

IX

NEW TENDENCIES IN SWEDISH PAINTING
(CONTINUED)

THE works of Bruno Liljefors are loved everywhere in Sweden. Few artists have painted their way into the hearts of all men as he has, and few have remained so Swedish in their conception of nature. The woods have never had a greater interpreter than Liljefors. He was born in Uppsala in 1860, studied for a while at the Academy of Arts in Stockholm, then went to Düsseldorf, and finally to Paris, but was undoubtedly one of those artists who are essentially self-taught. In the beginning of his career he was influenced by Japanese fondness for detail and by French impressionism; later he sought more monumentality. The criticism sometimes made of his art is that his view of animals is too zoological; but he is a hunter in the highest sense of the term at the same time as he is not less an artist, and therefore, his paintings, however correct and detailed they may be as delineations of animals, still almost always have a beauty and a unity by virtue of which they are true works of art. Among his early pictures, in which the feeling for the forms and details of nature is conspicuous, we may mention the animal study Cat and Bird. But his best work from this period is The Fox Family, painted in 1886, showing the foxes capering around their prey in the grass among yellow and white meadow flowers.

Sometimes Liljefors paints the somber Winter Night brooding over snow-laden pines, when the wind sighs in the trees, and ragged clouds go scudding over the heavens, while

The Fox Family, by Bruno Liljefors. In the National Museum at Stockholm

the foxes steal farther and farther into the forest. Sometimes he pictures the Wild Geese flapping their wings heavily, as they descend toward the lake shore in the quiet spring evening and are greeted by the cackling of their comrades. The latter theme has been treated by the artist on an enormous canvas with a red evening sky, hanging in the Copenhagen Art Museum, and again, with a more sensitive touch perhaps, in a small picture owned by the architect Boberg, Spring Evening and Wild Geese, in which two of the big birds flit past in the buoyant spring air against a pearl-colored sky.

In certain of his works the artist seeks the monumental effect, sometimes also the dramatic, and both of these qualities are combined in the famous picture Sea-eagles, painted in 1897 and now in the National Museum. The enormous billow in The Breakers, in Prince Eugen's gallery, produces the same effect of bigness. The largest and best collection of Liljefors paintings in existence is owned by Ernest Thiel, whose gallery of modern, especially of Swedish, art from the beginning of the twentieth century is one of the most important that have ever been established in our country. Thiel possesses a number of the ground studies, where Liljefors dwells upon what is known as protective coloring, letting small, shapely snipes or mottled curlews conceal themselves

The Owl, by Bruno Liljefors. In the Gothenburg Museum

among greyish-brown hillocks, while he created veritable color symphonies in tones of silver or gold out of the boggy meadows that seem so ugly and insignificant to the uninitiated. In this collection also we find Liljefors's best pictures of ducks: canvases that "look as if they were painted by a duck," as some one expressed it, in which the mother duck waddles along among tufts of grass, watching her little downy balls with motherly eye; and the mysterious picture known as The Panther-skin, in which the ducks, on a summer night, swim about in a circle near the edge of the reeds on a strangely ruffled surface of the water.

On a cliff in the forest sits The Owl, painted in 1895, now in the Gothenburg Museum. Shy of man and defiant, he feels most at home when alone. Free and unrestrained he would hunt, and the murmuring of the pines is the music he loves. That owl strongly resembles its painter. Indeed we are reminded of him when we see Liljetor's Hunter in the

Portrait of Self, by Bruno Liljefors. In the collection of Ernest Thiel, Stockholm

National Museum. It has an almost Geijer-like note of Swedish temperament and of feeling for nature; through it we discover the very root of Liljefors's art, if we understand that look of listening to nature's own voice which is in the face of the hunter, as he stands with his gun among the pine trees—the same look that Liljefors has given himself in the Portrait of Self done in 1913. Liljefors is one of those who hear the grass grow and who understand the language of the birds. We have every reason to be grateful to him who has been able to interpret so well that which is our own.

An artist who was past master in finding the essential in everything, who in an almost supernatural way, could conjure up on canvas an object so rich in life-sap, so full-blooded, that reality seems tame beside it, was Anders Leonard Zorn, born in Mora, in 1860, and whose untimely death took place at the Mora hospital in 1920. His mother was a Dalecarlian girl, his father a German brewer. Zorn began his life-work very early. After leaving the Academy, in 1880, he soon won general admiration by his water-colors, some

Portrait of Self, by Anders Zorn. In the National Museum at Stockholm

painted with splendid impetuosity, such as The Gypsy Woman with her Child, and some with minute accuracy, such as Our Daily Bread, in the National Museum. Among his water-colors with subjects from Dalecarlia and from his many and long travels in England, Spain, Northern Africa, and Turkey, the small pictures from Mora Fair are espe-

Outdoors, by Anders Zorn. In the Gothenburg Museum

cially noteworthy, the best of them all being perhaps the picture of the young mother leading her recalcitrant son into the water, called A Première, now in the National Museum. With this theme he later did an excellent piece of work in golden tones.

About 1888, Zorn gave up water-colors almost entirely, and among his first paintings in oil is Outdoors, in the Gothenburg Museum. Here he has treated in the freshest and most artistic way his favorite theme, the nude bodies of women, outlined in all their beauty and softness against the grey, jutting rocks of the shore. Even the surface of the water is handled with an almost voluptuous touch. Zorn's purpose in his work, which is not least evident in this picture, is, first of all, to develop "values" in art, in other words to perfect a kind of painting that emphasizes lights, half tones, and shadows, and deals in particular with different degrees of light in the various color schemes. In his long productive period Zorn created a glorious line of masterpieces. Sometimes he fails, however, and then he may give a sweetish superficiality to his work, whether it be in oil or water-color, whether representing a nude or a portrait. Not only Homer but Zorn also may be caught napping.

Zorn claimed that he never painted anything "invented." He paints his own age and understands that even now there is an abundance of picturesque motifs everywhere for any one who has eyes to see. He paints Bread-making in a peasant's home in Dalecarlia, and the pasting of labels in a Brewery, or The Inside of a Parisian Omnibus, and in the same year The Waltz, in which the artist himself is seen whirling about in a French salon. These diversified themes testify that he could find interesting material for his brush in almost anything. Gradually, however, he concentrated his efforts around the following groups of themes: folk life in Dalecarlia, nudes, and portraits with the most international circle of sitters. Among his pictures from Dalecarlia may be mentioned in particular Midsummer Dance in Mora, in the National Museum, and the vividly colored, festal white church interior with Dalecarlians attending Christmas Matins.

Naked, by Anders Zorn. In the collection of C. R. Lamm, Näsby

No one else in Swedish art has painted woman's body as Zorn does, and indeed the excellence of his style in this field makes him unique among his contemporaries. C. R. Lamm, whose rich collection contains many modern works of art, owns perhaps the best example of this in Naked, painted in 1894 in New York from an Irish model, and representing a red-haired, large limbed woman who is drying herself. The room where she stands is filled with a silvery light which produces a most beautiful effect. The whole picture is painted with passion and vim. The same vigor and exuberance in painting characterizes Summer, in Prince Eugen's collection, a blonde, healthy woman who is wading out into the water,

and The Improvised Bath, in the National Museum, showing two Dalecarlian women in a bath-house in the double illumination from the window and from the fire. The massive back of one woman gleams with the water; the younger, with the bright red ribbons in her light hair, stands innocent and unconscious, turned toward the spectator.

Zorn's young flaxen-haired peasant women with their light complexions and their slightly projecting cheek-bones could not be anything but Swedish. Among these peasant pictures should be noted Kings-Karin, a laughing girl in red, with mischievous eyes, owned by Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm, Kiruna, and the lovely Hållams-Kersti. Among the figures of men, the shrewd, humorous country watchmaker Djos-Matts occupies perhaps the first place.

Zorn painted portraits all his life, first in water-color, then in oil. Among the latter the following are perhaps the best, taken as a whole: the picture of the highly gifted French actor Coquelin Cadet, in exquisite bluish green tones, owned by Thorsten Laurin; the vivid, animated portrait of the librarian H. Wieselgren, called A Toast In Idun; the brilliant Portrait of Himself with a nude model; the sympathetic representation of Prince Carl in blue uniform, owned by the Horseguards, in which the action is rendered in masterly fashion; and the splendidly characteristic portraits of King Oscar, one in court dress with the order of the Seraphim, the other, in everyday costume, a color harmony in brown and gold. The superb intimate portrait of Fru Emma Zorn in red with the dog Mouche, and the elegant, virtuoso-like picture of Fru Josef Sachs in glossy black silk and furs and with a green emerald on her finger as the only speck of color, perhaps deserve special mention. Zorn modeled, carved in wood, and etched with the same skill. In the statue of Gustavus Vasa, erected in Mora in 1903, he proved himself a sculptor of very high rank, and his sculptural merits appear to yet greater advantage, perhaps, in the small, strongly sensual bronze group Faun and Nymph. The Morning Bath, a fountain set up in Stockholm and representing a young naked girl who is squeezing a sponge, is full

Gustavus Vasa. Statue in bronze, by Anders Zorn. Mora in Dalecarlia

of freshness and warm life. Among his figures carved in wood, Grandmother, a particularly lifelike old woman's head, and the little wooden figure Gryvel, in the National

Irish Woman. Etching by Anders Zorn

Museum, a stout but shapely Dalecarlian maiden crawling on the floor, are especially good.

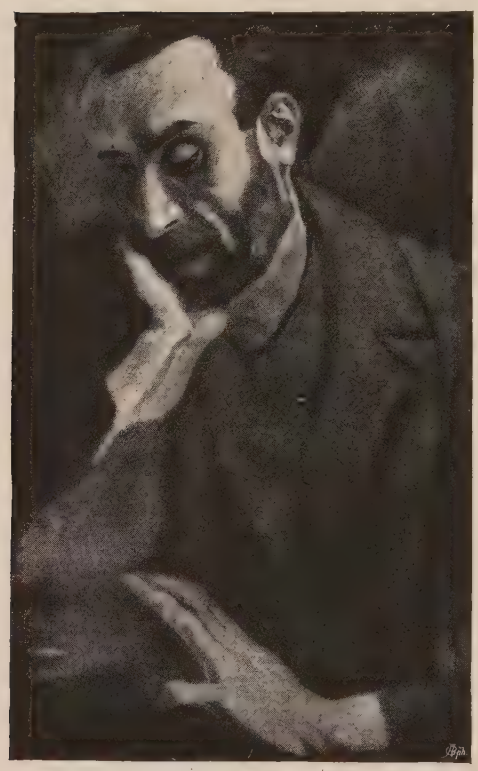
In his spirited etchings Zorn catches a momentary expression in its flight and records the action with few but striking lines and dashes that hit the copper surface like a rain

shower. He delights in fixing the passing moment upon the plate. Copper more than anything else gives sap and warmth to a sketch. Zorn is one of the greatest etchers that have ever lived. His technique is entirely independent, and many Swedish and foreign collectors and connoisseurs of engravings consider him the foremost etcher after Rembrandt.

Among his etchings the remarkable portrait of Ernest Renan with his thinker's head, The Irish Woman, at once passionate and melancholy, and Maja, the voluptuous beauty, deserve special mention. Besides these are the portraits of Madame Simon, Senator Mason, Portrait of the Artist and Wife, of the American art connoisseur Marquand, Fru Olga Bratt, Mme. Dayot, and the American Zorn collectors Mrs. John Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Curtis. Even in his etchings Zorn likes to depict nude women, and does so in superb manner. Among the most brilliantly executed examples are A Première, etched after the water-color of 1888; My Model and My Boat, showing the stately, self-reliant woman throwing the artist's ulster over her shoulders; Edö, a naked girl on a rock, more graceful than most of Zorn's models; A Dark Corner, with two nude negresses; A Woman Guitar Player crouching in bed; and the fascinating girl sitting on a rock with her feet in the water, which he calls Wet.

Zorn occupied a position of honor among the foremost artists of the world. He is as well known in North America as in Hungary; he is considered a celebrity both in England and in Germany, but he never forgot that he was a Swede, and he contributed more than any one else to inspire respect for Swedish art abroad.

Olof Sager-Nelson, who died in 1896, found time during his short life of thirty years to produce works of such sterling value that he won for himself a place in Swedish art. A picture in the Gothenburg Museum, representing a violin player and his audience, and called The Stroke, is perhaps most typical of his art. There is always a musical quality in his work, but in this painting one can almost hear the timbre



A Disciple, by Olof Sager-Nelson. Owned by the artist G. Pauli, Stockholm

of the stringed instrument, hear the vibrations of a deep and mighty tone that would almost burst the breast with its longing and defiance. This genuine characteristic of the nineties, mysticism and defiance in combination, recurs in all Nelson's strange and yet beautiful portraits with their yellowish green tone. Suffering from a disease of the lungs, he finally became melancholy in his deeply personal art. In A Disciple, The Foster Brothers, and Princess Maleine, the pale and precocious little girl at the pool, there is always this tremulous dark tone which gives the young artist's productions their haunting charm.

Axel Sjöberg has painted with strong feeling the life of nature in the outer skerries of his native city, Stockholm, where gulls rest on a sequestered shoal beneath the starry heavens, or swans lift their wings from melting cakes of ice and fly, dazzling white, over the blue sea. Aron Gerle, born in Dalsland, seems able to extract from the ugliest city thoroughfare the same mystic melancholy and beauty to which Hjalmar Söderberg has given form in his novels with their atmosphere of our time. Gerda Wallander, also a native of Stockholm, the widow of Alf Wallander, has suc-

cessfully carried out the happy idea of reproducing the Stockholm of our day and has given us picturesque presentations of streets and markets, of museum halls and amusement places. Her portrait of the author Hjalmar Söderberg, in Thiel's collection, is a startlingly well done likeness and an admirable character study.

Somewhat rugged, but sound and honest, is the art of the figure painter, Carl Wilhelmson, born in Fiskebäckskil, who

Going Home from Church, motif from Fiskebäckskil, Bohuslän, by Carl Wilhelmson. In the National Museum at Stockholm

paints the people of the west coast with a true and genuine feeling. The quality of trustworthiness in the Swedish country workman is sympathetically rendered in the artist's Farm Laborer, in Thiel's gallery. His Harbor Motif, in the Stockholm Post Office, is a decorative painting of good effect, and is one of the many precious gifts that have been presented to the city by Fröken Eva Bonnier. Wilhelmson is one of our very best artists. His drawing and his art of characterization are excellent, and this is not least apparent in his June Evening, showing a peasant lad playing a fiddle, a picture full of atmosphere and feeling and yet a genuine presentation of peasant life. He has a keen sense of strong, clear colors: tile roofs sparkling in the sun, red mottled shawls, dresses of the blue shade of the cornflower, and now, since he has taken Spain into his circle of motifs, shining white walls. His picture Church Goers, painted in 1909 and representing natives of Bohuslän rowing to church, is gaudy in the best sense of the term, but he is so chary of his pigments that the texture shows through in most of his canvases.

Louis Sparre was born near Milan, and lived for a long time in Finland, where he made stimulating departures in several domains of art, in architecture, and the crafts. Sparre is a portrait painter of merit and especially accomplished in the use of color. This is attested in the portraits of Cornelia Kuylenstierna, Tollie Zellman, Count Eugène von Rosen, Fru Märta Key, and Herr Hagelin. Gösta von Hennigs, born in Östergötland, is original both in his coloring and in his choice of motifs. The picturesque, brilliant, and exotic aspects of the circus and the music hall have caught his painter's eye, and from their swirl of glaring lights and violent motion his color-thirsty brush often creates excellent works of art in which surfaces of pure bright color stand out like bits of masonry rather than paint, while the characterization of the clowns and dancing girls has all the freshness and instantaneity of impressionism.

The twin brothers Emil Österman and Bernhard Österman, born in Vingåker, resemble each other both in their

The Blue Clown, by Gösta von Hennigs. In the collection of Klas Fåhræus, Lidingön

external appearance and in their graceful painting. Even though their work, like that of many other artists, is uneven, nevertheless they occupy a prominent place in Swedish portrait art. In our time, when we so often ask what purpose a painting serves, and where it should be placed in order to give us pleasure, while so often our question brings no answer, it is a real satisfaction to remember that family portraits, painted with reverence and honest skill, possessing both character and—what so many artists sadly lack—taste, are still being produced in our land. The foremost example of Emil Österman's portraits is perhaps the picture of Pro-

Professor Carl Curman, by Emil Österman. Owned by Fru Curman

fessor Carl Curman, in which the weight of authority, the calm assurance, and the intellect of the model have received adequate expression. An excellent picture of King Gustavus V in the uniform of a general—a portrait may be meritorious even with a uniform—and the handsome portrait of the two friends Erik Lindberg and Bernhard Österman, in black evening attire against a white wall, with the red silk of the sofa and the topaz yellow lights of the punch glass, are among his best works, and this is at least equally

true of the representation of Pastor Ahlberger, which is full of humor and character. In 1916 he finished his large Studio Picture, a painting of huge dimensions and great merit as to detail, representing the artist Emerik Stenberg telling one of his funny stories to an interested audience in Emil Österman's studio. This work will prove of very great interest, not least from an historical standpoint.

In the rich production of Bernhard Österman may be mentioned the picture of Jonas Lie in Gothenburg Museum, the interesting type of Bishop Billing with the pale face against a background of black and green, the noble color harmony and characterization in his portrait of Fru Alice Tigerschöld, and not least the charming picture of his wife, in which grace and an air of the grande dame are combined to form a salon portrait in the best sense.

Pelle Svedlund, born in Gävle, painted, in the nineties, several pictures full of atmosphere with motifs from Bruges and its canals. Vilhelm Smith has executed colorful and substantive paintings from his native city, Karlshamn, as well as from Italy and Africa. Erik Hedberg has a strong feeling for the characteristic features of the nature and people of his native environment in Gästrikland. Edvard Rosenberg, a native of Stockholm, in his finely sensitive and beautifully drawn painting A March Evening, in the National Museum, has infused a Northern steel timbre into his color. Emerik Stenberg, also a native of Stockholm, pictures in honest and conscientious manner the people of Dalecarlia, and shows an exceptional power of characterization in his excellent canvas A Wake in Leksand, in the Gothenburg Museum. He has painted a series of good portraits, among which those of Professor Rudin, Colonel Baron Rosenblad, and Professor Oscar Montelius should be especially noted. David Wallin, in his soulful portraits The Wife of the Artist, Fru Sven Lidman, Georg von Rosen, and others, allows the figures to emerge like white wraiths from the luminous darkness.

The Swedish note is emphasized and often very cleverly caught in Gustav Ankarcrona's paintings, treating subjects

from old-fashioned, comfortable manor houses where the guest is received with much food and great friendliness. Ankarcrona draws horses particularly well and likes to use them as accessory figures in his pictures. Oscar Hullgren, who like Ankarcrona was born in Småland, has rendered the sea and the Swedish coast landscape with exceptional freshness. His Harbor of Palermo is a remarkably good painting, and very interesting from an atmospheric standpoint.

Gustav Fjæstad, a native of Stockholm, has discovered the decorative element of lichen-covered stumps and stones, and has painted the solitude beneath snow-laden spruce trees. Fjæstad, who has made a contribution to industrial art through his designs for furniture and artistic textile fabrics, is well known and esteemed abroad. Otto Hesselbom, who died in 1913, was much admired both in Germany and in Italy for his serious, decorative pictures of the lakes and forests of his native Dalsland. Not until later did this thorough and modest artist become known in his own country. Another artist who is greatly appreciated in Italy and on the Continent is Fru Anna Boberg, née Scholander, of Stockholm, whose numerous canvases with motifs from Lofoten depict the magnificent scenery of the islands with picturesque effect.

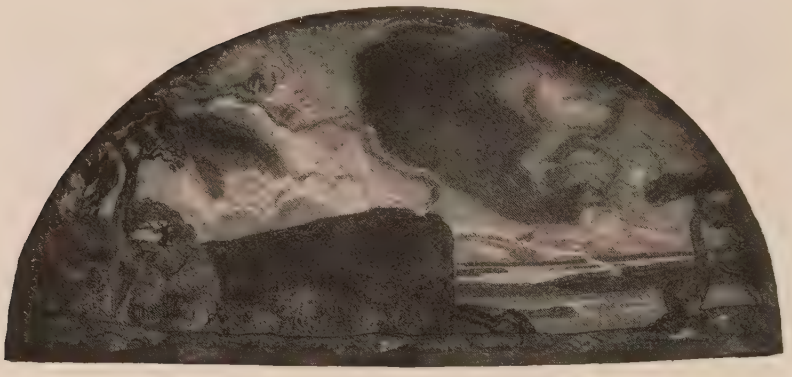
An artist who lays particular stress on the decorative, as in the excellent portrait of his wife, and who at the same time revels in the strongest colors in his pictures from the Orient and from Italy, is Olle Hjortzberg, born in Stockholm. His decorations in Klara Church and even more those of the auditorium in the New Normal School in the south quarter of Stockholm bear witness to wide knowledge and good taste.

Gunnar Hallström, also a native of Stockholm, is gifted with imagination and with a certain solidity by virtue of which he goes his own way. He seeks first of all character in his drawing, and paints Swedish peasants and Swedish sport in that Mälaren environment which he loves most. The artist, who lives on the historical Björkö in Lake Mälaren, has pictured the home feeling around the red-painted houses

The Ski-runner, drawing by Gunnar Hallström. Owned by Herr Clairemont, Vienna

surrounded by thick lilac hedges and the plough cutting the meadow flowers and the turf beneath which rest the bones of the forefathers; he has also sketched and painted ski-runners and skaters on the bays. Two Stockholm artists are Axel Erdmann, who has painted his native city in a series of fine and colorful pictures, and Rikard Lindström, who has painted the Stockholm Archipelago and also the Lofoten Islands. In the canvases of the latter white bodies of women appear between decorative groups of trees or emerge from the dark blue water. His landscapes in brown and blue have a certain pleasing austerity.

Among the artists from Skåne the first rank is held by Anders Trulson, who died in 1911, and the painter and etcher Ernst Norlind. The latter employs a distinguished and personal scale of colors in grey and brown, with sometimes a cluster of yellow flowers or red-beaked, white storks enlivening the pale tones of the landscape. Trulson painted good landscapes and portraits, among them the strong portrait of himself in the National Museum. Ossian Elgström, also from Skåne, has become the artistic discoverer of the Lapps. With wonderful intuition and an imagination filled with dazzling colors and bloody horrors, he produces an impression of primitiveness in his art. His sketches appear like the visions of a Lapp in whom the old heathenism has survived.



Beacon Fires, fresco by Axel Törneman. In the second chamber of the Riksdag

With rich and Germanic fantasy, John Bauer, born in Jönköping, created a charming and mystic saga world, inhabited by clumsy and ungainly trolls, with lonely cabins from which the smoke rises straight up over horizons of pine forests, blue in the distance, and where fair-haired wood-nymphs are glimpsed among the trees. Bauer created a beautiful picture of Northern womanhood in the mural painting Freja in the Karlskrona Girls' School. He died by an accident on Lake Wettern in 1918.

A pleasant Swedish quality, fresh and youthful with breezes from bays and summer meadows, with gay girls on skis, is found in Torsten Schonberg. He is one of our best designers of posters. Einar Nerman, born in Norrköping, is a cartoonist with a fine sense of style. One hardly knows whether to admire most the elegance of line or the characterization in his cartoons; these and his illustrations to Fredman's Epistles, which appear as if breathed upon the paper and filled with the dream of Bellman's Stockholm, are so far, the best he has done. Sigge Bergström, born near Filipstad, has reawakened interest in the artistic possibilities of the woodcut, and has also done good portraits and landscapes in oil.

Axel Törneman, a Värmlander, shows great decorative ability. In his Night Café in Paris, in Thiel's Collection, he has produced an almost mosaic-like masterpiece of effective

coloring. With big forms in an atmosphere of primeval dawn he has painted Thor's Combat with the Giants in the Östermalm School, and in two austere but decorative frescoes in the Second Chamber of the Riksdag he pictures Torgny at the Thing and Engelbrekt in Örebro, while in the symbolic fresco Beacon Fires, in the same hall, he gives artistic and powerful expression to the defiant forces of defense against threatening war. Törneman's paintings often have an original and superb color tone.

David Tägtström, of Dalecarlia, proves in his portraits that he possesses both fine taste and ability to conventionalize in a personal way.

The two movements, expressionism and cubism, have had a number of followers in Sweden. These seek, in the same way as their French masters, to conjure up new values of beauty by intentional and extreme deformations of reality as well as by a new conventional scale of colors. Among these painters are Isaac Grünewald, Gösta Sandels, Leander Engström, Arthur C:son Percy, and many others.

Albert Engström, born in Småland, is Sweden's greatest humorous artist and one of the most eminent that we have ever had in this domain. He is thoroughly Swedish and has

The Boy, the Princess, and the Golden Goose. Fairy-tale illustration by Ivar Arosenius

sketched our people—especially the lower classes—in a style that is equally amusing and masterly. Engström's drawings of Swedish nature and Swedish types have contributed much to the artistic education of the general public, and have taught many how to grasp the beauty and value of even the most rapid sketches.

Ivar Arosenius became known and recognized all at once through an exhibition arranged after his death, which occurred in 1909. A succulent, full-blooded humor characterizes his jocular sketches and paintings. Their brutality, however, proves offensive to many. They have the same orgiastic touch that distinguishes Bellman's songs, and in many of Arosenius's paintings the strain of pathos is also very marked. The wealth of his imagination is inexhaustible, and his intuitive psychology is seen in, for example, the initial awakening of a child's mind in that charming little girl who stands alone watching the flame, The Girl and the Candle, in the Gothenburg Museum. Arosenius succeeds best perhaps in his fairy-tale motifs, born as they are of a spirit that understands better than any one else in our country the soul of the fairy-tale in all its mysticism, humor, and richness of color. Yngve Berg, of Stockholm, has a peculiar gift of catching physical motion with his drawing-pencil. His adroit toreadors, his dancers, and his Bellman illustrations, executed with amazing skill and taste in the spirit of the eighteenth century, live and move in a way that place him in the very front rank among European draughtsmen.

X

MODERN PLASTIC AND DECORATIVE ART

IN THE field of sculpture there has not been so much activity as in that of painting. With the exception of monuments to great men—which are not generally designed to satisfy a craving for beauty—works of sculpture are not ordered either by the State or by individuals, and for that reason this whole branch of art has remained, as it were, disconnected and outside the general development.

There has been no dearth of good sculptors, however. The greatest number as well as the best of the portrait statues erected in this country during the eighties and nineties were designed by John Börjeson, who was born in Halland, and died in Gothenburg in 1910. The whole conventional apparatus with large Spanish cloaks to give the figures plasticity is brushed aside and the sculptor strives, in the spirit of modern art, for character. He found adequate form for the manly courage and Swedish vigor of Geijer, as expressed in Geijer's Thought, a symbolic figure on the pedestal of the Geijer statue in Uppsala, and also for the aristocratic bearing of Oxenstierna. The statue of Scheele, a personification of introspective, fruitful mental activity, has the combined monumentality and character which we like to see in a statue. The memorial to Oxenstierna has been set up by the nobility outside of Riddarhuset; that to Scheele is in Humlegården in Stockholm. The artist has reached his highest level, however, in the equestrian statue of Charles X Gustavus, erected in 1896 in the market-place at Malmö, where the King sits calm and serene

Karl X Gustavus. Statue by John Börjeson

on his large-limbed horse, looking out over the country of Skåne like an imperious but popular master.

Teodor Lundberg has created a magnificent work of art in The Billow and the Shore, in the Royal Palace. It is modern in feeling and form; the contrast between the masculine and the feminine is effectually emphasized, and the pose gives expression to a vibrating life without infringing on the plastic character of the work. The same artist has created a figure full of power and vitality in Olavus Petri, an embodiment of Lutheran courage, erected in 1898 outside the Storkyrka in Stockholm. Among Lundberg's other creations the stately group Svea with a Fallen Carolinian—the so-called Poltava monument on the Artillery Grounds in Stockholm—and the intimate, nobly composed group My Family deserve special mention.

The tender beauty of woman's body is the chief subject of Per Hasselberg's work. In the beginning he was somewhat bound by the French conception of form, but soon his

The Water-lily, by Per Hasselberg. In marble in the Gothenburg Museum

own personality emerged, clear and distinct. The Snowdrop, for all its spring loveliness, does not attain the grace and charm and the dew-like freshness of The Frog, a figure executed in marble in 1890 for the Gothenburg Museum. Here also, in the midst of the finest examples of modern Swedish art, his last work, The Water-lily, done in 1893, the year before his death, reposes in her snow-white beauty. The Water-lily rises amidst the powerful and jubilant fanfares of all the colors, and through her young limbs there passes a tremor of joy at the wealth of existence. It is a woman without any academic formulas, resting in the combined majesty of sleep and beauty.

Hasselberg's art reveals a passionate love of life and of eternal blooming youth. In The Grandfather, set up on the lawn of Humlegården in Stockholm, he has grouped in monumental and simple fashion the old man and the boy who continues where old age leaves off, thus symbolizing the constant renewal of nature in spite of death and corruption. Hasselberg, who was a zealous participant in the Opposition movement, has done an excellent animated

Ernst Josephson. Bronze bust by Per Hasselberg.
In the National Museum at Stockholm

bronze bust, now in the National Museum, of his friend Ernst Josephson.

During the golden periods of art the relation between art and industrial art has been intimate and fruitful. It was so in Greece, and it was so during the Renaissance, and in the eighteenth century, as it is in Japan. After periods of degeneracy and barbarism in industrial art—brought on by the misconception that machines can do work as artistically, in other words as personally, as human beings—new forces have begun to work. No machine in the world can replace an artist; no loom can weave a Gobelin tapestry as a skilled artisan does; no photographic apparatus can produce so good a portrait as a good painter, any more than

Life. Silver dish by Christian Eriksson. Owned by Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm in Kiruna

a music box can take the place of a musician. In recent times we have come back to a realization of the fact, which is as clear as day, though so often ignored, that beauty should brighten all life, that paintings and statues should be found, not only in museums, but also in offices, in schools, on street corners, in barracks, and first of all in our homes. What we need is gifted and capable artists to set the stamp of beauty on the handicrafts.

Christian Eriksson, born near Arvika, has something of the strong life-sap of the neo-Renaissance in his art. He studied in the Technical School in Stockholm, then in Hamburg, and finally in Paris, where his talent was given its true direction. Whether he works in wood or silver, in marble or iron, he shows original conception and infuses a new,

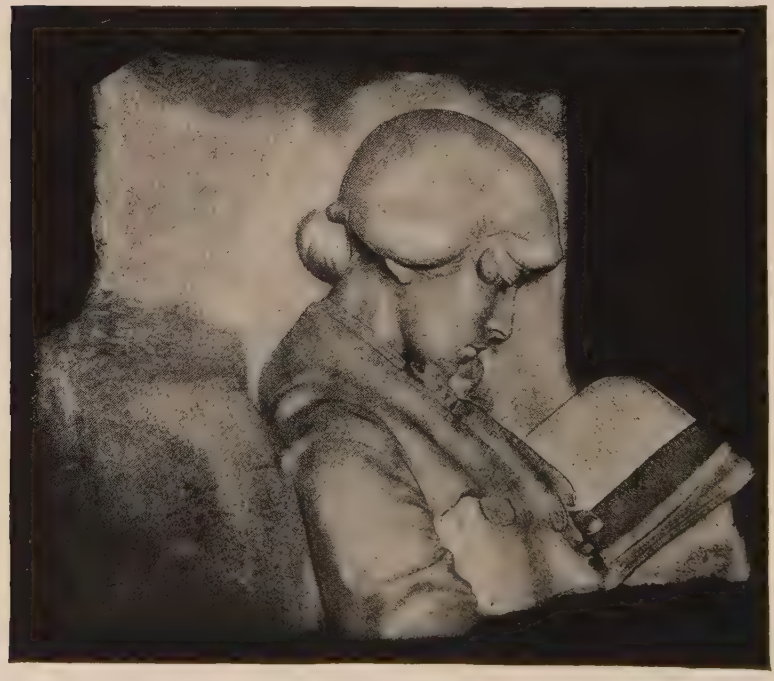
Dionysos Troup, by Christian Eriksson. Detail from the frieze on the Dramatic Theatre at Stockholm

modern spirit into his sculpture. Freshness and humor are found in all that Eriksson has done. Because he puts his soul into his work, his walking-sticks, goblets, bookcases,

and locks have the same aesthetic significance as his large marbles. The relief of Linné, a splendid gift of Herr P. Fürstenberg to our National Museum, is one of the most magnificent pieces of sculpture executed in recent years. In spite of its large dimensions, it is full of warmth and feeling and reveals an amazing bravura in the treatment of the marble. Eriksson's bronze vase Enchantment is one of his most successful products in industrial art. Like his large silver dish Life, it bears testimony to the creator's graceful technique and strong feeling for nature. Among Eriksson's later works are a piece of sculpture carved in wood, The Crouching Lapp, in the Gothenburg Museum, and Toe Dancing, the property of Herr K. O. Bonnier, carved in light maple, in which he has succeeded in catching an instantaneous movement without losing the exceptional beauty of form. His design over the doorway of the Sundsvall Bank on the façade facing Fredsgatan in Stockholm shows a man and a woman—the latter with an uncommonly well-modelled body and a head full of life and vigor—symbolizing lumbering and shipping. In 1905 Christian Eriksson exhibited the designs for the pedestals of two flagpoles which are now put up in Saltsjöbaden near Stockholm. One represents summer sport, the other and more successful one, outdoor life in winter with sleds and skates. Eriksson has reached his highest level, perhaps, in the gigantic reliefs that adorn the façade of the Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm. They depict the origin of the theatre from the Dionysos cult and the Italian masque, and are filled with beauty and exuberant life. The opposite mood, piety, resignation, and despair, is expressed by Eriksson in his gilded bronze figures on Kiruna Church. The most monumental work he has executed is The Archer, done in 1916, an Engelbrekt memorial on Kornhamnstorg in Stockholm, in which the chief figure, instinct with a concentrated and unfaltering will of defense, is drawing his bow, while the expression of strength and tenacity is underscored by an ingenious composition. The reliefs represent the achievements of the Dalecarlian patriot in the service of freedom.

Aron Jerndahl is another good artist who has developed from the field of handicraft. Both his small bronze objects and his large monumental sculptures from the life of workingmen are full of character and modern in the best sense.

Carl J. Eldh was born near Uppsala in 1873. He first assisted in the restoration of Uppsala Cathedral and later studied, in the latter half of the nineties, in Paris. In France he developed his unusual gift for interpreting the qualities of womanhood, whether of motherly tenderness, of innocent purity, or of playful provocativeness, the latter most beautifully, perhaps, in the wooden statuette Brita, and in the Sitting Nude Girl in wood and bronze. Purity of form and strength of expression mark the high relief Reading, an unusually distinctive figure of a young woman showing the repose and concentration that come with reading.



Reading. Relief by Carl J. Eldh, in Kungsholmen High School, Stockholm

Among his statues and statuettes are the companion figures Nils Kreuger with his good-humored assurance and Karl Nordström with his pugnacious toss of the head. The sketch for the statue of August Strindberg, a gigantic, defiant, naked Titan, dates from 1916. Eldh's granite reliefs of playing and bathing boys adorn the exterior of Östermalm School in Stockholm. The group Youth with the naked boy and girl and the statue Young Girl, both in the National Museum, reveal a tendency toward monumentality during his later period. In the Gunnar Wennerberg Monument, erected in Minneapolis and in Stockholm, in 1916, Eldh has created in an apt and original way an idealized picture of a student of 1850, full of romanticism, geniality, and self-confidence. The statue, which is excellently placed near the bay Djurgårdsbrunnsviken in Stockholm, is a gift to the city by Herr John Josephson.

The Smålander David Edström, who returned from America at the age of twenty-one after a boyhood full of hardships, studied in Italy, France, and Germany, and developed into an excellent, though often a fantastic, artist. There is both strong imagination and feeling for form in the granite head which he calls Sphinx, and however strained some of his sculptures may be, many of his portrait heads —as the figure of Intendant Romdahl—attain an intensity and sculptural effect which appear to best advantage, perhaps, in the figure of the financier and art patron, Ernest Thiel, with its expression of iron will.

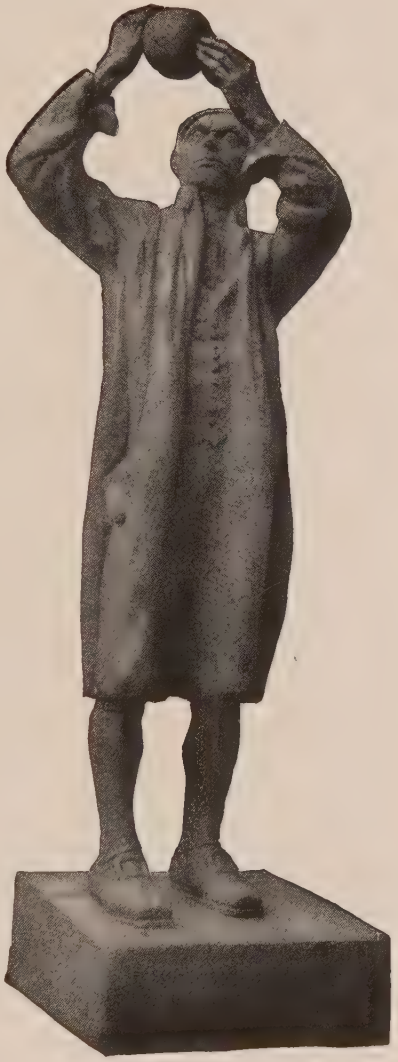
One of the foremost of contemporary sculptors, by virtue of his exuberant creative powers and the originality of his conceptions, is Carl Milles. He was born near Uppsala and received his artistic training first in the Technical School in Stockholm, then during a residence in Paris and Munich. In Paris, in 1900, Milles executed his first masterpiece, a delightful little statuette of a Dancer moving with proud grace, but he made his mark in 1901 with the design for the Sten Sture Monument which, however, proved difficult to place suitably. The sketch itself was worked over several times after 1901.

Ernest Thiel. Bronze bust by David Edström. Owned by Herr Thiel

With graphic realism and with deep psychological penetration, he modelled the portrait bust of Julius Kronberg, in 1904. His groups of elephants, giant lizards, bears, and many other strangely formed historic and pre-historic, zoölogic and mythologic creatures have a kind of grotesque monumentality. He has designed bear groups in the form of two large spheres made, as Michael Angelo would have them, so that they "could be rolled down a mountain without breaking." They are placed in the Berzelius Park in Stockholm and are a gift of Eva Bonnier.

Milles, who works with marvellous ease, is constantly seeking new paths. From modelling the exuberantly life-

like Dancing Children on the bases of the columns in the loggia of the Dramatic Theatre, he turns to the keen characterization in the features of the aged Franzén on the monument with the lovely group Selma and Fanny on the pedestal. This monument was raised in Härnösand, in 1910. An almost impressionistic statue of Schéele was set up in Köping, in 1912, while an austere conventionalism marks the well known portrait in wood of Levertin's suffering seer countenance, in the National Museum. A stamp of realistic monumentality is found in the brooding head of the author Gustaf Stridsberg, which has been cut in granite in masterly fashion. In the giant figure of Gustavus Vasa in painted plaster of Paris, set up in 1907 in the hall of Nordiska Museet, the artist employs a severity of form which is well suited to this symbol of governmental authority and jurisdiction, to him "who built our Sweden from floor to roof."



Schéele. Statue in bronze by Carl Milles

In his larger and smaller reliefs and groups in stone or bronze of women dancers of antiquity Milles employs forms

Selma and Fanny, by Carl Milles. Group in black granite on the pedestal of the monument to Franzén at Härnösand

that closely resemble archaic Greek art. For Uppenbarelsekyrkan at Saltsjöbaden, which has been ornamented with excellent sculptures by Milles, he has executed two monumental bronze doors, on which he depicts sin and grace with archaizing naïveté in imitation of the door in Hildesheim, all with wonderful imagination and often with great beauty.

The Hours of Day and Night. Marble clock by Carl Milles

It is to be hoped that Milles's gigantic Monument of Industry, a monumental fountain on which symbolic figures full of strength in the Michael Angelo-Rodin style ornament the pedestal, will be erected in Stockholm despite all difficulties that threaten to obstruct it. Upon the façade of Enskilda Banken in Stockholm, Milles has represented in four groups, with a kind of conventionalized realism, the periods of trade development from bartering to world commerce. The best work, perhaps, among his small pieces of sculpture is the marble clock made in 1915 with the hours of Day

Dancers. Stone sculpture by Carl Milles. In the Glyptothek, Copenhagen

and Night in the form of nude, young women carved with wonderful skill and calling to mind the Hellenic art of the sixth century before the Christian Era. A feeling for style is happily combined in this aspiring artist with the fullest measure of creative genius.

Eric Rafael-Rådberg has executed forcefully sculptured and well characterized portrait heads in bronze, marble, and granite, of the sculptor Gustaf Sandberg, Dr. Gregor Paulsson, Fru Elizabeth Laurin, and little Gunilla Clason, the last-named in the National Museum. Elegance and good taste are characteristic of Otto Strandman. His small figures in bronze, precious metals, or wood, sometimes combined in one design with artistically formed useful objects, such as ink-wells and similar things, are modelled with exquisite charm. In his Workingman, erected in 1917 in the Vasa Park in Stockholm, Gottfrid Larsson has succeeded exceptionally well in his endeavor to introduce the common laborer into sculpture. Olof Ahlgren has executed characteristic portrait heads in red granite. Upon the tombstone of Alf Wallander near Solna he has carved a mourning figure in black granite in remarkably harmonious composition with the socle. Both in a number of small ceramic drinking fountains in the New Technical School and in a few sculptural groups, designed in harmony with the building, Ivar Johnsson, has proved himself one of our most promising younger sculptors.

Axel Pettersson of Döderhult occupies a unique place. He is a carver of humorous figures in wood of high artistic merit. With subtle skill and with a fusion of modernity, rococo, and Chinese art, Gerhard Henning, a native of Stockholm, designs miniature figures reproduced by the Royal Danish Porcelain Company. Henning is also an etcher of note. Adolf Lindberg has made a very valuable contribution to the art of medal engraving, which entered a new golden age in France through Roty and Chaplain. His medals and portrait medallions show beauty of line as well as of characterization. They filled a real need at a time when faded photographs, mediocre woodcuts, or fogged autotypes were considered good enough to preserve the features of even eminent men for posterity. His son Erik Lindberg continues with honor in the same noble and enduring domain of art. The Swedish Nobel medals are from his hand.

Industrial art is making a stand against all cheap ornamentation, and it is particularly in an important field, where bad taste has been allowed to spread and propagate in the most unhampered and shameless fashion, namely in the manufacture of porcelain, that the Stockholm artist Alf Wallander has done pioneer work for us. Wallander was a good painter, but he realized that the artist's eye and his capacity for energetic work have a large mission to perform in the industrial arts. Vases, lamps, and dishes fashioned by him disclose new fields conquered for art, while in the textile industry also, in woven fabrics, he has made successful innovations. Of greatest moment, however, is the contribution he has made to the products of the Rörstrand factories. He died in 1914. In the same field, Gunnar Wennerberg did a similar service for the porcelain factories of Gustafsberg.

In textile art, the society Handarbetets vänner (the Friends of Handicraft) has worked successfully, since 1874, to preserve and revive old methods of weaving, to collect patterns, and in general to lift needle work to a higher artistic level. The most important achievement of the society is undoubtedly its revival of interest in the art of tapestry weaving, which in its simpler forms had been preserved by our peasantry. The only woven piece of tapestry with a modern figure motif that was made in Sweden during the nineteenth century was one woven by the above-mentioned society after a design by Carl Larsson. It represents A Catch of Crayfish, executed with exquisite taste and skill, both landscape and figures being slightly conventionalized. The tapestry is hung in the Museum of Industrial Arts in Copenhagen.

XI

ARCHITECTURE AT THE OPENING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BOTH private and public buildings erected in the sixties and seventies were, as a rule, without artistic significance, and the cheap materials employed often entailed a careless treatment of details. The most noteworthy activity was the rebuilding or so-called restoration of our old churches. This was usually carried out on the theory that, when the date of the original building had been determined, all subsequent additions should be removed, whereupon the church should be provided in the cheapest possible way with spire and ornaments in the original style as the restorers supposed it would have looked had it been completed all at once. These restorations, often based on the most thorough knowledge, have resulted in robbing the churches of their historical interest and the venerable personal character they once had—and all in the name of historical style! It was after an inspection of Uppsala Cathedral, which had been restored in the nineties, that an English authority remarked in a technical journal, "I realize now that something worse than fire may befall a building."

Helgo Zetterwall, who died in 1907, devoted himself with great zeal and energy, but with little success, to restoration work. The stately building of the North Latin School in Stockholm was erected by him in 1880 in the style of the Florentine Renaissance. The handsome Renaissance façade of Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget in Stockholm, facing

Storkyrkobrinken, was constructed in 1876 by Ernst Jacobsson, who died in 1905. Artificial stone with half columns of porphyry was used for material. During the eighties it was the custom to allow the wall surfaces to remain unplastered, exposing the brick, and to limit the plastering to window casements or else to construct these of cut stone. The latter was used in the University House in Uppsala, which was erected in 1887 by Herman Holmgren. The magnificent main entrance makes a very imposing impression with its large dimensions and excellent materials.

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, there was great activity both in private and public construction in Sweden, not least in the rapidly growing capital. A number of schools, banks, and barracks were erected, among the latter the barracks of the Horse Guards on Sturevägen near Stockholm by Erik Josephsson. He also built in the French baroque style the stately new bank edifice of Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget. This building forms a part of the surroundings of Gustaf Adolfs torg—a square which has unfortunately suffered in architectonic respects by the demolition of the old Opera House. The interior produces a severe, imposing effect, with its huge Doric columns which occupy the centre of the background. Stress is laid upon beauty of form and materials with sumptuous simplicity and without regard to cost. The Workingmen's Institute in Stockholm, which was erected in an admirable way by Carl Möller, should also be mentioned.

A large number of tenement houses were built at this time along our streets. The façades were over-loaded with degenerate neo-Renaissance ornaments of mechanical make, often of cement, which after a year or two precipitates a salt that disfigures the walls by large white spots. Often the architect was ignored by the contractor. The watch-word became "speed and cheapness," and in most cases a building was put up without even a thought of consulting an artistically trained architect. Beautiful old houses were torn down without the slightest reverence; straight thoroughfares were made to cut each other at right angles; and a

deadly dullness spread over the small towns that were formerly so charming, over the ruined country churches, and over the new quarters in Stockholm. But even then a generation of architects was growing up, who combined thorough technical studies with a keen desire to reinstate beauty in its proper place, and, besides, to reintroduce natural stone.

The prestige of architects has increased considerably during the last decades. We are beginning to realize that an artistically trained expert should, if ever, be consulted in the construction of buildings that are to beautify or disfigure a city for centuries. Stockholm has had the misfortune that its largest monumental building of our time has been placed in such a way as to conceal partly and take away from the effect of the Royal Palace, contrary to the wishes of almost all architects and others trained in matters of art. This has from the beginning made many distrustful of the Riksdag building, for which designs were drawn by Aron Johansson. One would have preferred to have had this building different and situated somewhere else.

The so-called Danviks Hospital, erected with fine taste by Aron Johansson, is exceptionally impressive, and has been given a splendid location commanding the harbor of Stockholm. The only trouble is that the form and purpose of the building do not harmonize. A home for the aged poor should not appear like a palace, although it is an especially pleasing sense of humanity that makes the public provide, not only a suitable, but also a comfortable home for those who have worked themselves tired and old without economic success. In Denmark and Germany we find pleasant homes for the aged, but not very often in Sweden.

The Opera House of Gustavus III has been replaced by a very large and very expensive building erected after plans by Axel Anderberg. The wall surfaces are finished in plaster, but with window casements and pilasters of stone. The style is a variety of the baroque and, in part, gives a very good effect. The interior has an unusually beautiful and imposing vestibule, but the auditorium and the lobby

The Adelswärd House in Stockholm, designed by Gustav Clason

are impaired by showy gilding and very conventional decorations. The lobby, however, is brightened by Carl Larsson's fresh-colored paintings in the ceiling and the lunettes. The royal lobby is ornamented by good decorative paintings by Prince Eugen and Georg Pauli. Anderberg has created an exceptionally dignified and suitable ensemble of brick buildings in the stately edifice of the Swedish Museum, dedicated in 1916, and in the neighboring establishments and houses of the Academy of Sciences in Frescati near Stockholm. The expensive, over-decorated marble building of the Dramatic Theatre, beautified by much good art and

disfigured by poor art, is a work of Fredrik Lilljekvist.

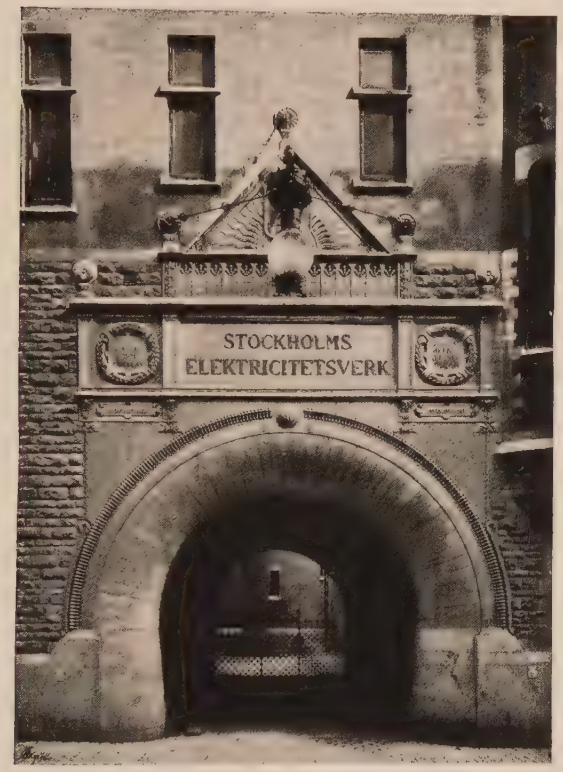
The Nordiska Museet building at the entrance to Djurgården in Stockholm, "this giant offspring of one man's energy," was completed in 1907. Everything there, from the foundation to the ceiling, is of the very best material. With its gables calling to mind the Vasa age, its genuine Swedish character, and the huge dimensions of its hall, this edifice is an ornament to the city and an honor to the North. Isac Gustav Clason, a native of Dalecarlia, after whose drawings Nordiska Museet was erected, has also made very important contributions to residential architecture. The enormous Bünsow House near Strandvägen, constructed after a motif from the French neo-Renaissance, is perhaps the first apartment house in Stockholm in which both the material—brick and sandstone—and the style are of a dignified character. In imitation of forms from the Swedish residential architecture of the seventeenth century, Clason has created one of our most celebrated and substantial private residences, the Adelswärd house at 2 Drottninggatan. Clason has also built Sweden's only private palace of the nineteenth century, the magnificent residence of Count W. v. Hallvyl. The façade of reddish sandstone points to Spanish forms; the portal is constructed of smooth-cut granite in imposing dimensions, and above it is enblazoned the family coat-of-arms. The house is finished throughout with costly luxuriousness—a real palace in the midst of so-called palaces. Clason's activity as an architect has been of the greatest significance. He has emphasized the importance of the materials, and has done exceptional work in purifying the general taste. In the mighty forms of the Norrköping Town Hall, which was constructed of brick, in 1910, Clason has given an imposing expression of public dignity and power. The Centralbank on Gustaf Adolfs torg in Stockholm was finished in 1914. The plans were drawn by Clason in French baroque and became the determining style for the north side of the marketplace.

The Davidson House on Gustaf Adolfs torg, with its sandstone façade, was erected in 1886 by Gustaf Lindgren.

Among monumental edifices the building of the Academy of Arts, designed by Erik Lallerstedt, occupies a conspicuous place by virtue of its tasteful exterior ornamentation in the Italian neo-Renaissance. The Kungsholmen Municipal Building, of exquisite material and beautiful proportions, and the Västerås-Bergslags Railroad Building in Stockholm, with its unique roof, are also designed by him. His most distinguished work is the palatial building of the Trygg Insurance Company in Stockholm, completed in 1909. Both its forms and material bespeak a solidity which from all viewpoints—not least from an artistic one—inspires confidence. Lallerstedt is the creator of the imposing Technical High School in Stockholm, which is a credit to our engineers as well as to the architect himself.

Several business offices were erected soon after 1890. The most satisfactory from an aesthetic and practical point of view is the Centralpalats in Stockholm, constructed of Orsa sandstone with a framework of iron. The architect, Ernst Stenhammar, also built the Hotel Royal whose winter-garden court, by its impressiveness and its picturesque motifs, calls to mind the Venetian palaces, and is probably from the standpoint of pure beauty one of the most magnificent places of its kind in the world. Ludvig Peterson has done good work in the architecture of private buildings. In 1889 he erected the Höganäs warehouse in Stockholm of brick in various colors, and was particularly successful in giving to it an expression of massive power, thereby ingeniously letting the material itself advertise the goods sold inside. Peterson also designed the plans of Konstnärshuset (the Artists' House) in Stockholm.

Ferdinand Boberg, born in Dalecarlia, is an architect who, notwithstanding his obvious admiration for the architecture of America and Spain, seeks new forms. At the Exposition in Stockholm, in 1897, his white Spanish Hall of Arts, with its decorations, its loggia, and the interior with imposing perspectives beneath the nobly-formed vaults, aroused general admiration. The Industrial Arts Building, in 1909, in Stockholm, was a work of perfect unity and



Portal of the Electrical Works in Stockholm, designed by Ferdinand Boberg

impressiveness. This time also Boberg imitated the Spanish; dazzling white walls encircled picturesque courts. The main architectural scheme of the Malmö Exposition in 1914 was Boberg's creation. It was finished in white with motifs from church walls and with corbie-step gables, and had a majestic art hall of severe, dignified simplicity. Of more substantial material is his Electrical Works in Stockholm. The portal toward Regeringsgatan indicates, by its ornamentation of wires and incandescent lamps carved in huge blocks of limestone, the purpose of the building, and every detail suggests that it is a place for the generation of a mighty natural power. Boberg's Post Office in Stockholm

has that combination of massive strength with a goldsmith's delicacy of ornamentation which is the distinguishing mark of his art. In the Malmö Post Office Boberg has again created a building that is an ornament to the city. He has also been very successful in Rosenbad near Norrström, where the external decoration and the color scheme—white and green—are both extraordinarily original, and, what is more important, beautiful. Boberg's energetic efforts to give even factory buildings an attractive form has been of great significance. His Gas Works near Värtan gives an impression of massive power eminently suitable for a structure of that kind. Some of Boberg's designs are in a sense inorganic and lacking in monumental qualities. This is particularly noticeable in Prince Vilhelm's residence at Djurgården, in which neighborhood he has also designed the residences of Prince Eugen and Herr Ernest Thiel.

Through the splendid generosity of the banker, Knut Wallenberg, Uppenbarelsekyrkan was built in Saltsjöbaden after designs by Boberg, and decorated lavishly with exquisite works of art. The interior is a combination of grandeur and sanctity, two qualities that may be united in the Byzantine church style, but are seldom found in the churches constructed in our day. Byzantine influence is clearly revealed both in the interior architectural forms and in the decorations executed by Hjortzberg.

Boberg has designed the palatial business building of Nordiska Kompaniet in Stockholm, built with solid and expensive simplicity, and with a practical application of what German and American technique has accomplished in this field. Reliefs by Milles, symbolizing different phases of trade and commerce, adorn the façade facing Hamngatan. Boberg's sketches of interesting old houses, bridges, mills, blacksmith shops, and so on, will form an excellent work of historical importance.

Carl Westman was born in Uppsala. After studying and practising his profession in North America, he returned and by his virile and purposeful work has become one of our most important architects. Westman built the sanatorium

The Court-house of Stockholm, designed by Carl Westman

Romanäs, near Sommen in Småland, and the house of the Medical Association, in Stockholm, where every detail, such as lattice-work, light fixtures, and the like was given its

characteristic touch by the artist himself. He was also a furniture designer. Högberga, where the art patron Fåhræus lives among his wonderful collections of Swedish, Norwegian, French, and Chinese art, is Westman's work. This brick building is situated near the channel on Lidingö, and makes a stately appearance from the top of the hill overlooking the Japanized, pine-covered terraces. These three edifices, all so different but equally perfect, have demonstrated to us the value of Carl Westman. His masterpiece, however, is the Stockholm Court-house, near Scheelegatan on Kungsholmen, completed in 1915. This mighty structure, looming in the austere solemnity proper for its serious purpose, is topped by a huge tower covered with copper. The upper part of the main portal is adorned with figures representing the judge and two guilty prisoners, sculptured by Christian Eriksson; the lower part is beautified by excellent, strongly conventionalized small reliefs by Gustav Sandberg, representing the Seven Deadly Sins.

Huge dimensions, smooth surfaces suggestive of Vadstena Abbey, a certain severity in the ornamentation as is fitting in a house of law, a genuinely Swedish quality together with freshness and boldness of execution, all contribute to make Stockholm's Court-house a work of special significance in what it presages for modern Swedish architecture. The interior harmonizes with the exterior. It is very substantial in its appointments with both amusing and exquisite details, often full of meaning, as, for example, the colossal Vala's Column, an enormous block of stone sculptured by Sandberg, on which the wisdom of the Eddas concerning crime and final atonement is represented in extremely conventionalized low reliefs; and the room where marriages are performed, which is ornamented with graceful and imaginative paintings by Filip Månsson. The same vigor and solidity that characterize the Court-house are found in Westman's Museum of Industrial Arts in Gothenburg.

The Stockholmer Ragnar Östberg belongs to the Swedish architects who are keenly interested in all vital architecture, whether old or new, and has trained himself in his profes-

Östermalm Technical High School in Stockholm, designed by Ragnar Östberg

sion by travelling—often on a bicycle—in almost every part of Europe. While respecting tradition as well as materials, he aims to create houses in harmony with what our time and our country have a right to demand in the way of genuineness and impressiveness. Among the beautiful homes that Östberg has built we may note the solid mansion of Dr. Pauli, at Djursholm, constructed with dignified simplicity of brick. He has been exceptionally happy in the manner in which he has united and rebuilt, to form the Bonnier residence, two adjoining houses in Djurgården, preserving and increasing the homelike comfort of the old structures. For Herr Thorsten Laurin he has erected, also in Djurgården, a silver-grey wooden house with shingled walls and roof covered with green-glazed tiles. The house forms a happy and firm composition with the knoll upon which it rests.

In the beautiful Odd Fellow House in Nyköping and in the Östermalm Technical High School in Stockholm he has

made use of an artistic form of undressed brick surfaces. This school building, completed in 1910, is one of the most satisfying examples of Swedish architecture of recent date. A brick wall, resting upon a foundation of uncut stones and boulders, separates the school and playground from the outside world. The reddish-brown walls of the building itself are masoned of hand-made Hälsingborg brick upon a granite base. The curb-roof is covered with tile. The interior, with its cross-vaulted passages, gives an impression of purity and solemnity, calling to mind the fact that our Swedish schools had their origin in the medieval church. The main staircase is sumptuously adorned with noble works of art by Prince Eugen, Milles, Törneman, and Georg Pauli. The main auditorium, in white with panels of dark blue Dutch tiles, is borne up by grooved granite columns. Ragnar Östberg has drawn the plans that were unanimously accepted for the Stockholm Town Hall. The high square tower is reflected in Mälaren and proclaims far and wide that here stands a building which the largest and most beautiful city of the peninsula may proudly call its own.

The architect Elis Benckert has designed furniture with unusual feeling for form and exceptionally fine taste. Unfortunately his promising career was broken off prematurely by his death in 1913, but what he did in the furnishing of the Stockholm Municipal Building has exercised a strong influence upon artistic Swedish handicraft. The architect, Carl Malmsten, in a number of excellently made pieces of furniture, such as cabinets, writing tables, and secretaries, has discovered the happiest forms, and has effected a fusion of old and new most conspicuous in his exquisitely artistic inlaid work.

Lars Wahlman, besides designing a number of stately country palaces—Hjularöd near Lund in the medieval French castle style and Tjolöholm in Halland in the English style—has made a name for himself by his exceptionally good solution of the church building problem of our time. The Engelbrekt Church, completed in 1914, has an unusually picturesque location commanding a view of northern

Stockholm. Although the steps and terraces approaching the building are wanting in ample dimensions, the exterior and, perhaps even more, the interior have a certain richness and a religious atmosphere. The mighty vaults with their pure lines and the artistic decorations—mural paintings by Hjortzberg in a style suggestive of the Byzantine—make this Stockholm church one of our country's most successful ecclesiastical structures of modern times.

Following the lines of Visby's city wall, Torben Grut, born in Västergötland, designed Sweden's imposing athletic building, the Stadium, where our nation won its victories at the Olympic Games in 1912. In the brick walls, at once beautiful and severe, Grut created an excellent Swedish frame for this play with its under-current of seriousness. Sigfrid Ericson has made a name in church architecture by his wonderfully well placed and almost fortress-like Masthuggskyrka (Beacon Church)—a stronghold of the spirit—which may be seen far out to sea upon approaching his native city, Gothenburg.

Ivar Tengbom first aroused attention by his Town Hall in Borås. But it was in the construction of the substantial, palatial home of the Enskilda Bank near Kungsträdgården in Stockholm that he attained a rank of the first order among the architects of our land. The building harmonizes in architectural composition with a house situated on the other side of Wahrendorffsgatan. It is constructed of black granite extending for a considerable distance up the façade, and finished off above that with a coat of light grey plaster. The forms are somewhat reminiscent of the neo-antique. The central portion of the façade is adorned with columns, which support symbolic reliefs, all in black granite. Money has been called "the result of labor," and this money palace has more of the severity and seriousness of labor than of the splendor of gold. The large banking hall in dark and light polished stone, limestone and marble, is very imposing in its dimensions and in its subdued but sumptuous decorations. Solidity, strength, good taste, and efficiency are characteristics of this building, and these are qualities we

The Enskilda Bank in Stockholm, designed by Ivar Tengbom

desire both in our economic and not less in our artistic life.

During the last decades, the conviction has gained ground in a few places in Europe, that style and a more general aesthetic influence in our communities can only be attained through good architecture. In the development of the home, the private dwelling-house, both the interior and the

exterior, there is no people that has worked more successfully than the English. When it comes to municipal architecture and monumental buildings, on the other hand, a severe style has perhaps found its most magnificent application in the new buildings of German cities. Denmark, also, has enjoyed a very sound architectural evolution, in which harmony and self-restraint—which spell good taste—have been more evident than in most other places. Nor can it be denied that Swedish architecture—by virtue of good material, big conceptions, and a large number of artists who possess creative genius and yet base their art on national traditions—has had and is having a golden period. It is now one of the best in the world, and we can only hope that we shall be able to protect the relatively little of the old that we have left, all the more precious to us because it is so little. We may hope, too, that while due attention is paid to the practical and economic, the aesthetic viewpoint, which is so essential to our intellectual welfare, be further encouraged and promoted by energetic architects. Then we shall perhaps attain a modern Swedish style with all that this implies of national health and stability of culture.

DANISH ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By

EMIL HANNOVER

Director of The Danish Museum of Industrial Art

DANISH ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By Emil Hannover

I

THE PERIOD BEFORE ECKERSBERG

During the Middle Ages and the period of the Renaissance, art in little Denmark, even when practised by Danes, remained hardly more than a feeble reflection of the art of larger countries, or of countries which set the artistic standards of the time. Necessarily, of course, it adapted itself to the humbler needs of Denmark, and, in special cases, developed distinctive forms which would scarcely be met with outside of the Danish boundaries; but even as late as the rococo period Denmark had produced no art that could be called truly Danish in spirit and character.

Pilo, who was a Swede by birth, shows in his portraits a purely French style. Als, who went to Rome at a time when the antique was beginning to engage men's minds, belongs as a portrait painter to the European period of transition between rococo and classicism. In the style of Vigilius Erichsen's portraits we find still more marked evidence of the conflicting currents which then swayed the world. And as for the art of Abildgaard, it is not Danish either; although his calm endeavor to attain the grand style gives his work an appeal which is lacking in Füssli's or Mengs's, it was by those artists, none the less, that he was most potently in-

fluenced. The greatest merit of his scholarly painting is that it raised the level of taste in the representation of the human figure. Even when the mannerism of his drawing, the elongation of his proportions, is most pronounced, there is a dignified bearing and a ceremonious rhythm in his figures; granting that his mannerism is a detriment to his style, at least it is his own. He showed less individuality in his coloring, which was the result of comprehensive study of the great colorists of old. Yet he had a strong sense of

Ossian, by N. A. Abildgaard

the decorative value of color, and a natural gift for general decorative effect. In his big paintings at the Christiansborg Palace in Copenhagen his skilful use of color is in contrast to his fantastic notion of the quantity of allegorical invention that a picture can bear. On the whole, one may fairly say that there is more reason to honor him for unusually high purpose than for any outstanding natural talent.

All that nature withheld from Abildgaard—the freshness, the geniality, the true artistic temperament, the genuine professional talent and the genuine professional training—all this was united in Juel. He knew the joy that comes to the possessor of a great natural gift, and although he misused his gift during his later years by the wholesale production of portraits which were often empty and flat, even these show the enjoyment he felt in the exercise of his accurate eye and his easy, delicate hand. There is something infectious in his delight in his work, and also in his amiability. Since his time portrait painting has gained in sobriety, and to the modern eye the people in his pictures undoubtedly seem more festive than he ever intended that they should. In his own day, however, his portrait painting marked a complete break from the fashion of the preceding age; it was a gigantic stride toward the close approach to life as it really is, whereas the earlier period had held itself aloof and superior, in an attitude of condescension toward the beholder. Juel was probably the first painter to present a distinguished man in his dressing-gown—in his portrait of Bonnet, the Genevan philosopher.

He sometimes became saccharine in his coloring, finicky in his drawing, all too ready to make concessions to public taste. Yet there is a little series of portrait sketches which shows that he might have become a pioneer in coloring, too. Unfortunately, the mastery, the freedom from conventionality, the strongly progressive trend, which these sketches display, did not develop in Juel's portrait painting. He had to take to an entirely different field, to landscape, before he could let himself go and satisfy the longing for fresh air which his mind was cleanly enough to feel, even

though it seemed that his proper element was the close atmosphere of the drawing-room. We may well believe that he was imbued with the ideas of Rousseau, for he had lived for some years in Rousseau's city and in the house of one of Rousseau's disciples. However that may be, his attitude toward nature was essentially Rousseau's. He was most strongly moved by the vast and phenomenal aspects of nature. He rarely made any deep study of single landscape

Portrait of the Philosopher Bonnet, by Jens Juel

Farmhouse in a Gathering Storm, by Jens Juel

motifs, but he was sensitive to the moods of nature, and he felt the spirit of Danish landscape earlier and more acutely than any of his contemporaries.

In other and broader conditions, a man of such capacity, one of the most talented Danish artists that has ever lived, would undoubtedly have developed along different lines, and might have become a painter of European importance. Carstens (not to mention Thorvaldsen), has shown us how the power of native Danish genius may expand in a climate more favorable to art than that of Denmark. Unfortunately Carstens turned away from Denmark as he developed, and his significance in relation to his native country is limited to his significance in relation to Thorvaldsen.

If the other Danish painters who preceded Eckersberg may claim an introduction to the public outside Denmark, it can be only perfunctory. Both the portraits and the landscapes of Erik Pauelsen, painted in a style common to all Europe, point backward rather than forward. As a typical example of all that was required to fulfill the modest demands on art of eighteenth century Denmark, we have Lorentzen, with his views from all corners of the world, his

pictures on subjects from the history of the North, and his portraits. Only a few of the later ones show any tendency toward more thorough characterization; these few are, in a way, Eckersberg before Eckersberg; they are more nearly in his spirit than the portraits painted by Hornemann—quite as able an artist—in his latest years under the direct influence of the torch-bearer of Danish art.

On the rest of the older men who lived on into his time, Eckersberg made little if any impression. There is a slight trace in the work from the 1820's of Hans Hansen, a pupil or imitator of Juel's, of little ability. As an historical painter, Kratzenstein-Stub formed his style after Thorvaldsen's; as a portrait painter, more or less after Gérard's. Fritzsch, the painter of flowers, got his style, his effective composition, and the free swing of his brush from Monnoyer and other seventeenth century French or Dutch flower specialists. Gebauer, likewise, had studied the galleries more diligently than nature. He by no means lacked delicate and romantic feeling for the animals and the landscapes he painted, but he did lack the courage to depend on his own impressions. In composition and in coloring he followed his Dutchmen to the end.

The art of the outgoing period thus persisted, to some extent, into the first years of the nineteenth century in Denmark. The majority of its devotees, however, wore out their moribund existence in the shadow, taking no place in the light of truth which Eckersberg's art spread abroad like the brightness of day; in this light the seedlings of future Danish art were sprouting and growing green in abundance.

II

ECKERSBERG

BORN in 1783 at Blaakrog in Slesvig in poor circumstances, Eckersberg was a needy student at the Academy of Art in Copenhagen, until he started out in 1810 on his journey to Paris and Rome. He remained abroad until 1816, and experienced a complete transformation of his ideas, in the course of which his artistic personality finally emerged in crystalline clarity.

Despite a superficial sympathy for the classicism of his time, with which he came in close contact first while a pupil of David in Paris and later when he was in friendly association with Thorvaldsen in Rome, his character as an artist formed itself round his faculty for the reproduction of external nature, which he owed to his extraordinary eyes. The first distinct expression of this gift is in his Views of Rome. The secret of these studies is that there is nothing secret in them. Eckersberg painted just what he saw, but now for the first time he saw entirely with his own eyes, and his own eyes were marvellously perfect organs. It was as if nature had fitted them with something that worked like a telescope, giving them longer range than ordinary eyes. He could see distant objects as clearly and sharply as those that were near, and he observed so accurately that one would think he must have used some optical instrument instead of mere unassisted human vision. Eckersberg's sound constitution partly explains the phenomenon. Entirely devoid of nervousness, he received all impressions calmly and imperturbably; nothing could give him a shock, nothing could influence him or color what he saw or obscure it or warp it

View at Villa Borghese, by C. V. Eckersberg

to fit some subjective interpretation rather than the objective reality.

This fixity of vision was so intense that it amounted almost to genius. Yet Eckersberg did not really attain genius. He lacked the ability to let the visible reality rise up phoenix-like from his work in a more beautiful form. Only once in his life did he have a real inspiration: when he painted his three-quarter-length portrait of Thorvaldsen. On this one occasion a higher power came to his assistance, unknown to him. The observer, for once, became something of a seer.

He did not again rise above himself like this. It was the homely virtues, amiability, righteousness, diligence, and sense of duty, which throve best in the quiet atmosphere of his sitting-room. To his brush nothing was insignificant. For fear of missing something, he avoided half-lights and chiaroscuro. Only in the clear, sober light of day could Eckersberg satisfy his keenest passion as an artist, the desire for study, or, as he called it himself, for "research."

Portrait of Thorvaldsen, by Eckersberg

It was not the heart and reins that he searched as a portrait painter, but everything that he could actually see with his eyes. If one remembers that the Danes have always been known for their homely simplicity, that their simplicity has never been more homely than at the period when Eckersberg drew, and that no people have ever been drawn by an artist who had more of the virtues of this same homely simplicity than Eckersberg himself, one will appreciate how typically, intensely, the Danish character is brought out in

The Nathanson Family, by Eckersberg

his portraits. That is one of the discoveries to which he was led unconsciously—one might almost say blindly if it were not particularly due to his eyes—by his constant insistence on going to the bottom in his search for truth. It goes without saying that this discovery is one of the greatest of which the history of Danish art can boast.

This fresh, primal point of view, which is what produces in the earlier stages of an art the pioneers who give direction to subsequent tendencies, led him to other discoveries besides this of the Danish Type. He is also the discoverer of Danish country and of the Danish sea.

His passion for the sea began as a passion for ships. He was interested in mechanics and construction, and in shipping he found a wide field for this interest. His first marines, accordingly, are rather pictures of ships than of the sea. With complete familiarity his brush hovered about the full-rigged masts, flitted in a delighted rope-dance along hundreds of stays and halyards and ratlines, all drawn without the faintest tremor of the hand. Soon the sea became as interesting to him as the ships. He found in it a wholly

Portrait of Madame Schmidt, by Eckersberg

new subject for that "research" with which his art was becoming more and more identical, and he acquired a thorough knowledge of it in a scientific way. It is obvious that there can be no great spontaneity to pictures that have required in advance an extraordinary amount of deliberation, that

Portrait of Fröken Marsmann, by Eckersberg

conceal under their paint a network of structural lines. Not until old age had impaired his sight—probably because of his constant use of a telescope—did he go through a brief phase, when his eyes were reduced to what might be called normal vision, in which he painted a little series of marines of a more pictorial character. All the energy that he had formerly devoted to detail was in these works concentrated on the reproduction of the general effect which he saw with his once analytical eyes. It seems as if he had had to scale his over-acute sight down to normal before he could focus on the great striking truth of nature which he had long sought but never quite attained: the color of the Danish

A Privateer Chasing a Frigate, by Eckersberg

seas when the Danish sounds grow blue under a summer sky and the summer sun flashes on the white sails that encircle the green islands of Denmark.

He made his discoveries on land more quickly, more easily, and more incidentally. When he took it into his head, on a fine September day, to have a look at the green trees of the Dyrehaven beechwoods before the coming of autumn, or when his pupils induced him to go with them on one of their excursions, he would inevitably make use of the occasion to do a little color-sketch. What he brought back in his thumb-box was only a trifle in comparison to the wealth of remembered detail that he poured out on his sketch when he got it home and worked it up on canvas. He was at times too lavish in his sheer exuberant delight in the small things of nature, hitherto neglected in Danish landscape painting. It is easy to see in his finished landscapes that they were not completed in the open. They are products of the heart, and of the studio. Such treatment, however, was not unsuitable to the happy, idyllic aspect of Danish country which he preferred to paint. Entirely untrained,

Renbjerg Brickyard, by Eckersberg

self-taught as a landscape painter, unaffected by rules and methods, with his hitherto unused and therefore fresh perception of nature and his love for his native land, he could penetrate further into Danish nature than any of his predecessors. He was the first to strike with sure, firm touch the dominant color chord in the harmony of Danish landscape.

These discoveries of his, the unchanging characteristics of the Danish people and the physiognomy of Danish land and Danish sea, were far greater contributions than anything in the big historical paintings and altar-pieces which he himself regarded as his highest achievements. His art was all prose, but it was great prose. His form is beautiful because it is natural; it is natural because it is the most accurate and immediate expression of his spirit. The consistency between the spirit and the form of his art bespeaks the undeviating truthfulness which is the essence of his character.

On this same inherent truthfulness, as on an imperishable foundation, stands the school which Eckersberg established.

III

ECKERSBERG'S SCHOOL

THERE were three men virtually contemporary with Eckersberg of whom one took his place in the evolution of Danish art very late, another never took any place at all, while the third attained a very prominent position apart from the general trend. The first of the three was I. P. Möller, a landscape painter, who in his old age, under the influence of younger landscape painters, attained a better understanding of Danish nature, and somewhat outgrew his earlier artificial manner. The second was I. L. Lund, who a few years before Eckersberg, had likewise worked under David, but had not been so fortunate in seizing and fostering the realistic spirit of David's teaching. He became professor at the Academy of Art, but did not offer any such attraction to the rising generation of painters as Eckersberg, who became professor at the same time. A better example for the young was the third of these artists, C. A. Jensen. His special gift was insight swift as lightning, happily combined with a dazzlingly clever technique. These two characteristics gave him exceptional qualification as a portrait painter, but they also brought him more popularity than was altogether good for him. His profundity had never been great, and as the years went on his portraits became mere rapid sketches. Yet in these swift sketches his insight is so sure and his drawing so brilliant that he often reminds us of no less a personage than Frans Hals.

The inevitable reflection of such a shining phenomenon in the skies of Danish art may be seen here and there in the painting of the younger men—frequently in Köbke, occa-

sionally in Marstrand and Roed. But these are only transitory gleams compared with the steady and constant light that radiates from Eckersberg's work upon the great circle of his pupils.

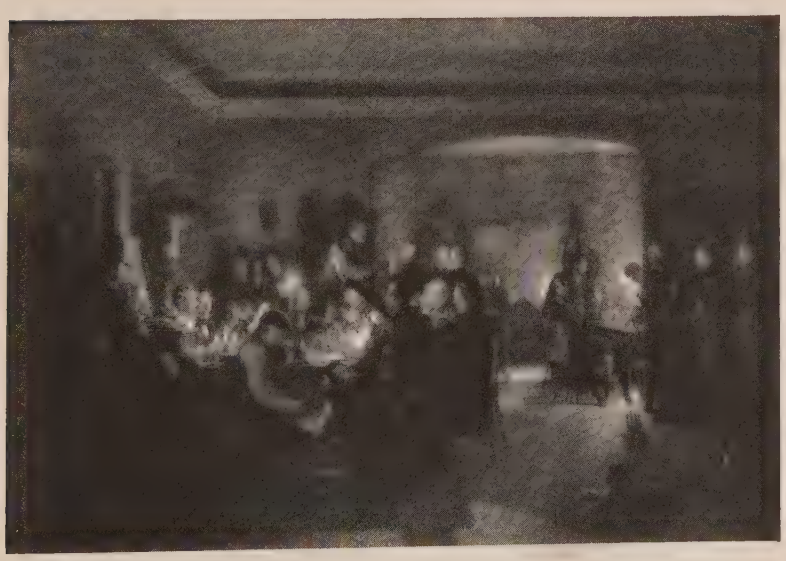
It was in the late twenties and the early thirties that Eckersberg's school reached its fullest bloom. His best pupils at that time were Rörbye, Roed, Bendz, Köbke, Petzholdt, Adam Müller, Küchler, Constantin Hansen, Eddelien, and Marstrand. For all these men the day that they entered the master's atelier was of far-reaching significance. They learned there that the first rule of painting is inviolable truthfulness in the representation of a subject. They learned, further, that this depends not on what is represented, but on how it is represented. They also learned, in this connection, the value of loving study of the smallest details of nature. Lastly, they learned that only what lies near at hand lies near enough to the heart to be loved and to be painted.

Portrait of the Scene Painter Troels Lund, by C. A. Jensen

Naturally they had already in their youth tendencies toward the individual differences which later became evident in their work, but their pictures have far less the stamp of individuality than of the period and the school. It is, perhaps, the glimpses of individuality, naively revealed with the

shy and delicate grace of unconsciousness, which give to the paintings produced by Eckersberg's pupils in the thirties their greatest charm.

Among their pictures from this period portraits are the most numerous and perhaps the best. In these the sense of form is penetrating, the drawing delicate, the coloring fresh, the brushwork meticulous, the interpretation of character serious, direct, sincere, simple, wholesome, and clean. The same may be said of their genre paintings, mostly scenes from the streets and houses of Copenhagen (rarely, however, from peasant life, which was left to a later generation), full of homeliness and warmth, seldom with any significance —the pictorial was always the most important consideration—invariably presented in a quiet and unaffected manner, with no suggestion of straining after effect. How easily these young painters managed to be genuine and natural! All the forces that co-operate in the production of a work of art were then in a state of young and blameless innocence. Even nature was still almost untouched in Denmark, and consequently seemed more virginal than it does to-day, now



The Finck Coffee-house at Munich, by Vilhelm Bendz

that its beauty has been so often unveiled, and so often profaned, in our paintings. The little landscapes that we owe to this school therefore have an effect on one's mind like that of morning and dew on one's senses. Their spirit is so ethereal that one cannot conceive of it except as pertaining to just such an era of dawn as that from which they sprang.

In every field these young eyes now discovered new pictorial beauties, and they were often more fastidious in such matters than the less experienced Eckersberg had been at their age. The observers of color were Bendz and Köbke. Bendz, who unfortunately died very young, did not leave much work, but what he left is of the highest artistic quality. The greatest difference between him and Eckersberg was that he had a stronger sense of the effect of atmosphere in color than he had of color itself. In his work, where, significantly enough, we find the first attempt in Danish art to present scenes with artificial lighting, the most important characteristic is the delicate perception of pictorial effect. That does not imply that the characterization in his portraits is inadequate, or that there was anything lukewarm in his feeling for life when he painted everyday scenes. Still, if one were seeking the point at which he comes in closest contact with the world about him, one might find it in his eye rather than in his heart.

Köbke is richer and warmer; his feeling for the things about him was at least as much in his heart as in his eye. He possessed the gift, so priceless to an artist, of a heart of gold, and it was in one of the most inestimable feelings of the heart of a man of the people, in the love of home and all that belongs to it, that his art had its deepest root. To him, the family at home, the kinsmen and the friends who cross the threshold, are half the world; the other half is the idyllic surroundings of his home. Among his most beautiful paintings are pictures of his parents, his relatives, and his friends, painted with the most complete sympathy. Even the strangers whom he might occasionally paint to order look as if they had been his nearest and dearest kin. He could understand intimately without feeling intimately. The

Portrait of the Artist's Mother, by Christen Köbke

great difference between Köbke and Eckersberg as portrait painters is that while the latter, always alert but never varying in his capacity from day to day, went on with his "research" into a character trait by trait, Köbke had moments of higher intelligence in which the character in its entirety flashed into his consciousness. In this respect he rather resembled C. A. Jensen, and it is not surprising that in his execution he followed Jensen rather than Eckersberg. Köbke was the first Dane who succeeded in applying to landscape the brilliant technique at the service of brilliant insight, which he had learned from C. A. Jensen but had developed to full independence. It was this that enabled him to transfer his impressions of nature in all their freshness to the canvases which are the first, and perhaps to this day the finest, of Danish open-air paintings. In his landscapes

At Sortedamssö, by Christen Köbke

even more than in his portraits he confined himself within narrow limits. So close did he circumscribe his limits that he could hardly have drawn them closer and still have left room for anything that could really be called landscape. He sought his subjects in the restricted region where the country meets the city and surrounds scattered, outlying stragglers from the battalions of red roofs with the green circle of its gardens and fields. No romantic excursion lured him from these precincts, where he felt himself completely at home. If more homely in his choice of subjects than Eckersberg, he was, on the other hand, more purely artistic in his treatment of them. "From the study of shadow and the theory of linear perspective a man advances to color and air-tones" Eckersberg once said to his pupils. Köbke had followed no such course; he was a born painter, especially sensitive to the delicacy and beauty of color as affected by light and atmosphere. He is the discoverer in Danish landscape painting of what are now called "values," the relative intensity of color-tones; he is the earliest master in this department, and is still perhaps the greatest.

While Bendz and Köbke in Eckersberg's school devoted themselves to the cultivation of color, it came more naturally to Rörbye and Roed to develop drawing and form. Both

tried their hands at almost everything in their youth, as was the custom of the school, but the complete lack of poetic faculty eventually forced them into the field in which this limitation least hampered them. Apart from this limitation, their strongest common characteristics were, at first, an extraordinary dexterity and absolute truthfulness. Roed maintained these to the end of his days, but Rörbye lost something of his thoroughness during his years of rambling in

Portrait of the Artist Lorentzen, by Martinus Rörbye

Portrait of the Artist's Mother, by Jörgen Roed

the South and in the Orient, which naturally widened the range of his subjects. Roed, as has been implied, remained more consistent throughout his life, which was much longer than Rörbye's, but he too painted his best pictures as a young man, and proved himself incapable of growth. In all the long course of his later work we find nothing with as much feeling as his early portraits and nothing so attractive as the naive charm, the appearance of actuality, and the faithfulness of rendering of his genre paintings and street scenes from the period before his travels, or of the architectual studies from his sojourn in Italy. The talent as a draughtsman with which he was to the last so richly endowed made him the most trustworthy portrait painter of the period. His many large Biblical paintings, on the other hand, testify rather to his taste and his fine intelligence than to a capacity proportionate to his subjects.

Portrait of Fru Wanscher, by Constantin Hansen

All that he acquired in Italy was improved taste. One might well say that of all Eckersberg's pupils he was the least affected by Italy; even as an old man he persevered in the traditions of the school without the slightest alteration. Equally faithful to tradition were Holbech, Aumont, Bærentzen, and Hunæus, painters chiefly of portraits, who for the most part stayed at home, and never succeeded in getting to Rome. It was at Rome that the best of Eckersberg's pupils were gathered in the later thirties, and it was there that the break from the school occurred. How this breach was made in each case may be learned from what follows. Here we need only point out that the break, for some of those concerned, was already prepared at home, owing to the influence of the sculptor Freund, whose sense of style and broader outlook on art offered a pleasing contrast to

An Elocutionist on the Mole in Naples, by Constantin Hansen

Eckersberg's somewhat shortsighted naturalism; he had an especially strong effect on Köbke and his friend Constantin Hansen.

Hansen was, besides, constitutionally disposed to a breach with tradition at home. Though he shared the school's strong sense of truth, he early acquired a sense of plastic form, and also a strong feeling for the antique. He followed the example of Eckersberg to the extent of devoting himself faithfully to the study of architecture and landscape during his stay in Italy. He departed from his master, however, by treating these subjects with more intelligence and brilliance and a keener eye for color than Eckersberg ever possessed. Soon his interest in the picturesque was forced into the background by his increasing plastic sense and his awakened feeling for style. He had been roused partly by the antique paintings in Naples and partly by the beautiful race of mankind which he saw about him. The result was that there appeared in his work a fresh and living style, not a mere empty formalism. His chief work is the fresco dec-

Fresco Decoration in the Vestibule of the University of Copenhagen, by Constantin Hansen

oration of the vestibule of the University, which he undertook after his return home in collaboration with Hilker. Here his art rises far above the usual Danish level. With a profound understanding both of the methods of ancient art and of the philosophy of the Greek myths, he produced a cycle of paintings which in the purity and power of their style are scarcely equalled by any work of similar character in modern times. The period, however, was not favorable to a protracted sojourn among the gods of Greece. He was caught in the prevalent trend of thought, and under the influence of "Scandinavianism," of Höyen and Grundtvig, he devoted himself to subjects from Norse mythology, just at the moment when his art was beginning to show its characteristic simplicity and individuality, but unfortunately also its deficiency in certain respects, notably in color and in imag-

Ægir's Feast, by Constantin Hansen

ination. His portrait painting was affected by his other activities, both to its advantage and to its disadvantage. There is an almost complete lack of pictorial charm in his portraits, which are uniformly brown, and wooden or leathery; but what they lose in this respect they gain in plastic and monumental effect. The great picture of the Constituent Assembly which Constantin Hansen, who aged early, painted with what was left of his youthful strength, is clearly, despite many obvious defects, the work of a painter who understands better than most sculptors the requisites of monumental art. In his later years he painted more naturalistic, intimate pictures of his home, but even in these the composition retains, by means of a slight deviation from truth of line, something of the beauty of line and the style which were what this artist had acquired in Italy.

There were still others to whom Italy taught devotion to beauty, but it was to beauty in different and less significant manifestations. To Petzholdt, a landscape painter of remarkable talent, the Southern journey gave only a new and more luminous palette, but as he died young it may be that he had not had time to complete his development. To Küch-

ler the journey supplied gay subjects from the cheerful life of the Italian people, until he was converted to Catholicism and, under the influence of the German Nazarenes, took to painting thin, bloodless, religious pictures of ideal subjects. He became a monk, entered a cloister, and was thus lost to Danish art. A more lamentable loss was that of Adam Müller, whose career came to an end in Italy when he was barely thirty-three. He was the only one of Eckersberg's pupils who might be called ethereal, and was perhaps predisposed to artistic anaemia and impotence, for in his earliest work his soulfulness already seemed rather morbidly languid and listless. This, however, is vital and personal painting compared with the dispirited, characterless work that he produced in Italy after his lungs had become affected—faint echoes of Perugino and the earlier style of Raphael. Eddelien, like Adam Müller, lost his health in Italy, but he increased his artistic powers by his study of the Renaissance, which later stood him in good stead when he executed his best work, the ceiling of Christian IV's chapel at Roskilde.

Even if residence in Italy had, as we have seen, different effects on Eckersberg's different pupils, the general influence on the tendencies of Danish art was the same. To a considerable extent this influence is due to the contemporaneous German attitude toward Italian art. Not only while Thorvaldsen was living in Rome, but for several years after his return home, Danish artists continued to profit by the reputation that his great name had made for their country. They associated themselves with the Germans, learned their language, and eagerly took part in the gay artists' life of the cafés. One of the leaders in this intercourse was Ernst Meyer. He was born in Altona, and spoke Danish imperfectly; nor was the language he spoke with his brush genuinely Danish. He had hardly any of the peculiarities of Eckersberg's school; the mere fact that he abandoned his own country for practically the whole of his life was an incongruity in a school which had as its firmest foundation a strong feeling for home. But the scenes from the life of the Italian people which he sent back to the exhibitions in

A Roman Boy Brought to the Convent, by Ernst Meyer

Copenhagen none the less roused great admiration, and seemed to the younger Danish painters to set forth all the charms of Italy. They had a seductive beauty, an alluring playfulness, and a tinge of sentimentality, which were not unwelcome at that period. It was from these pictures that young men got their first conception of Italy, and when they later went there to paint, they chose subjects similar to his, and were predisposed by him in their interpretation. The rest—technique—they learned from the pure Germans. They learned from them to generalize nature so as to conform with the conventional conception of beauty. They also learned from the Germans to spare themselves labor by any convenient device. The Germans, for instance, taught them to paint from costumes instead of from living models, and to paint over a framework of outlines, drawn on the canvas, with the aid of color formulæ. Their naturalism

thus became afflicted with a half-heartedness from which they found it very hard to recover. Of those already mentioned, Roed was the only one who really did recover. Of those not previously discussed, there was one who never recovered—Sonne—but he properly belongs in a later category; and, strictly speaking, another—Marstrand—who is separately considered in the next chapter.

IV

MARSTRAND

WHEN Marstrand was very young, he was expected to become something of a Hogarth; it soon appeared, however, that his gift was not for satire, but for fun-making. His humor sprang from a heart that was pure and warm, and was therefore gentle and crystal clear. And as his heart matured, there flowed from it, also, a deep current of humanity which made the humor in his art delicate and appealing, while at the same time his awakening sense of beauty gave his work its outward dignity and grace.

Italy roused his sense of beauty. Long before he went to Rome he had adopted the familiar conception of the painters' ideal land of sunshine, common to all representations of Italian life by Northern artists. To their eyes, fascinated by the foreign aspect of a life which in those days still retained its national costumes and manners, it seemed like a carnival the year round. The carnival spirit was always in the air; they seized it, and it seized them. In their pictures they have shown us, as it were, Italy in masquerade; but of what was under the masquerade they rarely had very much idea, so they had little to say of it. Like all the other pictures of Italian life at that period, Marstrand's reproduce only the surface. Yet his stand out because, far more than other Northern paintings, they show a feeling for the plastic grace and rythmic movement of the human form. Marstrand acquired this from first hand study of the beautiful Italian race, and it so permeated him that it beautified and softened his whole nature, so that one would never suspect that the same artist had painted the coarse satires of his

October Festival, by Vilhelm Marstrand

Young Italian Chasing the Flies from a Sleeping Girl, by Vilhelm Marstrand

early youth and the sketches of The October Festival, The Sisters' Bed and other playful and charming pictures from his first visit to Rome.

In the following period, while he was living in Denmark from 1841 to 1845, Marstrand painted, among other things, a series of remarkable portraits. It is, however, his illustrations of Holberg that make this period an epoch in his artistic career. There can be no doubt of his congeniality with Holberg. Although Holberg was as far from being a painter as a poet well could be, Marstrand was more of a poet than most painters, and his poetic strain turned easily to laughter, which gave his attitude toward life something in common with Holberg's. He is one of the few men in modern times who have attained a real appreciation of comedy without feeling obliged to resort to caricature in the presentation of comic character. Even Daumier, of whom

The Lying-in Chamber, by Vilhelm Marstrand. From Holberg's Comedy

Marstrand often reminds us in his drawings, was more preponderantly a caricaturist. In Marstrand's illustrations of Holberg the interpretation of character is softened by humor, and the humor is elevated by the sense of beauty which never forsakes him.

From 1845 to 1848 he was off on another long journey, through Holland to Paris and back once more to Rome. None of his work has attained such popularity in his own country as the genre paintings that date from this journey. They by no means deserve their reputation. They show insipid taste, cheap prettiness, often recalling the simpering, coquettish painting of the German Riedel.

The sketches that date from the period of his second journey show no sign of any such deterioration. So slight, in fact, was the effect of the deterioration that on a subsequent trip to Italy he proved himself capable of more fresh and vigorous feeling than ever before. From this last journey one may date his complete emancipation, the final blossoming of his genius.

A Gondolier Giving His Hand to a Young Maiden,
by Vilhelm Marstrand

The new acquirements which he brought home with him had not taken shape as completed works in his portfolio. What he brought home was the courage with which he had been inspired to raise his art toward what he called "the higher regions." Venice, especially, seems to have fired him. In the presence of the great art of Titian and, still more, of Veronese, he had felt stirring within him the power for greater artistic achievements than he had hitherto attained. Something new appeared in his painting which evidently came from an expansion of his whole character. The first and most striking sign of it was in his increased productivity. Already industrious, he became prolific: an irresistible flood of paintings, sketches, and drawings flowed

The Prodigal Son's Return, by Vilhelm Marstrand

from his hand and spread out over the land. The next sign of the change was in his technique; the stroke of his brush or his pen became freer and bolder, his form and his line became more luxuriant, more sensuous, more exuberantly healthy. And as his sense of beauty developed, his humor developed also; like a ripple of laughter it spread out and swept over his paintings, in which he again and again turned back to Holberg, or to the afflicted hero of Salamanca, who is one of the most prominent figures in his great comic gallery. At times his spirits would ebb; especially in his old age he had many moments of gloom. The tide always quickly rose again, however, and then he would show how his heart could still swell with the very buoyancy of youth. This is best illustrated, perhaps, in some of his pictures of his home, of his wife, and his children.

The broadening of his character led quite naturally to the broadening of his field. He now justly earned the title of "historical painter," but not in the derogatory sense which

The Great Supper, by Vilhelm Marstrand

the term has acquired in our day. It was life itself, not dead history, that he painted, and painted in such a way that the boundary between historical painting and genre painting is often hard to define. In his religious pictures, too, one recognizes the genre painter; they owe their freshness to their close relation to actual life. This is especially noticeable in his greatest easel painting, The Great Supper (1869). Of all his beautiful compositions this is the most beautiful, and it is impossible to find a picture, although pictorially it is not one of his best, which so fully displays his finest and richest gifts. His great love for humanity in every walk of life palpitates in this picture, in which he has assembled all types, and his strong affection for the South is manifest in his choice of setting—an Italian Renaissance hall, with a table laden with Italian wine and Italian fruit, and guests who are the actual people of the Italian streets and lanes. Over all is a magical glamour, not produced by any illusion of beautiful color—for he was great only as a draughtsman, not as a colorist—but reflected from the luxuriance of his lavishly splendid and generous spirit.

Far from being quenched by years, his spirit shone constantly brighter and cast its light over new and wider regions. With the exception of landscape, which played an entirely insignificant part in his art, he painted almost everything. Much of his work was mediocre, but there is no need to dwell upon this fact. He concentrated his power on big things instead of spreading it evenly over lesser things. In his later years ample opportunity arose for the application of his powers to the solution of new problems in the development of monumental design. In his mural painting in Christian IV's chapel in Roskilde Cathedral, his grand and virile characterization of the King on board *Trefoldigheden,* the composition, otherwise excellent, has one fault: there is material in it for a dozen pictures. There is far greater economy of figures, colors, and perspective in his picture of the inauguration of Copenhagen University, and, judging by the sketches, his representation of the Parable of the Talents, which he unfortunately did not complete, for the Na-

tional Bank in Copenhagen, would probably have attained still more grandeur of style. The high degree to which he had developed himself as a painter in the grand style is best exemplified in his last design, for a colossal altar-piece; here we find the directness and simplicity which are the highest expression of artistic wisdom.

So far and so high had he won his way when he was stopped by death. He was in the full course of his most fertile development, for all his sixty-three years. If he had lived ten years longer, Danish art would have been richer by many masterpieces. There is little reason, however, to brood over what he had not achieved, for as it was he had achieved more than any other Danish painter. His production was not limited to his hundreds of paintings and painted sketches, but included also several thousand drawings, sometimes hastily and freely executed with a reed pen, his favorite tool, sometimes carefully worked up with India ink

Jeppe Getting Out of Bed, by Vilhelm Marstrand. From Holberg's Comedy

or pencil. In order to form an adequate idea not merely of his manner but of the whole volume of his production, it is essential to take his drawings into consideration. For only a small proportion of them are projects for paintings; by far the greater number—in fact thousands—are independent pictures, which he never executed in color.

Marstrand's capacity for making pictures by the thousand is what raises him above the many talented painters of the Danish school and distinguishes him as one of its few real geniuses. The comparison, often applied but almost always misused, of a painter's imagination with a kaleidoscope, applies to Marstrand, and applies better to him than to any other Danish artist. It was because of the truly kaleidoscopic play of his imagination that it could not only mould the material with which it was filled, but constantly remould it into new pictures, always greater than the old, till they attained what justly may be called the grand style.

V

THE EUROPEANS

MARSTRAND founded no school; he was not even a good teacher. His great example, however, encouraged a few of the younger artists to free themselves from the subjugation to nature imposed by Eckersberg, and to try a flight on fancy's wings to times and regions more remote. The example of the Germans in Rome had impelled the Danish painters in the same direction. The result was that about the year 1844, when Höyen, the historian of art, began his enthusiastic propaganda for a national Danish art in the spirit of Eckersberg but with a rather wider horizon, there rose in opposition a party whose tendency was the direct reverse—to give to Danish art a more generally European guise, with more liberal choice of subject and freer form of expression. This party was heterogeneous. It included in its ranks a few mere bunglers, but also some men of considerable professional talent, who might have become notable painters if they had only had a broader education as men and sounder training as artists.

Fru Jerichau-Baumann, born in Germany, was one of those who had great ability but very little solidity. Even such of her pictures as are entitled Denmark or A Wounded Danish Warrior are altogether un-Danish in feeling as in expression. Un-Danish, too, is her lack of moderation, especially noticeable in her glaring color effects. Most of her hasty work might be described by the title which she gave to one of her books—*A Motley of Travel-pictures*. "A motley of travel-pictures" might also be applied to the marines of Anton Melbye, which just because of their facile "inter-

Marine, by Anton Melbye

national" manner brought him temporary international renown. To a far higher degree than Eckersberg he had an eye for the dramatic aspects of sea and sky, but he frequently prompted sea and sky in their dramatic parts by introducing effects that were more artistic than nature's own. One of the great men of the past has said that art is inherent in nature—"Who grasps the one has grasped the other." Eckersberg held a similar belief as to the secret of art, and he held quite as firmly to his faith when he searched the sea horizon with his telescope; Melbye, on the other hand, believed that the secret was in the paint-box. Much the same may be said of his brother, Vilhelm Melbye, and, for that matter, also of Sörensen. The latter's pictures were usually brighter and more smiling than Anton Melbye's, and pleased the public because the light shone and gleamed out of them with the most fascinating effect, which he regularly produced by the lavish use of little white high lights. Another young marine painter, Neumann, was freer from routine. He was a better draughtsman, and made more notable use of his palette, but he was dryer and less at home on the sea than the others.

Two portrait painters, one of whom was also a genre painter, deviated from Eckersberg in their domain in much the same way that these marine painters had in theirs. Monies was the more distinguished of the two. Judging by the portraits which he painted in the late thirties, he was at that time very promising. Later he degenerated as a portrait painter, because he was content to cater to the unexacting public demand, and as a genre painter he showed throughout an unfortunate propensity to lapse into the unconscious humor of the vulgar. In one instance, however, his prosaic attitude gave way to a more sensitive perception—when he painted his rather sentimental but deeply moving picture of The Soldiers' Homecoming in the September Days. With Gertner, on the contrary, dullness was chronic. Completely unmoved, he recorded all that he saw with his frigid eye. At first his rendering had the sharpness and precision of miniature painting; later it became coarse, and raw and brutal in coloring.

The artists of the group we are discussing were generally liable to offences against color—for instance J. L. Jensen, who painted flowers, and N. Simonsen, who painted Arabs, Jews, Swedes, Italians, Spaniards, pirate and wreck-scenes, Bavarian landscapes, views of the desert, and endless other things, none of which he thoroughly understood. Another, Chr. Holm, who lived in Munich and was both a battle painter and an animal painter, was almost as versatile and no less superficial. The same might be said of Kjærschou as a landscape painter and of Schleisner as a figure painter; they are at the bottom of the scale. Lehmann, although a poor portrait painter, showed in a few pictures of Copenhagen society an engaging, half French charm of his own. N. F. Rohde, whose specialty was winter landscape, had a pleasant but rather tedious touch. Brendstrup, whose wandering life seems to have kept him from forming permanent and intimate associations with any place on earth, had a sense of decorative effect rather unusual in earlier Danish art. Another rather older landscape painter, Buntzen, in his youth led his class as a draughtsman, learn-

ing easily and quickly; but later his facility took the fatal form of learning nature by heart instead of continuing to study it. The most gifted, unquestionably, was Gurlitt, whose life and art, however, belong rather to Germany than to Denmark, which he left for good in 1843.

Such was the motley, ill-assorted company! All of them were more or less subject to European influences, but it is worth noticing that they were not influenced by the great progressive geniuses of the important countries, but by the commonplace, average art. They painted to produce pictures for the public, not to produce art. Höyen was no refined *gourmet* in matters of art; he was rather too fond of art cooked and served for home consumption. Still, he has the honor of being for many years the only critic who refused to accept this group of painters. For all his onesidedness, his general opinion was correct. In a few individual cases his opinion was incorrect, and in one case was utterly wrong. He did not properly understand (and perhaps did not properly know) the work of the landscape painter Kjeldrup, in whose pictures, despite their false coloring and mannerisms of execution, one occasionally finds really effective and intelligent painting. What seems more inexcusable from our modern point of view, he saw nothing whatever in Frölich.

This painter was equipped by nature with qualities not common among Danes. For one thing, he had an unmaterial mind, which took naturally to fancy. His fancy was no uncertain wandering, but a lofty flight; there was no need to fear that it might come to some bad end. His was a winged horse which found its way surely across the skies to the legendary world whence came the shapes that filled his imagination. It is easy to understand that a man with such a fortunate endowment would believe himself able to dispense with schools. Frölich had little to do with them in his youth, and later, nothing whatever. For a short time he was a pupil of Eckersberg, but no trace of Eckersberg is to be found in his work. He was no more than twenty when he left Denmark and settled in Germany, first at Munich and later at Dresden. He found kinship to his romantic dispo-

Will Edna Give Me a Kiss? by Lorens Frölich. Illustration for a children's book.

sition and his enthusiasm for the legendary past among many of the Germans of that period, especially in Schnorr von Carolsfeld and Ludwig Richter, both of whom influenced him strongly. From Richter he adopted the first form of his pictures for children, from Schnorr the first form of his saga-pictures.

It was in Germany that he learned his drawing; his painting he learned in France. As a painter, however, he never developed an independent palette, and he did not care much whether he did or not. Line appealed to his imagination far more than color. The weavings of his fancy were strange ornamental patterns of plant and animal life inextricably intertwined with human figures in some of the most luxuriant arabesques that the world has ever seen. At the time when Frölich executed for a French publisher the several thousand pictures for children which were to be the forerunners of his great series of world famous children's books, he was still able to compose without conventionalizing. It is the naturalness, not the art, that one admires in these books. His general talent for composition, however, soon developed into a special talent for decoration. A single ceiling-painting shows that he could have mastered the problems of monumental decoration, but for the time being he did no more work of this kind. The best of his unequalled decorative drawing went into illustrations for books, or sets of prints, especially etchings. This work was not merely decorative. Though Frölich sometimes went to the extreme of making the text accompanying his pictures into a sort of ornamental border round the drawing, skillfully printing the

Thor's Visit to Utgard. Etching by Lorens Frölich

letters with his own hands, he was far more than a mere embroiderer of pages. He had a sincere and mystically deep feeling for the world of myth and saga whose inhabitants his inspired pen or etcher's needle so memorably portrayed. In some of the greatest achievements, in a few of his most inspired pictures of the Northern legendary period, it certainly is hard to find any specifically Danish quality in his splendid imagination. At least it is not to be measured by any Danish standard. The fault may be rather with Denmark than with Frölich, and, if this is true, his place is not outside but beyond the evolution of Danish art.

While his star climbed slowly and did not reach its zenith till his old age, Carl Bloch's star turned pale with surprising rapidity after shining for a generation with a lustre hitherto unseen in the skies of Denmark, usually so devoid of marvels. Early in his career Bloch was designated the heir of Marstrand, and more than that, a painter of European magnitude. In his earliest paintings from the life of the common people his talent for dramatic narration became evident, and in those that followed his comic vein appeared. Then the very first pictures that he sent home from Italy proved that his pictorial power was unusual. A series of historical and biblical paintings of large dimensions further indicated a steady rise toward the highest standards of art, especially in his Prometheus, painted in 1865, and regarded as a great achievement, a sign that the nation was reviving after its defeat of the preceding year. Then came light-hearted genre paintings from Italy, and the first of the series of paintings for Frederiksborg, a number of portraits, a few studies of Copenhagen types, and in the midst of all these the Danish historical pictures, among which the painting of Christian II in Sönderborg Prison did more than any other of his works to make his name loved and honored.

Of course an artist must have marked ability to raise such a stir in the course of a dozen years. He did have the faculty, among others, of simple, unified composition, which makes a picture remain indelible in the memory. Besides, Bloch's coloring was stronger and more brilliant than any-

Christian II in Sönderborg Prison, by Carl Bloch

thing seen before. This was no trifling patchwork of studies from nature, but light and shade applied with an excellent eye for effect. This was the sure, purposeful work of an unusually clear and intelligent mind, with a masterful grasp of its problems. Lastly, here was a fresh spring of human emotion; such moving interpretation of suffering plainly rose from the deepest human sympathy.

The phenomenon, in fact, was dazzling. It was danger-

ous, however, to be a shining marvel, year in and year out, before the eyes of a public as easily dazzled as the Danes of that day. From the use of strong measures the step was short to the misuse of them. Bloch took the false step. He was given to strong, crude, almost aniline colors, too violent contrasts between light and shade, and excessive use of brilliant lighting, and although he loved the world's greatest color symphonist and tried his hand sometimes at Rembrandt's effects, especially in etchings, his results were cheap and coarse. His pictures too often shout in one's ear things better left to be guessed, to be inferred by the intelligence or the imagination. It was his misfortune that he so early made the whole public his public. He was forced to speak loud that all the deaf might hear; hence his gross and violent means.

Olrik had better taste. He was an eclectic who learned a certain academically external and impersonal form, first from Couture in Paris and later from the masters of the Italian High Renaissance. He became the amiable and correct portrait painter of good society, and finally, by mustering all his diligence, energy, and refinement, he achieved an equally correct altar-piece, setting forth the Sermon on the Mount, for the Matthæuskirke in Copenhagen. He also devoted his taste and his knowledge of style to the creation of lesser decorative works of many varieties.

Of very different stamp was a young artist who attracted a certain amount of attention in the late thirties and probably would have aroused a good deal more if Bloch had not at that moment cast even the best into the shade. To be sure, L. A. Schou showed nothing more than promise, but it was a greater and more reckless promise than is usually offered by the artistic youth of Denmark. Eager, nervous, passionate, he was unlike the phlegmatic Dane. His very first portraits, a series of young women with pride of race in their bearing and southern sweetness in their expression, were un-Danish. A worldly, gallant point of view, imposed by a romantic worship of women, makes them distinct in style and manner from all other Danish portraits. Con-

Portrait of the Artist's Grandfather, by L. A. Schou

temporaneous work of another kind marks Schou as a former pupil of Marstrand, but the differences between him and his master are so great as to be noticeable. There was something of the falcon in the younger man; even before his fancy took flight his eye for the actual was as piercing as the falcon's.

In 1864 he went to Rome, and in that year and several following he gave brilliant proof of his great qualities in a series of big genre paintings, in which, however, he did not succeed in getting very far away from his studies of his

Scene from Ragnarök. Sketch by L. A. Schou

models. He attained his greatest heights in the preliminary sketches that he made for a great cycle of scenes from the Ragnarök myth. It is natural that in the hands of a "European" like Schou the figures of Norse mythology should have taken a form which was neither Greek, as it was with Freund, nor Northern, as it was with Constantin Hansen. Rather, there is something French about these drawings, which occasionally recall Doré. Yet they are more cleverly drawn than most of Doré's work, and almost the only thing Schou learned from him was to abandon himself to an imaginary world of swirling fire, like Doré's own. It was not anything distinctively Scandinavian in Norse mythology that attracted him; it was of no more value to him than a great many subjects from Shakespeare; he painted Orestes pursued by the Furies in exactly the same spirit that he drew the scenes from Ragnarök. All these were merely outlets for his imagination, which poured through his consciousness, agonizing and chaotic, and held him like a nightmare until he had given it definite expression. Here sits Hödr in a

lonely corner of the earth and waits for Ragnarök. Here Hermodr gropes his way forward toward Hel's throne in the underworld. Here Thor and his servant bind Loki with Narfi's entrails, while Skadi pins the venomous snake to the rock above his head, and Sigyn catches the poison. Here Hel with her dismal, silent train passes on a moonless winter night through the woods to Ragnarök, startling an owl and huge fantastic bats. Here Thor buries his hammer in the head of the Midgard Serpent, which spouts venom in his face. Here, finally, mountains reel, the sun darkens, the heavens catch fire as the battles rage on the ultimate day. All this and more Schou has set forth with a daring and a demoniacal passion unique in the quiet art of Denmark.

There are times, however, when it seems that death favors the moderate in art as in life. It overtook this prodigal in time to prevent further extravagances of fancy; it likewise overtook in early youth two others who might have helped to change the mood of Danish art from the small to the great. One was Harald Jerichau, who died when he was only twenty-five. Son of the German-born and German-trained Fru Jerichau-Baumann, taught by a French painter in Rome, living for a time in Turkey, for a time in Greece, for a time in Italy, he was to an unfortunate degree lacking in associations with his native land. There is something thin, superficial, and suggestive of stage scenery about his works, especially the best known of all, the big picture of the plain of Sardis, which makes them very unsatisfactory. Yet in the best of his landscapes and marines there is something of the touch of a really great painter, and of that Danish art has had far too little. The second, or rather the third, of the artists who died prematurely was Jörgen Roed's son, Holger Roed. It is of course impossible to say whether he would ever have been able to work up into paintings all the lovely ideas which he had time only to indicate in drawings and sketches. Possibly he might never have succeeded in modifying the form of the Renaissance masters—especially Rubens—whom he so admired, into a style answering to the needs of his own more unassuming character. But the mere

fact that a young artist who had such beautiful thoughts and such bold enthusiasms and so much sense of style and grandeur had actually obtained a hearing might well have been of high significance in the subsequent development of Danish art. For despite the efforts of the Europeans, Danish art was becoming more and more homely, just as the spirit of the country tended toward homely simplicity, a process which was considerably hastened by the national revival, under the powerful leadership of Höyen, in the period between 1848 and 1864. How the country was finally won over to the cause of art we shall see in the next chapter.

VI

THE NATIONALISTS

IN the years immediately preceding 1848 the impulse toward national unity, which, so to speak, constituted the very existence of Denmark in the forties, was eager to grasp anything that might be employed as a spiritual weapon. Even the artists were mobilized and placed under orders. They received their orders on the March day in 1844 when Höyen made his famous address "On the requirements for the development of a Scandinavian National Art."

"The man of the North," he said, "must first be understood in all his peculiarities; our senses must be sharpened for what is big and homelike in our natural surroundings, before we can hope to create a popular, historical art. . . . Nor is every trace of the olden times wiped out, even now after the lapse of centuries. . . . . The simplicity and boldness, the patriarchal life, with which we still meet in the fishing villages and the towns throughout Denmark. . . . . still throw an illuminating gleam on those bygone days. Yet —these figures are vulgar, their joviality is heavy, their sorrow devoid of dignity or grace. . . . but to him who looks beneath, whose sympathy does not merely skim the surface, to the real artist, there is here a rich vein of pure precious metal. Lay bare that treasure and it will shine in the eyes of all."

It seems that H. I. Hammer was one of the first to respond to Höyen's appeal. He had a responsive and poetic disposition, and there was much that he wanted to say, but soon after his first appearance he was rendered rather superfluous by Sonne, who had similar aims and found it more

The Sick Sleeping on Helen's Grave, by Jörgen Sonne

easy to express them. Sonne had gone on his travels at an early age and had completed a stage of his development in Munich, and therefore was less trained in the use of his eyes than Eckersberg's other pupils. On the other hand, he was more of a dreamer and a poet. When he returned, he seized the opportunity of realizing his youthful ambition to become a battle painter. He took part in both our wars, and painted battle scenes from them that were far more real than his earlier more purely abstract productions in the same field, although his treatment of the horrors of war was evidently softened by the idyllic background of the battles, the placid Danish countryside. His first contact with the life of the Danish people had thus been made. Already romantically inclined, he approached the life of the people from the romantic side of its natural surroundings. He gave vent to his love of mankind and his feeling for nature, not in a foreground and a background respectively, but in a single all-pervasive mood. He was most strongly attracted by the

bright Northern summer nights with their fluid mists and their melting sadness. It was under the sky of a midsummer night that he presented The Sick Sleeping on Helen's Grave. It was under the same sky that he painted The Minister Going to Visit a Sick Person Beyond the Hill.

The sureness of his coloring, so long as he was evaluating the veiled tones of the summer night, gave way to uncertainty when he tried to harmonize the colors of bright sunlight. He had no natural gift for form. Perhaps it is just because the painter makes so little impression in his pictures that the poet is so conspicuous in them. In many of his paintings of the life of the people there is something of the primitive folk-poetry, something of the deep simplicity and universality which springs from the complete ingenuousness of naïve hearts, and finds utterance in a form that is monumental though entirely artless. It is this same naïve monumental form that lends a special charm to Sonne's splendid sgraffiato pictures on the exterior of the Thorvaldsen Museum.

Danish art had acquired its first great dreamer and interpreter of moods; at just the same time it found in Dalsgaard its first great psychologist and dramatic interpreter, who was a real painter besides. In contrast to Sonne, who lived the best moments of his artistic existence under the open sky, Dalsgaard preferred to seek his inspiration indoors among the human beings whom it was his life's work to portray. He belonged to a period when national costumes were still worn and the capital had not yet despoiled the rural homesteads of their characteristic old-fashioned furnishings. He carefully collected studies of all these things, but not for the purpose of displaying them in his pictures as curiosities. He certainly did not fail to realize that these things had a picturesque value which made them worth his attention, but from the unobtrusive way they are introduced into his interiors it is plain they did not distract his attention from what was intrinsically human. The narration is consequently very forcible in Dalsgaard's pictures; often it fairly leaps out of the foreground at the beholder.

Dispossessed, by Christen Dalsgaard

For his time, he was almost too recklessly truthful. The sorrow in his pictures was in earnest, in bitter earnest, and nothing of the kind had been seen before in Danish Art, least of all among surroundings where people were accustomed to look for nothing except rustic idylls. He was himself of peasant birth and knew that life is not sheer sunshine in the country any more than it is in town. He left still life to Vermehren, he left Sunday scenes to Exner; what he preferred to describe himself was the stormy days which go straight to the bone and marrow of the strong and make the feeble droop and weaken. His penetrating eye—the eye of a psychologist, almost of a pathologist—probed to the bottom of profound human conflicts; it searched the souls of the unfortunates whom necessity drives from their homes as in Dispossessed, or for whom their own faith and trustfulness have set snares as in The Mormons. In default of other conflicts, there was always the conflict of love, and his pictures have given us poignant glimpses both of the love of parents and children and of the love of husband and wife. In most of these pictures love leads to sorrow and weeping, whether it is the hard-heartedness of parents or cruel death that separates the lovers. But tears do not flow in Dalsgaard's art, they only sparkle in the mourner's eyes. Sorrow does not tear the figures asunder; it devours them inwardly. Only rarely do we see one of the young women break down in the agony of love, and then there is always the mother's hand tenderly to stroke her hair, or the mother's shoulder on which she can lay her head. In his later love scenes, Dalsgaard struck gentler, milder, more harmonious chords. In these he pictured the young girl's longing and anticipation, waiting for her bridegroom, or reading a letter from her lover, or writing his name on a window pane; in the mood of these women, with their overflowing hearts and their hearts' secrets, there is often a sweetness like that of the lyrics of Christian Winther. Yet these do not compare artistically with the more bitter work of his maturer years.

Long settled and fast rooted in his post in a small pro-

A Visit to the Village Carpenter, by Christen Dalsgaard

vincial town in central Sjælland, far from the Jutland regions where he had collected his studies, he squandered the capital he had amassed till it shrank to almost nothing. Then, although his great power had been the heightening of dramatic illusion by deceptive rendering of material objects, he finally produced a series of religious pictures in which he so toned down the dramatic effects as to spiritualize them to the point of absolute unreality. These are mentioned here for the sake of completeness, not with the intention of disparaging Dalsgaard. The work of his maturity gives him a sure place in the first rank of Danish painters.

There is some question, on the contrary, as to whether Exner will eventually hold the place at Dalsgaard's side which has hitherto been assigned to him. To a certain extent he won men's hearts as no other Danish artist ever had.

but he succeeded by smiling his way into them, not by gripping them with any strong passion. Whereas life—harsh as it is in the pinched circumstances of the country districts—burned itself into Dalsgaard's consciousness, on Exner's its traces are faint, in so far as they are perceptible at all. It is only life in its gentlest aspect, child-life, which we can grant that he presented truthfully in his pictures. He was the first Danish painter to show a perception of the amusingly naïve side of children, but his achievement went no further than that.

He never had anything like the understanding of the peasants of Amager and the fishermen of Fanö that Dalsgaard had of the people of Salling Land. He remained a holiday visitor from Copenhagen, to whom country life seemed an ideal Sunday existence. One must realize his amiability, and also his habit of looking from his own very proper and pure point of view at everything which was not externally so clean that it glistened, in order to understand why every-

The Little Convalescent, by Julius Exner

thing that comes from his hand seems so extraordinary. It is not enough to say that the characters in Exner's painting are scrubbed clean, like the floors in his interiors; they are scoured and polished like the coppers and brasses on the walls. His art positively shines with unsullied youth and wholesomeness.

There was different stuff in Vermehren, and far more genuine. He was a man who could not get a close enough hold on life, and who consequently very soon gave up trying to grasp its movement or its fleeting moods, and made himself the painter of what one might call human still life. We need not discuss whether or not Vermehren, who later became the fashionable Copenhagen portrait painter, really felt himself bound by the heartstrings to the life of the common people, which he chose to paint in his youth; he certainly was not at home among the people in the way that Dalsgaard was. But the subjects that he selected from every-day life appealed to his eye as Dalsgaard's subjects appealed to his heart, and he went just as deeply into his subjects by means of observation as Dalsgaard did by means of emotion. He stands far below Dalsgaard in his human limitations, but he stands above him in his complete absorption in his work.

In this last respect he established a record. A sporting term may seem out of place in this connection, but it fits. He went in for observation as if it had been a sport, and found the sportsman's satisfaction in developing his special aptitude into a hobby. Neither in his Copenhagen interiors with one or two figures, however, nor in the long series of portraits that from about 1870 onward became his most useful form of production, did he succeed in maintaining the intensity which gives his youthful paintings of the life of the people, especially The Shepherd on the Heath, their place among the profoundest studies of primitive Danish character which our art has ever undertaken.

Such a spirit of enterprise, unfortunately, was not destined to endure among the older figure painters, nor could it propagate itself among the younger. It was lacking in Siegum-

The Shepherd on the Heath, by Frederik Vermehren

feldt, who took more delight in telling a jolly story, or a sad one, from the life of the people, with the help of several figures, than in earnest inquiry into individual character. It was also lacking in A. Dorph, whose popular pictures make less attempt to render an impression of actual nature than to set forth a rather thin-blooded idealist's ready profession of ideals. It was only in Hans Smidth, a rather younger artist, that the men who painted the life of our people realistically in the fifties found a continuator in the sixties. Right down to our own day he preserved and constantly developed a sense of character that in many ways compared with Dalsgaard's, and a sense of locality which recalled Blicher and lent unusual authenticity to his presentation of the aspect of nature in Jutland and of the temper of Jutland.

As has been suggested, here and there in these first illustrations of Danish folk-life we recognize a tone that accords with the tones of contemporaneous Danish poetry. This does not mean, however, that the painting of Danish life in that period was an art which had many points of contact

Sheep at a Barrow, by Johan Thomas Lundbye

with poetry and music. On the contrary, it was an art, like that of the old Dutch masters, which found its chief expression in realistic painting. When it is said in reference to this period that "the poets sang a soul of their own into nature, and the painters could not remain deaf to their song," it applies very poorly to the figure painters, and really fits only one of the landscape painters, the one of whom the remark was originally made, Lundbye. His extremely impressionable senses, early aroused by the national poetry, were infused with an ardent affection for his native land till they vibrated at the slightest touch of his beloved Danish nature. The sounding-board of his nerves might be described as humming rather than as singing, but in any case the humming never was silenced. It flooded his being with its rhythms and made even his technique rhythmical. His art is therefore poetry, even when it attempts no more than prose. It is not only among the prehistoric barrows which he loved so dearly that his mood is poetically exalted; the exaltation accompanied him wheresoever he fared in Denmark.

He is a greater master of line than of color. The poetic quality is far more manifest in his drawing than in his palette. What he loved best was Sjælland, with its long, gentle

Milking-place at Vognserup, by Johan Thomas Lundbye

ranges of hills or its wide sweeps to the far horizon. His heart, overflowing with goodness, made him the friend of animals, of flowers, and of children, and inclined him much more toward placid than toward wild scenery. The tinge of sadness in his disposition is distinguishable in his landscapes, but their tone is very rarely melancholy.

Like so many of the others whose work is treated in this chapter, he travelled in Italy and other countries, but on him, as on most of them, the effect was insignificant. By this time people went abroad when they were grown men in order to increase their knowledge, not, as they had at an earlier date, to lay or to relay the foundations of their development. More quickly than most, Lundbye found his taste for roving giving way to homesickness. There is a delightful drawing from the end of his journey, in which he has anticipated the joy of returning to his friends the animals at home. He has represented himself here, as he so often did before and afterwards, in the guise of one of the good "Nisser" or "little folk" of whose potterings about threshing floor and stable and pasture his own pursuits reminded him. Perhaps he

found rather too much solace in this resemblance, and was too prone to pottering about nature and art; perhaps he resembled his beloved fairy-folk in this, also: that the results he attained did not always correspond in their scope and significance to the amount of work he put into them. Yet why should we reproach him, for even the trifles that he has left us are rich in most precious Danish poetry, which hardly anywhere else in Danish painting has such easy, living flow as in the long, fine penstrokes of Lundbye's multifarious drawings.

A Lane at Vognserup, by Peter Christian Skovgaard

Though the process was not quite so effortless, one might say of Lundbye that he passively allowed nature to pluck the strings of his poetic soul. Skovgaard, on the contrary, actively penetrated into nature, searching it with his eyes in every direction. He preferred to look for a spot, whereas Lundbye preferred to scan a region. Consistently with this, he often missed the things in nature which do not strike the eye, the things which are in the air and appeal to other senses than the visual. Technically speaking, too, his com-

Scene in the Vejle Valley, by Peter Christian Skovgaard

mand of the air was weaker than his command of the earth. Atmospheric phenomena interested him very little, and when he did attempt to treat them, he did not master them. But everything that pertains to the earth, that grows on the earth, he knew inside and out, so far as form is concerned, as no other Danish artist has known them.

Scene from Ulvedalene in Dyrehaven, by Peter Christian Skovgaard

In the great majority of his pictures he showed nature at the moment when the sap was rising highest, at the utmost expansion of the leaves. In most of his pictures, too, he selected the most beautiful and fully-grown specimens—for example, he loved to paint the dome-shaped beeches of Dyrehaven in Copenhagen. Hence the trees in his pictures, if one observes them singly, often give the impression of mere repetitions of the same model. Some of his pictures of forests look more like pictures of parks. On the whole, however, this propensity was advantageous to his art, as it infused into his naturalism a little idealism, without which his work would have been devoid of temperament. For his passion for vegetation in its greatest abundance and vigor was everywhere bursting out through the surface of his art. This is most strikingly evident in his studies, which are usually better, artistically, than his finished paintings. Especially in his larger paintings there was an obvious disparity between the great scale of the picture and the exces-

At the Tea-table in Vejby, by Peter Christian Skovgaard

sively detailed brushwork with which he tried to get his effects. The versatility of his talent (which also showed itself in the fact that he was incidentally a distinguished portrait painter and a no less distinguished genre painter, and was invariably successful at decorative drawing) made it difficult for him to restrict himself to any one aspect of a motif while he was completing a landscape. None the less, even in the dryest of his large pictures, if one stands off at a distance one recognizes his big, generous disposition in the boldness and exuberance of the outlines, even though at closer range they disintegrate into an arid rendering of detail. In a few of his later pictures, evidently under the influence of Claude or Swanewelt, he showed an inclination to give free rein to his growing sense for the vast and solemn phases of nature. No one worthier than he has yet come forward to carry on the grand style which he thus introduced into Danish landscape painting.

Even though Kyhn, in some of his later pictures, strengthened his landscape by supporting it on a frame of big lines, he did not usually show any discrimination in his choice of motifs. The superlative abundance of his painting is due to the very fact that almost any kind of fragment of nature was to him a satisfactory motif. His love and his knowledge of nature were not limited by the boundaries of Denmark. With his rare faculty for entering into the spirit of foreign scenery, he painted pleasing landscapes of Italy and France, of Norway and Sweden. Had his hand been equal to his other attributes, he might have made a European reputation. Unfortunately, he had a real contempt for mere technique, and consequently, although he was a great artist, he never became a great painter. He was constantly painting in little dabs where what he needed was bold strokes, or else using bold strokes where he should have let his brush linger in order to obtain definition.

Of all the things that he loved in the course of his long life, in his later years he loved Jutland the best. In those last years summer was the season he preferred to paint, which was quite natural, as he followed in his old age the

Hillside Near Horsens, by Vilhelm Kyhn

example of his juniors and completed his pictures outdoors, but on account of his health he could not stay out during the inclement seasons. In his youth he had not submitted to any such restrictions. In those days he had been out at all seasons and all times of day in pursuit of the fleeting moods of nature. One can practically estimate Lundbye's

Summer Evening, by Vilhelm Kyhn

significance from a single painting, and the same is true of Skovgaard; it is otherwise with Kyhn. In any single painting of his it is easier to pick out his faults than to appreciate his qualities. One cannot appraise his greatness without considering his work as a whole. He had none of Skovgaard's plastic sense of form, none of Lundbye's rhythmic sense of line; further, his talent as an artist was no more restricted or specialized than his field as a landscape painter. What he had was a strikingly fresh, elemental, unsophisticated feeling for nature, of too wide a span to be contained in any one picture. It did, of course, have limits—it was more congenial to quiet, gentle nature than to wild and rugged. Still, it was much more inclusive than the feeling for nature in any other Danish landscape painter, and it was also deeper. It was not, like Lundbye's, pitched in the key of the songs and poems about Denmark and modulated to their rhythm; nor was it, like Skovgaard's, formally cultivated by other means. It was primitive and deeply original, like no one's else.

The fourth of the painters who brought landscape to its flowering in Denmark was Rump. He, too, was a painter of moods, but he had no such range of moods as Kyhn. He was more of a virtuoso, if the word may be used relatively, considering the undeveloped technique of Danish art in those days. He had a marked color sense, in contrast to Lundbye's sense of line and Skovgaard's sense of form. Of the seasons, which he treated in a well-known series of paintings, it was spring which most strongly appealed to his avid enjoyment of nature. He painted a few very pretty but not very wintry winter scenes; he painted a few autumn scenes, likewise very pretty, but rather subdued; he had greater success with summer sunshine on woods in full leaf. What he best understood was the budding forest in springtime, when nature is most lavish with balm for men's souls and bodies. In his vernal scenes one inhales the bright day over which the woods have as yet cast no shadow, the delicious newborn air, laden with fragrance from the earth under the trees. One revels in these delightful

Spring Landscape, by Gotfred Rump

sensations, because he, himself, has reveled in them, with senses continually so trained and sharpened that they had become more sensitive than most people's to such impressions. It is the genuineness of the coloring which produces the illusion in Rump's pictures of this type. There is something of the painter-virtuoso and something of the symphony composer about his work, which in a certain way anticipates a much later development of Danish landscape.

Associated with these four great discoverers and restorers of Danish landscape there was a little group of artists, of whom some had the misfortune to be born a few years too late to take their place in the first rank of the pioneers, while others had the even more deplorable fate of dying many years too soon, long before they could make themselves felt. There was the animal painter Dalgas, who was most closely related to Skovgaard and Lundbye, and like the latter gave his life in the war; he was a man of unusual talent, and if he had lived longer would certainly have freed his individuality from the influence of his colleagues as he had fortunately already emancipated himself from his

A Shepherdess, by Carlo Dalgas

previous subservience to the Dutch tradition. There was Dreyer, whose landscape sketches rank very high; his fresh studies often disclose a wonderful feeling for the moods of nature, and his full coloring recalls Rousseau, Français, or Daubigny. There was Frederik Krafft, little known, but the painter of a few pictures which testify to original and independent observation of light effects in the open, unusual for those days. There was the landscape and animal painter, I. D. Frisch, also a fresh observer, and a true artist. One might mention, also, the marine painter, Emanuel Larsen, among other reasons because he was one of those who died too young. Of those born a few years too late, Kölle practically repeated the discoveries of the pioneers, and therefore did not take the place in the first rank for which his attainments would have qualified him if he had been born a little earlier.

Vilhelm Pedersen occupies a unique position on account of his excellent illustrations of H. C. Andersen's fairy-tales. Any other contributions, outside of landscape painting or the painting of every-day life, in the period, were of little significance. The life of the citizens of the capital was humorously

portrayed by the talented dilettante, Fritz Jürgensen. Heinrich Hansen devoted himself to architectural painting; he was a fairly good painter, but rigid in his perspective, a virtuoso in the use of the ruler. Animal painting found few votaries. The best flower painter was Ottesen, whose Dutch manner bespeaks more industry than genius; he was entirely lacking in appreciation of the decorative quality of flowers. Nor were the professional portrait painters any better. They rarely produced anything more than a "good likeness."

After the abundant years that Danish art had enjoyed in the fifties and the early sixties, there followed lean years from about 1870. Those who had won the great victories rested on their laurels, if they were not already resting in the grave. The Charlottenborg exhibitions were filled by a crowd of epigoni, none of whom was capable of carrying the development any further. The man who most nearly approached Kyhn was Foss, who knew the Jutland country intimately, and was a conscientious pupil, but never a

At the River in Odense, by Dankvart Dreyer

At the Mouth of the River, by Janus La Cour

master. Thorenfeld, also a painter of Jutland, had more personality, but he never got over the stammering and stuttering stage in his expression. Of Skovgaard's successors, Aagaard may be mentioned; he had a certain knack of choosing effective subjects, but his execution was enfeebled by his diluted coloring and his finicky brushwork. A finer artist than Aagaard, and more of a nature-lover, was Hans Friis, but his enthusiasm, unfortunately, always evaporated long before he could bring his picture laboriously to completion. Then there was Fritz, who had a keen eye for the majestic beauty of the beechwoods, but who handled his colors so unskilfully that they looked like a snarl of woolen yarn. Far above these men stood Skovgaard's pupil, La Cour, who had a great talent for form and a fastidious taste, choosing subjects that lent themselves to strong lines and strong feelings; but he had a rather cold and reserved temperament, passionless or at least dreading to let himself go, which hampered him in his frequent attempts to show the violent, spontaneous outbursts of stormy

weather. On the whole, though, he was an artist whose careful, refined, finished pictures always were an ornament to the exhibitions—which cannot be said of many of the paintings of the period under discussion.

Such a period of stagnation as the early seventies has never been known before or since in Danish art. Three-quarters or more of the painting had become landscape. And what did it amount to? What there had been of inspiration, or at least of warmth, had sunk to tepid routine. Tenseness had been succeeded by the relaxation of all ardor and energy in the treatment of nature, to which for twenty years previous every effort of Danish art had been devoted. Debility had spread far and wide. Art had become a leisure occupation, a domestic pastime, a handicraft.

While Danish art was in this state, French art had made tremendous strides. On the one hand, there were the new requirements for the rendering of material objects imposed by the cry for "realism;" on the other, there were the fugitive color effects, which French artists felt bound to fix still living on their canvas. The term "impressionism" was already on men's lips. Both of these new methods demanded ability, especially in execution, of a degree undreamed of in Denmark. In France men had attained the necessary skill by various means, among others by a thorough study of the old Spanish masters, Ribera, and, particularly, Velazquez, "le peintre le plus peintre qui ne fût jamais." Thus a real, true art of painting had grown up in France with the emphasis on carefully worked-out color schemes, while in Denmark the painters were still content merely to cover the canvas with colors.

There were some people in Denmark, however, even before the Universal Exposition of 1878, whose eyes had been opened to the advantages to be gained by young painters from a journey to Paris. From 1877-1878 on, the city on the Seine became the meeting-place, as Rome had been before. For the second time Danish art was regenerated by contact with French. What David had been to Eckersberg, Bonnat was to be to Kröyer and Tuxen.

VII

THE COLORISTIC AWAKENING

A YEAR, a day, may be epoch-making. On closer inspection, however, the epoch which the year or the day in question appears to have inaugurated will almost always be found to have begun some time before. This is true of the period in Danish art of which the year 1878 is the apparent starting point. Tuxen, Kröyer, and their contemporaries were not the first Danish painters of that generation to seek the fructifying atmosphere of France. They had a predecessor in Bache, who had been in Paris in the late sixties. He had acquired there a technique which was broader and more powerful than what he had learned from Marstrand, and he had also learned to use his palette so that his art was much more striking in its versimilitude than the work of older painters. He was fond of painting dogs, cattle, and horses, and also did portraits and genre pictures, all with sound ability and at the same time with a spontaneous boldness and freshness which, we can easily realize, must have been bewildering in that period. He quickly met with approval, and he strengthened his early reputation by his really excellent painting, A String of Horses in Front of a Tavern, one of the best of Danish genre paintings. Soon, however, he became an official painter, that is to say, he allowed his talents to be made use of by influential outsiders instead of applying them according to his own judgment. He painted posthumous historical portraits and great heroic compositions for the National Historical Museum at Frederiksborg. These all

A String of Horses in Front of a Tavern, by Otto Bache

bear witness to his good head and his trained hand, and also to his patriotic heart, especially manifest in The Soldiers' Return to Copenhagen in 1849; but such pictures as these, on prescribed topics, of course, gave no indication of the bright future that awaited Danish Art.

Another predecessor of the generation of the eighties was Rosenstand. He began by modeling himself after Marstrand; he had something of his gift for narrative, but lacked his humor, so, when he tried to illustrate Holberg, he failed. He was a pupil of Bonnat, and brought back from Paris a trained European technique and a luminous palette. His coloring rapidly lost its lustre, but he preserved his brilliant technique, and this led him to emulate Marstrand in an attempt at monumental historical painting. Twice in succession he was the winner in competitions for the decoration of the Festival Hall in Copenhagen University, and the paintings he did for it, despite their lack of style, were distinguished by their naturalness and animation.

Bache and Rosenstand mark the half-way point between the old and the new in Danish art. For some years, Carl Bloch held a position similar to theirs. It remained for

From Juel Lake, by Godfred Christensen

two landscape painters to lead Danish art one step further in the purely pictorial direction. The more radical of these was Godfred Christensen. He painted a series of striking pictures, some of them quite pretentious, in which the colors had a luminous quality and the summer a sunny radiance hitherto unseen in his native country, but the swift, facile play of the brush over the surface of natural objects—land, water, and foliage—left untouched what was real and permanent in the subject. Zacho may be placed in the same category: a painter of more historical than intrinsic significance. He made a great sensation in 1881 with The First Snowfall and A Jutland Forest Scene, two big pictures of solid and obvious merit, but he, too, lacked depth in his attitude toward nature. In fact, he soon fell back into the ranks of the indolent followers of routine. It was not so with Niss. He had character; there was something vigorous and bluff about him that suggested autumn weather—and autumn was the season he most enjoyed painting. At first he used to make for the inland forest lakes of North Sjælland in October, but later some seafaring instinct in his bold nature roused him to go in search of autumn weather at its keenest and wildest, on the shores of the Danish seas,

The First Snowfall, by Christian Zacho

or even out on the high seas, and from these trips he brought home studies of the sea which were truer, saltier, than anything that the painters who specialized in marines were in the habit of producing. There is nothing in the work of men like Blache or Carl Rasmussen that can compare with these sea-pictures of Niss's later years, although Blache was a sailor and Rasmussen was a great traveler and painted interesting pictures of Greenland. Locher, who like Niss, exercised an invigorating influence on Danish art in the early eighties, was the only other man of the time who showed any such spontaneous—even crude—ability to transfer to canvas the freshness of nature.

The other members of this circle, in which Rud. Bissen may also be included, went no further. All had more power than delicacy, both in feeling and execution. For the honor of the profession they set upon nature with their fists, and often treated her brutally. None of them could draw much better than was necessary for household purposes, but they were out to paint—never mind about drawing! Fortunately the leading figure painters were men of far finer calibre, and had acquired—first as pupils of Bonnat and later through all sorts of other influences, direct and indirect—the funda-

Sunflowers, by Thorvald Niss

mentals of that formal training which was so woefully lacking in the landscape painting of the time.

Tuxen was the earliest to show the good effects of formal training. He was intelligent, tractable, and persistently diligent. He quickly developed great technical skill, and when he astonished the artistic world of Copenhagen with his brilliant Susanna in the Bath, in 1879, he seemed destined to great achievements. A treasury of precious possibilities appeared to stand open to him. The curse that lay on him was that he did not really know what to do with all this wealth. With no other focus for his artistic character than an interest in the pictorial, so many-sided that it lacked definite direction, he lavished his riches on subjects

Susanna in the Bath, by Laurits Tuxen

about which he did not specially care. Finally he took to squandering them on enormous paintings, crowded with figures, of court festivals at home or abroad. He deserves far more gratitude for his generosity as one of the founders and supporters of the free schools which made it possible for young artists to partake of his great hoard of knowledge, for in this way he unquestionably contributed largely

Italian Hatmakers, by Peter Severin Kröyer

to the development of Danish art—just as another aimless painter, Schwartz, took part in the education of the younger generation as a teacher, and did his best work in that capacity.

The man, who, more than any other, had the power to inspire and fascinate by the example he set, was the master, Kröyer. He was almost a master when he was only a student himself! He was almost a master of character

delineation when, at twenty, he painted his Fishermen at Anchor in Hornbæk; almost a master of draughtsmanship, form, and execution when, barely thirty, after he had studied under Bonnat and had been influenced by Velázquez, he painted his Gipsy Quarter of Granada and his Sardine Packing. He was at last a true master-painter when he produced the great work of his youth, the already classic Italian Hatmakers, which aroused a storm of both praise and blame at the Exposition of 1882.

With the drop that hung threateningly from the nose of the poor emaciated hatter, Kröyer's naturalism had squeezed dry both nature and naturalness. It was that same drop that made the cup of scandal overflow and accordingly loosed a flood of abuse against the artist, like that which France had poured out upon Courbet's famous Stonebreakers. It was truly remarked in Germany that the two pictures had the same relative significance in France and in Denmark. Courbet's picture, one should remember, was painted thirty years earlier. So far had Denmark been left behind in the race of European development, when Kröyer, with one giant stride, made up the distance.

He was capable of still more. In the next few years he overtook French art on one of the main paths of development which it had been following since Courbet's day. Like Courbet, he took up the most difficult problems of coloring: artificial light, and the conflict between it and daylight; the reflection of sunlight on summer evenings; and the direct light of the sun, itself, when it is at its highest and has routed all shadows. This last problem, especially, interested him more and more. He did not himself derive much benefit from such experiments, but at that juncture they were of great advantage to our painting. One may even criticize him for going to extremes in the attempt to banish all shadows from his paintings, and for disregarding the danger to which his eagerness for light subjected him of breaking up all his forms. He thus weakened many of his later paintings. This does not, of course, detract from his his-

Fishermen on the Beach at the Skaw a Summer Evening, by Kröyer

torical position as the first artist who consistently practised open air painting in Denmark.

Many of his most popular works fall within the wide field of open air painting; his summer evening pictures of fishermen on the Skaw; his summer day pictures of the same scene with children bathing. He was also active in most of the other fields where a painter can gather material directly from life. He painted genre pictures and interiors and even flower pictures, but he was especially fond of painting portraits and big groups. Geographically, also, his range was inclusive. He had an atelier in Copenhagen, another on the Skaw, a third in Italy, and in his later years he often went to Paris to rest. Yet, in nearly all his diversified work, it is easy to recognize the common feature which connects all of them with his personality.

Born with the most fortunate artistic endowment, born to triumph without any great struggle, from the outset smiled on by life, he remained a lover of all that was smiling in life. Lover of light and hater of shadow as he was in life, he was also in his art. Everything that lived and

Music in the Studio, by Kröyer

breathed in the air and the light he saw in its pictorial relation and pictorially beautified by the atmosphere. This does not imply that he lacked appreciation of what was human. In a few of his portraits he went further in this respect than one might expect, and again in his big groups, of which Music in the Studio was the first, not only was the likeness good, but the characterization was often animated. The important thing to Kröyer, though, was always the pictorial effect. In Music in the Studio one does not so much see the figures as divine their presence through the gathering clouds of tobacco smoke and dusk. In his picture of The Committee for the French Art Exhibition the subject was spiced for him by the addition of a difficult lighting problem, the conflict between lamplight and daylight; the painting of The Scientific Society was likewise transformed by Kröyer into a pictorial problem requiring the utmost skill, for he painted the scene in the glimmer of a great number of separate lights. When it came to The Members of the Exchange,

The Committee for the French Art Exhibition in Copenhagen in 1888, Sketch, by Kröyer

he could not think of any pictorial arrangement, and therefore his picture of that body is the least interesting pictorially, although as a collection of portraits it is perhaps the soundest and strongest of the series. There were dangers which threatened Kröyer more and more in various ways as time went on. He was exposed to one danger from the very start by his hand, which tempted him to make a game or a form of amusement out of his work. A greater danger arose from his light-loving disposition, which tempted him to deviate from the straight path of the painter, especially when he was traveling under the southern sun—as we have already pointed out. This was bad enough, but what was more serious, it made him too volatile and fond of pleasure as a man, and gave him a tendency toward sweetness and sentiment such as we find, for instance, in his painting of himself and his wife on the shores of the Skaw on a summer afternoon. If he had lived more constantly in one place, and had thereby got a firmer grasp of some one kind of subject, Kröyer might have maintained even longer the

Will He Clear the Point? by Michael Ancher

The Sick Girl, by Michael Ancher

position which he held for a number of years as the leading painter of his native country.

It was certainly by means of a permanent residence and a firm grasp of one kind of subject that some of his best contemporaries attained their strength, notably those who settled down on the Skaw. One of the earliest and best of this group was Ancher. As a painter he had a hard road to travel, for to start with he had neither an eye for color nor a light and easy hand; it was pertinently remarked of one of his early paintings that it looked as if it had been "painted in mittens." But he had a marked gift for composition and a lively sense of character, and thanks to these he won his first success, in 1880, when he exhibited Will He Clear the Point? What was in those days power and breadth such as had never been seen, no longer looks very broad or powerful. Ancher fortunately made great prog-

A Calm Summer Evening at the Skaw, by Michael Ancher

ress after that, keeping pace with the times as a first-hand observer of the effects of atmosphere or color. His first advance in this respect was due to the influence of his wife, Fru Anna Ancher. Her work in contrast to his open air painting, was indoor painting. He followed the Skaw fishermen on their venturesome expeditions away from home; she sought the women or the old men at their domestic occupations. As each of them went his separate way in search of subjects, each also went his separate way in the treatment of them. She was especially interested in the inner life of her figures, while he was fond of representing dramatic situations. He frequently laid on hard and heavy; she had a naturally light touch, and whatever came from her hand was always perfect in its way. When she was only twenty-two, she exhibited The Gull-pluckers, a painting which is masterly both in narration and in execution. The old man who here sits bent over his work with a quiet smile, had been used by Ancher a few years before as the model for his Laughing Old Man. That was solid, vigorous paint-

The Gull-pluckers, by Anna Ancher

ing, close to nature, and close, too, to Frans Hals in its liveliness and humor. Fru Ancher's treatment of the old man is more subdued and more distinguished. Ancher liked to make his figures address the spectator; in his work there is a whole gallery of figures who are laughing at the beholder, talking to him, or looking at him. Fru Ancher's figures usually are leading a life of their own, unconscious of the fact that they are being painted.

For this reason, among others, her taste seems more delicate than his. This refinement of taste, which in its higher development is perhaps a feminine instinct rather than masculine, in her art finally encroached on things more essential. Tempted by her delicate taste for color, she elaborated the already rather banal modern tonal scale by placing in juxtaposition numerous shades of the same color, and her experiments in this direction seem to have deadened her feeling for the human, which was originally the fundamental quality of her work.

Her husband's painting, in contrast to hers, has remained emphatically masculine. Ancher, it seems, has more virility than modern painters usually have. An evidence of this is his strong will, which he shows not only by the way in which

he constantly defies and frequently conquers difficulties, but by the pleasure he takes in putting himself to unnecessary trouble, for instance when he repeatedly undertakes vast canvases with several, or even many, life-size figures. Another evidence is the fact, not altogether accidental, that almost his first artistic enthusiasm, and certainly the one that determined his artistic career, was for such people as the Skaw fishermen. The most explicit testimony of all is his understanding of the outward signs on these men of their manly strength and courage. Though Ancher is by no means ignorant of the use of style and the various artifices which produce monumental effects (see for example his dignified full length portrait of his wife), it is not by such means that he so often succeeds in making his fishermen true monuments of manliness. He has simply emphasized their manliness in accordance with his own manly instinct and sympathy, and in so doing he has not only raised them to the level of heroes, but has at the same time brought out his own character as the man among Danish painters.

Old Houses at the Skaw, by Viggo Johansen

The Children's Bath, by Viggo Johansen

Viggo Johansen, too, is a man, though of a rather different type: his position in Danish art is that of the married man, the man of family. He began, as a pupil of Roed, with a remarkably firm and sure treatment of form. It was not until much later that he took to travelling. Yet he had as much share as a good many of the men who had learned to paint in France in the inauguration of the movement toward a fresher and more colorful treatment than had hitherto been usual. His effort in this direction was put forth in a few big pictures of striking still life subjects. Johansen's long series of pictures of his own home life began with A Bedroom Scene and The Young Mother as a Patient. In these paintings his treatment of the subjects constantly varied, but his emotional relationship to them was always the same. Later he went in for portraits, still life, and landscape, and he is one of the figure painters by whose help this last branch was revivified as it could never have been if left to the professional landscape painters. Johansen did landscapes of the Skaw, of Tidsvilde, and especially of Dragör, with

Evening Party, by Viggo Johansen

clear and simple motifs, but offering complicated problems to him, because of the stress he laid on the phenomena of lighting. In handling such problems he distinguished himself among the very greatest, but it is as a painter of home life that he stands superior to all. At an early stage he transferred to his studio painting the knowledge he had acquired in the open air of the effects of atmosphere on color, and with his highly developed technique he was able to make light and air wrap and enclose everything and everybody in a room, as they do in reality. Far from weakening the effect of life in his interiors, this enhanced it and made it more convincing. Looking at one of Johansen's interiors, one always has the startling sensation of suddenly and unexpectedly bursting through the door into the privacy of his home. There stands the mother by the washstand in the bedroom, carefully drying her hands, absorbed in her contemplation of the little boy who lies asleep in her big bed. There she sits, in the twilight, by the stove, telling stories to the children. There are the children

sitting round the table in the afternoon, deep in their lessons. Here one is an inadvertent witness of the weekly bath in the nursery. Here one steps into the intimate family circle on Christmas Eve, while the children are dancing and singing around the lighted tree. Here, on another afternoon, one has dropped in just as the friends are assembled and the chatter over the toddy is as lively as no one but Johansen could make it. Or there is a real "party" in the house with lots of lights and silk dresses and white shirtfronts, and it is already "after supper," so that one feels a little foolish to be breaking in upon them all. Thus the artist has kept open house for every one, and has given every one the pleasure of seeing what a good time one can have at home, if only one has the gift for it, and the right kind of heart.

While Johansen was thus a continuator of the distinctively Danish tradition of intimate relationship between the painter and his subject, and maintained that relationship more closely than any one else, he was also an artistic innovator, one of the few of his generation who made the step over to impressionism. There was only one man of that generation who was more impressionistic than he. That was the animal painter, Philipsen. Few men have had such powers of assimilation. Not only did he appropriate the discoveries of the French impressionists, such as the decomposition of color, but also certain directly opposite tendencies, such as the old Dutch masters' feeling for the effect of line. Despite all this, however much he assimilated from abroad, he managed to remain so Danish in his point of view that he sometimes reminds one of Lundbye, although he differs from Lundbye in that he is an inferior draughtsman and a better painter. He thought his four-legged friends fortunate in their existence in God's free world, or rather in that good morsel of it which goes by the name of Saltholmen. He himself loved nature, and especially that special place, where there is a wide sky and a clear sun and plenty of room for the weather. His robust person found intense physical satisfaction in these surroundings; this communicates itself to his pictures and is the underlying

Shipping Cattle, by Theodor Philipsen

cause of their freshness. It could not, of course, have communicated itself in default of the proper means, but in this respect he was better equipped than any one else. No one else could get such intensity in the light, such clearness in the shadow; no one could compete as he did with the sunlight effects of nature itself; in fact, with his tendency to exaggerate color, he was rather inclined to outbid the unified effects of nature. Thanks to such a dazzling yet always harmonious palette and a feeling for country which was in no way inferior to his feeling for animals, this animal painter developed himself into one of the best landscape painters that Denmark can claim, the best of all, perhaps, at depicting wind and weather.

Still more dazzling, externally—at least, when he first attracted attention—was another painter of animals, Therkildsen, a very able but rather matter-of-fact artist who has remained true to the promise of his youth, and whose name will endure among those associated with the coloristic revival in Danish art. Among these names we may also

count that of the German-trained Bertha Wegmann, known for a series of accurate and life-like portraits; that of Brasen, who seriously devoted himself to almost every kind of painting—animals, genre painting, portraits, and landscape; of Schlichting Carlsen, whose spotty brushwork gave very impressionistic utterance to his vivid sense of the green luxuriance of summer. In the same connection one might mention Thiele, who, although older, shared the aims of the younger men; Anna Petersen, whose virile feeling for character made her for a brief period one of the strongest and crudest naturalists of the time; another gifted woman, Sofie Holten, who likewise was for a few years a doughty champion of the cause. In this group of painters, who felt themselves bound together in the great and inspiring task of improving the pictorial side of Danish painting, we may finally include two artists whom it would otherwise be dangerous to classify, because in their wider development they became too eccentric to be included in any definite category. The first is Hans Nik. Hansen, whose first bold ventures as a painter appeared in the agitated period of the early eighties. We refer especially to From a Graveyard and The Woman on the Heath, paintings whose revolutionary technique (using the palette knife and laying the paint on very thickly) no longer seems as noteworthy as it did then, but which have abiding value because of the pathos they attain in their narrative. This gifted artist never succeeded in producing the great work that was expected of him as a painter, but as an illustrator and as an etcher he found fluent and happy expression for the wealth of romantic imagination which is his most characteristic and personal gift. The collective impression one gets from the illustrations and prints which set forth his talent is that of an eccentric and lyric artist who would be without a counterpart had it not been for the existence of Zahrtmann.

This notable artist played a different part in the development of the color sense in Denmark from that of most of the other leaders. Whereas the others were more or less objective in their coloring, seeking to reproduce accurately the

The Mystic Wedding in Pistoja in the Year 1500 Outside of S. Pietro, by Kr. Zahrtmann

colors of nature itself, he was emphatically subjective. He did not neglect the study of natural coloring, but that was not in his mind an end in itself; it was only a means of testing his own inward and personal perception of color. For in contrast to all the others, he had the rare gift of color imagination, and color imagination of a most unusual kind. Nature, by some odd caprice, had mixed something Oriental into the spirit of this man from Bornholm. There was a suggestion of the Orient in his plump and impassive figures; there was a strong Oriental element in his gorgeous palette, his revelling in sheer color, which in the North in the eighties, neurasthenic in its color sense, had the effect of a block of stone from the Alhambra or a piece of Persian pottery set down in the midst of Royal Copenhagen porcelain. His pictures rarely lacked unity of tone, but this was not because he used a single color as medium, as the others did, but because he used many pure colors in a mosaic-like arrangement which when seen at some little distance merged into a

Leonora Christina in Maribo Convent, by Zahrtmann

single tone. The constancy with which he maintained this unfamiliar attitude toward the question of color, despite the prolonged indignation of all good people at such obvious folly or such impudent affectation, gave to Zahrtmann a twofold influence on our art. In the first place, he had a general moral influence, for his example encouraged many others to be themselves and themselves only. In the second place, he had a specific influence, because his pictures enabled a lot of decadent neurasthenic eyes to stand the shock of a strong dose of color, and stimulated the enjoyment of color in our painting. His many pictures on subjects from Italy, in which he let his color imagination revel in that bright-hued

Leonora Christina Leaving the Prison, by Zahrtmann

country and renew itself after being shut up in the studio and spend itself in creative exertion, were especially effective as propaganda. It is in any case Zahrtmann, and not any of the men like Kröyer, who had the most important effect on the perception of color among most of those who later attempted paintings of the South.

Even more remarkable than the painter of this long series of Italian pictures, in which there gleam and flash and sparkle and shine so many colors and such intense joy of life, was the artist in whose best paintings, of Leonora Christina, a strange deep soul glimmers with a dull fire of its own, casting in the shade its precious setting of colors. From the time when, in his youth, he painted Aspasia, and instead of painting her beauty he painted the ruins of her beauty—for he conceived of her bereaved of her lover and of her son—Zahrtmann read history in a different way from most men,

The Death of Queen Sofie Amalie, by Zahrtmann

with more fancy and more vision. It was the same with the story of Christian IV's unfortunate daughter. His conception of that sublime figure was founded far more on a naïve emotional sympathy for a spirit such as hers than upon any rational understanding of her time or her history. He drew on the period for whatever appealed to his eye in the way of costumes, furniture, and other accessories, but he made no attempt at historical accuracy. Perhaps it was just because he knew a great deal about such things that he frequently took liberties with them. He liked to take liberties, and was not above coquetting with his reputation for being—and his right to be—unlike every one else. Besides, he liked to

Portrait of the Organist Mathison-Hansen, by August Jerndorff

paint anything that made good people wonder whether it was in jest or in earnest; he steered close to parody and did not shun even burlesque. His eye found equal satisfaction in things of the most contrasting natures. He loved painting flowers, but he also loved painting boils as in his Job. His enthusiasm was the real secret of his art, lack of restraint its most profound characteristic. He revelled in exuberant bodies, exuberant lines, exuberant light effects, colors, materials. That is merely the outward exuberance. The inward exuberance, the pathos, such as we see, for instance, in his pictures of Leonora Christina, depends no less on exuberance of heart than on exuberance of eye and senses. Added to this, he was so fortunate as to have a positively gluttonous energy and capacity for work. It is easy to understand that from his pictures, at their best and strongest, there

issued upon Danish art a hot and steaming breath such as had never before been known. It came from a man who was boiling over.

It is easier to find any number of men who were his opposites than to find one who registered a temperature approaching his. One can name Jerndorff, who offers a contrast to Zahrtmann in that he had neither the courage nor the resources essential to a man who wishes to paint only what he likes. Especially in his later years, Jerndorff became one of those whom the authorities preferred to employ, and employment on official portraits, painted to order, unfortunately monopolized one of his many talents and limited the activity of the others. If one holds him up in opposition to Zahrtmann in the matter of warmth, that does not mean that his work was devoid of temperament. Only he had an entirely different temperament, one which was as restrained and delicate as Zahrtmann's was unmanageably violent. Caution, in his gentle character, was so pervasive that it overflowed everything that came to his hand. There was something pious and resigned in his nature which made duty a pleasure to him, and from his perfectly honest, soberly veracious and thorough portraits there never breathed the

View Over the Bay at Bästad, by August Jerndorff

The Mermaid, by Jerndorff, Drawing for the Pictorial Work "Troldtöj"

sigh of the dreamer, whose presence one sometimes suspects behind his landscapes, but whom one would never really know unless one were familiar with his drawings. It is through his Troldtöj and his illustrations of folk stories and folk songs that one recognizes in Jerndorff an artistwith a capacity for enthusiasm and imagination, not to mention his vigorous decorative sense, which makes one deplore his almost exclusive devotion to portrait painting.

Jerndorff was conscientious and competent as a colorist, but he was not one of those who showed genius in this respect. As a draughtsman, however, he was much more modern than the painters who maintained a closer relationship with the old Danish masters and preserved certain of their best features: a certain lovable quality in their treatment, a tenderness for the gentler side of life together with a distaste for the bitter, and an affectionate attention to detail. These traits persist in the work of such landscape painters as the refined and noble Kabell, such figure painters as Haslund. The latter at times retained something of Roed's coloring, and no one can make much sensation in an exhibition by such means in our day. Yet whether he painted landscapes or animals, portraits or genre pictures, he often attracted those who were sensitive to the gentle appeal to the heart which spoke most eloquently from his pictures of child life.

The same kindly appeal, sometimes more movingly phrased, sometimes, one must admit, with a tone of senti-

mentality, was repeated by Carl Thomsen. He preferred to deal with the past that is recent enough to have survivors at the present day, and therefore lingered over the old-fashioned Danish parsonages, with their summer holidays and their winter life which he depicted, especially in a series of drawings, with great fidelity to his characters and to the surroundings that moulded them. Of the other "narrative" painters of the same generation, Helsted was a penetrating psychologist, and as much may be said of Engelsted. Helsted painted comic genre pictures of Italy half or wholly satiric; very entertaining, but rather too large, pictures of bourgeois life, such as The Town Council and A Deputation; and, finally, very serious-minded religious pictures whose effectiveness is greatly reduced by their dry and meagre technique. Engelsted, who began very promisingly with Copenhagen genre pictures, had difficulty later in finding his field and his form. A third, Irminger, managed better,

Concert in the Studio, by Otto Haslund

A Deputation, by Axel Helsted

although he also tried his hand at every kind of painting, despite his very limited command of artistic means. In his early years he painted dragoons; later, beggars, cripples, and palsied people; then, scenes from a hospital for sick children; then he suddenly surprised the public by becoming an enthusiastic painter of healthy children and fresh young women. He was always a successful narrator, but his pictures were frequently tinged with sentimentality. His most virile work is in a few portraits which he has completed in recent years. There is nothing of the subjective warmth that pervades the work of Carl Thomson and, still more, of Irminger, in the pathetic or humorous pictures of Frants and Erik Henningsen. Among the many distinguished prose artists and the smaller number of poets who have contributed to Danish art, these two seem like a pair of clever journalists. Their rôle has been that of brisk artistic reporters in the Danish capital. It is all the more natural to think of them as wielding the pen instead of the brush, because they both have done a great deal of pen-drawing, and even with the brush their work has been drawing rather than painting.

In a different, more purely satiric spirit, and in the unpretentious form of mere illustrations, the life of the capital has been portrayed by two clever draughtsmen, Alfred Schmidt and Thies, and, somewhat earlier, also by Tegner, who was an excellent illustrator of Holberg but rose superior to this field and branched out into all kinds of decorative drawing. As has already been suggested, the life of Copenhagen streets has for the most part offered very little attraction to the more recent Danish painters. The same is true of family life indoors, which so often supplied the earlier artists with excellent subjects for paintings with numerous

Interior with Figure, by Carl Holsöe

figures. In place of these, interiors with only a single figure, or with no figures at all, have become usual. Among those who have painted such interiors was P. A. Schou, who brought back from France an unusually delicate and highly-trained color sense; another was Achen, who also produced sound and capable work in other fields, such as landscape and portrait painting. Then there is Ilsted, whose brushwork is rather slight and insignificant, but who has much delicacy of coloring as a painter and great skill as a color-etcher. Then again, there are the brothers Holsöe, who are most meticulous in their rendering of old furniture and of the subtleties of close indoor atmosphere. Karl Jensen is an artist of distinction who has painted a few landscapes of high merit, but has distinguished himself chiefly as one of the few who has cultivated interior architectural painting from the purely pictorial point of view, and has not devoted himself too ardently to ruler and compass and problems of perspective.

The special and supreme representative of interior painting, however, in recent Danish art, was Vilhelm Hammershöi, who unfortunately died prematurely. Even in a few imaginative pictures by this remarkable artist the space and atmosphere behind the frame is not more densely filled than in his interiors with the mist which shut him off from life and made him see everything toned down to various shades of grey. Unquestionably his eyesight was affected by a color neurasthenia, which took the form of a distaste for pure color. But a peculiarity of eyesight would scarcely have contributed such a spiritual quality if it had been merely a matter of taste, and not an expression of his soul. Deeply ingrained in his nature was an aristocratic, aloof, solitary attitude toward life, a dread of everything more luxuriant than the simplest and most Spartan existence, which he himself lived in his own quiet rooms, rooms that, like a Northern counterpart of Des Esseintes, he decorated in the few tones which could supply the only color harmony his sensitive nerves could bear. Through these rooms a silent little woman occasionally passed. She was allowed there because her dark dress made such a good contrast to the walls and

Interior with Figure, by Vilhelm Hammershöi

doors. The same function was fulfilled here and there by a single mahogany frame, an old escritoire, an old cupboard or table. It is in a special sense, and only for lack of a better word, that one speaks of "contrast" between colors in Hammershöi's work. Into the play of grey and white tones which form the dominant harmony of his pictures, other colors ventured shyly and only in small fragments; Hammershöi's brush, always tentative and hesitating, was never more disspirited than when called upon to apply such a particle of color to his canvas. When the color was at last actually on

Portrait of a Young Girl, by Vilhelm Hammershöi

the canvas—one recalls, for instance, a yellow bedpost, wonderingly and apologetically intruding itself upon the unanimously grey and whitish tones of a simple little interior—it seemed to be still trembling from some powerful agitation, and in fact it was trembling in the most agitated mind, or at least in the most peculiarly sensitive soul, in all Danish art.

Interior painting, however, was not Hammershöi's only field. In his youth he gave vent to his *mal de siècle* in a Job's Complaint. Later in Artemis he found expression for the continuance of his suffering, and for his yearning for beauty and his somnambulistic longing for a remote and

misty land of dreams. From the time when, still very young, he painted the sorrowful picture of his sister, he used portrait painting as a means of relief for his own feelings, and later he uttered the melancholy of his soul in landscapes with great sweeping lines under vast grey skies, or else in the heavy grey masses of beautiful old architecture, whose subdued aspect, like his own subdued art, is a silent protest against all the glaring and staring bad taste of modern times.

There is nothing un-Danish about Hammershöi, in fact it is easy to recognize something genuinely Danish in his sadness, his renunciation of the world, the melancholy and weariness of his nature. But in the perception of beauty neither Danish painting nor Danish poetry has ever offered anything like his faint and ailing soulfulness. Danish literary art in its highest achievement has been able to vie with Danish painting; in fact the greatest master of language, J. P. Jacobsen, produced pictorial effects with words before the painters had attained any corresponding success with colors, and in so doing he exercised an undoubted influence on both the older and the younger painters. The influence of his prose can best be seen in Zahrtmann, of his poems in Julius Paulsen. He was one of many who sowed seed in the latter's extraordinarily fertile mind. Paulsen's early work reminds us of Vermehren, his work from a little later period of Viggo Johansen, from a little later still, especially in his representation of the female nude, of Henner or his master, Rembrandt, who maintained the strongest hold of all on Paulsen's mind. This artist, when routine does not spoil his efforts, has the most masterly control over a wonderful instrument of color, with a tone which, not unlike Rembrandt's, sounds plaintively in the bass, and in the treble, again like Rembrandt's, rings out exultingly in the light as though released from prison. The dramatic effects in Paulsen's work are due to his dramatic treatment of light and shade. When he has attempted dramatic effects by the application of more palpable methods, he has either partly or entirely failed.

From the Town of Rye, by Julius Paulsen

This peculiar sense of the dramatic relation between light and shade has been of great advantage to him as an interior painter. It has enabled him to imbue commonplace subjects with great pictorial interest. The same thing applies to the best of his portraits, in which he has succeeded in combining his pictorial power with an unusual accuracy and firmness of characterization, whereas in his smaller and also in several of his larger group pictures the pictorial-musical quality has often asserted itself to a greater degree than was beneficial to the characterization. With due respect for the great tasks which this artist has set himself, to which he has devoted more energy than one would think his gentle nature could possess, one cannot help preferring what seems to have been to him a sort of recreation, the landscapes which are the purest expression of his inmost longings and aspirations.

These landscapes are almost exclusively pictorial in form. There are a few, such as The Two Oaks, which may seem to have been chosen with an eye to an effective motif, but otherwise they are entirely devoid of composition or deco-

Evening, by Julius Paulsen

rative effect of line. One landscape may have a look of Jutland in contrast to another which suggests Sjælland, but what interests him most is the times of day when the individual in nature is dissolved and merged into those unities to which men have given the name of moods. He paints memory pictures of dusk, of evening, of night, almost devoid of form, almost purely color, and in these nocturnes he has often attained a power of expressing moods that compares in poetic intensity with the most beautiful of Jacobsen's lyrics.

It is remarkable that the poetry of the Danish summer evenings and summer nights has found so few other exponents since Sonne's time. For a few years the attempt was successfully made by N. V. Dorph, in whose paintings, unlike Paulsen's, the effect of the mood was heightened by the strong simple lines of the landscape, as well as by the pervading blue tone, which rarely has been more successfully achieved than by this painter. In more recent years Dorph has devoted himself chiefly to portrait-painting and evidently found more satisfaction in applying his ripening intelligence and education to this purpose

Portrait of the Artist's Mother, by N. V. Dorph

than in living on the remnants of his youthful enthusiasm for nature.

Of the painters so far mentioned in this chapter the great majority were born in the capital or in provincial towns, only a very few in the country; hardly more than one was really a peasant by birth. Without doubt this distribution partly explains why the representation of peasant life is so rarely found in the work of these men. What the period did produce of any real significance in this field is

predominantly, in fact almost exclusively, due to the activity of a few painters of peasant stock. One of these, R. Christiansen, who is incidentally a good animal painter, has repeatedly set forth a view from above of the life of the provinces or of the country districts, and in his own peculiar form, half drawn and half painted, has shown its quaint or its comic side, sometimes with keen good sense, sometimes with robust humor. The other peasant-born painters of peasant life of the same generation have been kept as free from caricature by their deep sympathy for country life as they have from false idealization by their intimate knowledge of it. Thus Brendekilde, in his early years, painted a little set of pictures of peasants which in psychological insight, as well as in pictorial value, stood high among the pictures of Danish popular life at that period. Mols, also, has a deep affection for the country and the society from which he springs. He has a tender heart, and in his treatment of the rough Jutland heath or the wild West Jutland coast there is a large sympathy, sometimes touched with sentimentality, for the living creatures, human and especially animal, that suffer from the harsh climate. Bjerre, too, a somewhat younger artist, has a deep-rooted feeling for his native place, the ill-omened coast of Harboöre, which lies like a churchyard wall round the grave-strewn sea. Unlike Mols, he has an impediment in his artistic expression, now groping for a word, now emphatically concise, so that his utterance resembles that of the people he describes. It is perhaps this very taciturnity and artlessness of expression which make his presentation of the pious resignation of the assembled Harboöre folk in the face of God and destiny so extraordinarily forceful and gripping.

This same artlessness with the addition of a certain awkwardness of expression is responsible for a great deal of the primitive effects of Ring's first pictures. Profoundly natural, he was elementary in his emotion, which was simply a family feeling for the locality in which he lived and its inhabitants; elementary also in his intelligence, in so far as he treated things pictorially without any deeper thought

Beggar Children Outside a Farmhouse, by Lauritz Ring

about them; elementary likewise in his artistic point of view, as he had an eye for the whole rather than for detail, in which respect he often offended by defective drawing. He had great simplicity of character, so that simple expression was the only kind that came natural to him. There is a difference, of course, between simple expression and the simplified expression that Ring used later. A simplified expression is a cultivated, conscious abstraction from the complex. Complicated natures find this difficult, so it is rarely quite

Spring, by Lauritz Ring

natural. Ring, however, being genuinely primitive, contrived to do it quite easily after a brief contact with artistic education, and the simplified expression of his later pictures therefore seems no less natural than the simple expression of the earlier ones. In the picture of two young girls in a peasant's garden in the springtime or in the picture of a woman standing in a doorway, despite all the mastery of style and the sophistication, there is the same touching simplicity as in The Christmas Visit, The Shoemaker, or other pictures which Ring painted in the years of his unspoiled innocence.

One can therefore say that, viewed in its larger lines, his work is uniform, although he did have "periods" not only in style but in color—for instance, one when the dominant tone in his landscapes was grey, and other when it was usually blue. This last change in his coloring was unquestionably the result of a change in his outlook on life, which became brighter and milder as the years went by. Yet whether he painted grey or blue, whether life looked dark to him or shining, his relation to that part of life which he chose to depict was one of the most intensely sincere and intimate that has ever existed in Danish art. This relationship resulted in such complete understanding that it seems as if no one else had properly portrayed the Sjælland peasantry. Ring's art has effaced all earlier representations of everything minute or small of stature, indoors or under the open sky, which a Sjælland country town has to offer, and has established a version which for the present is ultimate, by the simple method of seeking the truth, and telling the truth, which moves him deeply. The Sjælland town with the bare country round it was well known before this time but it was regarded as a place which men fled from because of its loneliness and boredom. Ring has taught us that life here, as everywhere, has its poetry and nature its beauties. Among these is a scale of a few delicate and exquisite grey tones, peculiarly appropriate to his own temperament, a beauty that compares with many of the sights that people go far to see, though this lies right on the beaten track. Out on the highways and byways, literally speaking, Ring has found beauty. The road that runs through so many of his pictures might be taken as a clue to their significance, almost as a symbol of his art.

Ring has in Hans Knudsen a follower who has sometimes gone even further in the quest for bare landscape motifs. A few others among the younger men have likewise attached themselves to the older painters. There is a reminiscence of Zahrtmann (whose wider influence will be discussed in the next chapter) in Wilhjelm's Italian pictures. There is an occasional memory of Johansen's landscapes in the work

of Gottschack, who died young, a sort of modern Dreyer, a clever sketcher of landscapes and an excellent colorist. Ole Pederson, a landscape and animal painter who likewise died young, recalls Philipsen. It is difficult to determine the influences that affected certain others of the younger naturalistic painters. This applies to Seligmann, a man of rather scattering talents, who painted a little of everything—a few notable interiors, such as A Sunday in the Thorvaldsen Museum, a few fine portraits, clever landscapes and architectural pictures, but also a few failures, notably several historical pictures. It applies equally to the lyrically inclined nature and genre painter Rud. Petersen; to the robust landscape painter Hans Dall; to the marine painter Thorolf Petersen, who finally has gone over to scene-painting; to Schlichtkrull, a sound portrait and landscape painter; to Repholtz, who in his latter years has made a success in black-and-white and lithography; to Frydensberg, who for many years has struggled hard to establish his scheme of coloring; to Luplau Jansen, who has been rather variable in his manner, but in his genre painting is always virile and pleasing; to Knud Larsen, who has gradually obtained official recognition as the sound and able portrait painter of good society; and to many others who have made names for themselves or at least have got themselves talked about a great deal. Among these should be mentioned Henrik Jespersen, whose able and daring, half-scientific attempts to paint the sun and reproduce not merely its dazzling but its blinding effect on the eye, by causing the colors of the "sunspots" to mix on the retina, has in a way marked the extreme limit of the effort of naturalistic art to produce color illusions that can compete with nature itself and break down the distinction between nature and art. One could hardly go further in the direction of deceiving the eye. Yet the problem of art is not to deceive the eye, but to satisfy the senses and the spirit with beauty, and just as naturalism was celebrating its greatest triumphs of coloristic illusion, spirits were beginning in many places to crave some nobler form of artistic enjoyment.

The reaction against naturalism in Denmark dates as far back as 1890 or, if one prefers, 1891, the year of the first "Free Exhibition," in which the new movements were favored, whereas in the official exhibition at Charlottenborg there had been discrimination against them. From about that time there arose a succession of painters who had been educated as naturalists and, in full possession of all the pictorial expedients, foreswore all profit from that source in the hope and the belief that by using the primitive methods of the painters of old they might attain or at least approach the artistic standards of the great men of the past.

VIII

THE QUEST OF STYLE AND RECENT TENDENCIES

FUTURE ages will find it easier than we to distinguish between the numerous intellectual movements that combined to cause the reaction against naturalism. There was, of course, an element of romanticism in the distaste for life as it is and as modern art is content to present it to us, and in the longing for life as it used to be, or as it seemed to the childlike view of the art of olden times. One might also attribute to other intellectual phenomena—spiritualism and other forms of mysticism—or the enthusiasm for the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, some share in the romantic reaction against naturalism; such enthusiasm for the past is one of the familiar effects of the fragrance, benumbing to common sense, which rises from the blue flower of Romanticism wherever it spreads its calyx. The cult of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance in Germany about 1815 (the Nazarenes), in England about 1848 (the pre-Raphaelites, in France about 1890 (Salon de la Rose Croix), was in each case the expression of some sort of attitude toward life; in Denmark it never became much more than an attitude toward art. What there was in Denmark of a Gothic or otherwise romantic attitude toward life was absorbed by the review *Taarnet,* and with it disappeared almost entirely, having had only a very transitory effect on a few of our painters in their early youth. The romantic attitude toward art, on the contrary, took hold of some of the most modern painters, and left lasting traces in their work.

In its further evolution, which swept rapidly onward, the enthusiasm of the romantic attitudes toward art for the artistic forms of the Middle Ages and early Renaissance broadened out until it included all artistic forms which raised

the eye and the mind to concepts superior to the commonplace. Rome and Florence (and in certain cases also Athens) now supplanted Paris as the place of pilgrimage, and instead of bringing home from the South the greatest possible number of little paintings, the pilgrim's object now was to bring back the greatest possible number of big impressions. What men hoped for was to be able to restore one of the marvels of creation, nature, to something of its majesty, which artistic naturalism had dissolved into trivialities, and to restore the other great marvel of creation, the human form, to something of its aristocratic dignity, which democracy, faithful follower of naturalism, had sacrificed to mere truthfulness. This hope was sustained by the realization that line is the essential medium of expression of an art that aims at style and decorative effect, whereas color in such an art is only a means and not an end in itself.

A profound distaste for oils became widespread under these circumstances. It was the use of oils, so men thought then, as they have thought before under corresponding conditions, that had led art astray from its great task. The salvation of art was commonly sought in the media of the old masters, in tempera or fresco. As fresco postulates walls, and it was necessary to rest content with canvas for the time being, painters made use either of the prevailing oils, adding a dull finish, or of the new tempera colors which enterprising firms began to keep in stock. The application of gold was likewise revived—in fact, in despair at their inability to find means of expression which improved sufficiently on the mere reproduction of nature, either in decorative or in symbolical effect, the painters had recourse to untried and ill-chosen means. There was one who embossed a golden corn-field in copper and painted in a sky in ordinary oils. There was another who cut his whole picture in wood, then painted it, and picked out details in bronze. Many other expedients might be described, showing the desperation of those who were anxious to express the new gospel but who could not utter it in sufficiently eloquent form.

These artists, were, of course, not entirely mistaken in their belief that the great traditions of art were inseparably connected with the media used before the discovery of oil painting. It was painting in oils that gave rise to easel painting, and it was easel painting that caused art to forsake first its monumental function and then its monumental point of view, growing narrower and narrower in its scope as it disassociated the pictorial from the architectonic and plastic, thus sundering the unity of the arts which is the secret of true purity of style. But they were mistaken in many other ways—especially in their belief that they were in a position to emancipate themselves from all connection with the preceding generation and the naturalistic education it had transmitted to them. More than one of them lacerated himself in the foolhardy attempt to tear himself free from his own previous evolution. There were, in fact, only two of them who escaped unhurt, and these two succeeded only because they were peculiarly well equipped for the struggle.

The special gift that enabled the brothers Skovgaard to be strongly traditional in their decorative work, despite the fact that they were almost purely naturalistic in their easel painting, was based on their inheritance from their father, the old landscape painter. His talent had developed not merely on his feeling for character, but on a sense of style acquired from his study of the art of former times, plainly evident in all the decorative work from his hand. This sense of style and the decorative faculty resulting from it, which in the father's case was mainly the product of education, was inherited by the sons as a natural talent. With this dual capacity as a base-line from which they could pilot their course alternately in the traditional and the naturalistic directions, they were able successfully to weather the rock in which so many others ran aground—the rock of *no style at all.*

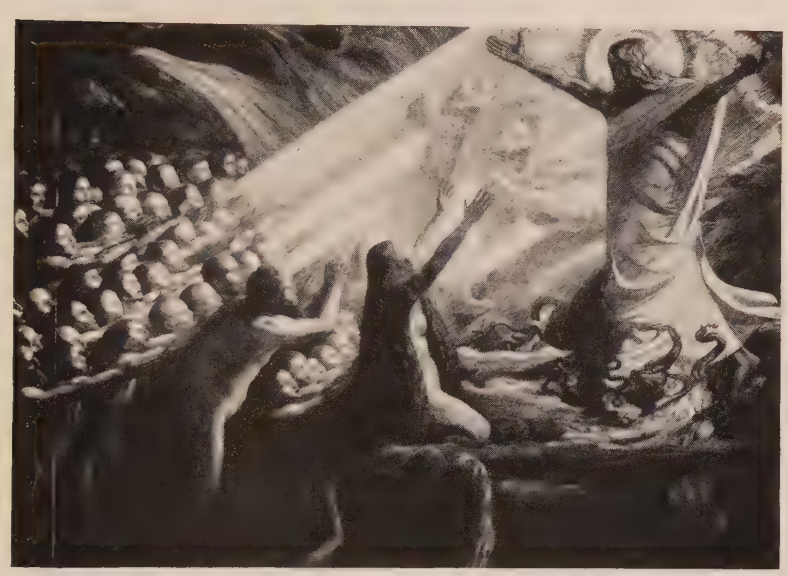
Neither of them made color the subject of thorough study or subtle discrimination. Accustomed to using paint decoratively in a large and elemental spirit of their own, they were not sensitive to the breaking up of colors in nature, which when faithfully reproduced contributes so much to the effec-

The Angel Stirring the Water in the Pool of Bethesda, by Joakim Skovgaard

tiveness of purely naturalistic painting. They none the less succeeded as naturalistic painters—producing many landscapes that are pleasing and a few that are really notable, fresher than their father's pictures, and recalling some of the best of his studies. They also did many pleasing and a few notable genre pictures. The elder, Joakim, especially distinguished himself as a painter of his own family life in the home of his childhood, scenes of simple contentment that carry one's thoughts back not only to the older Skovgaard, who lived here, but also to his close friend and sympathizer, Constantin Hansen, who lived in a similar home and painted similar pictures, although in a less bountiful spirit. In general, there is much in the work of the two brothers that reminds us of this friend of their father's quite as much as it reminds us of the father himself. He stood upon the century old foundation of inspiration from the art of ancient Greece, and also of Italy, in its period of full blossoming. They stood upon the newer foundation of inspiration from the art of former times in its period of development, a foundation that had been slowly but surely deposited beneath the tides of successive artistic movements all through the nineteenth century, and since about 1890 has seemed to replace the older foundation for a time, may be even for centuries. The modern archaism of the two brothers, therefore, is in contrast to the old-fashioned classicism of Constantin Hansen. The contrast is weakened, however, and the relationship revealed, by the fact that their archaism quite as much as his classicism is saturated with the spirit of Grundtvig, who, childlike, popular, Danish and bold, remodelled everything, Greek or Italian, to fit his own robust Northern measure. Thus these two brothers, besides all their other advantages over their contemporaries who broke away from naturalism, had the advantage of inheriting an attitude toward life which had been tested and found valid as a support for an aspiring attitude toward art by men like their father and Constantin Hansen. It is in fact impossible to name any one in Denmark whose work has roots struck so deep in the best traditions as these two brothers. Through

their relation to their father and his contemporaries, their work has a root in the Denmark of 1850; through Grundtvig, in the Denmark of the heroic era; through Giotto, in old Italy; through unknown masters, in the oldest and noblest period of Greece. Small wonder, then, that nothing seems more firmly grounded than these brothers' taste and style.

With the same endowment, the same upbringing, the same travels and experiences, for a long time it seemed that they must resemble each other, until, after a journey to Italy, the development of the elder brother, Joakim, gained greater headway than that of the younger. The colorful, brilliant landscapes and figure paintings, which he produced in Italy under the influence of Viggo Pedersen and Zahrtmann, merely promised to Danish art another distinguished observer of nature, but in a set of drawings for Grundtvig's hymn, "O Blessed Day," which he completed shortly after his return, he showed the tempestuous imagination which proclaimed this was an artist who might be expected to sweep down upon the land like a storm. In the picture of the Pool of Bethesda the crowd of unfortunates who frantically rush for the water as the angel stirs it, in the picture showing the walls of Paradise towering with celestial boldness round the scene of Christ and the Thief in the Garden of Eden, in the picture of Permina exchanging glances with Hannah—in all these there was the lightning flash of his genius. It was not, however, until the appearance, in 1893, of Christ in the Kingdom of the Dead that the whole storm burst. A superfluity of strong impressions of beauty must have been stored in Skovgaard's unusually receptive mind at that time, for it seems as if a collision of such impressions must have caused the explosion that brought forth this picture. He had worked it up out of a fancy of Grundtvig's, apparently not without knowledge of Tintoretto's treatment of the same theme (Christo in Limbo, S. Cassiano, Venice); the dominant chord was a Halleluja, in which resounded the tones of Grundtvig's deep-booming organ. With the exception of a few traces of Michelangelo in the figure of Eve, none of the impressions of beauty whose collusion gave rise to the pic-



Christ in the Kingdom of the Dead, by Joakim Skovgaard

ture could be singled out. It was simply perceptible from the huge formations in the picture that mighty forces had rushed together and that a vast phenomenon of nature had taken place in a great artist's soul.

To this tremendous outburst succeeded calmer times in Joakim Skovgaard's being. Meanwhile he kept on with his series of notable naturalistic landscapes (especially on subjects from Halland in Sweden), added to the small number of his pictures from Greece (among others his charming picture of the Erechtheion Caryatids), and gave expression to his religious thought in a succession of religious works (an altar for St. Nikolaj Church at Svendborg, the Annunciation in the Helligaandskirke, mosaics in the Emanuel Church, projects for the decoration of Viborg Cathedral), which testify to a searching study of the figure style of Giotto and his contemporaries. Humbly acknowledging that modern times had little possibility of producing anything new in ecclesiastical art that can compare with the best of the old, Skovgaard steeped himself in the conventions of the old painting. His sound sense, however, and the wholesomeness

of his taste, fortunately soon broke away from the ascetic form of the Middle Ages, and there finally remained in his style nothing of the old art except its genuine and naive, simple and primitive spirit. Not only in his illustrations of folk-tales that he did in this period (The Maiden in the Hind's Skin, The Maiden in the Bird's Skin, and Urselille), his own healthy, robust, figure style emerges; also in a few of the biblical pictures, which were a kind of preparation

The Newly-created Eve, water-color, by Joakim Skovgaard

for the Viborg decorations, it was already manifest in all its original freshness. One should especially note the big water color of The Newly-created Eve, in which Eve deserves artistically the designation "newly-created," and in which no atom of the dust of erudition has marred the freshness of the first joyful morning of the ages, of mankind, and of flowers. That Skovgaard mastered this particular subject in this pure, sparkling spirit, shows, perhaps, better than anything else, that he combined with all his learning not only a fresh but a primevally fresh perception of the beauty of creation. And it need hardly be said that this faculty was

a fountain which rippled through his other gifts and gave them their wonderful luxuriance.

Thus prepared and matured, he approached the great achievement of his manhood—his real life's work, one may well say: the decoration in fresco of Viborg Cathedral with the Bible in pictures. Such a work, requiring a great number of compositions, naturally cannot be described in a summary like this. It must suffice to indicate its character.

A feature of this vast scheme of decoration which is immediately striking and at the same time deeply significant is the unusually genuine, authentic quality of the religious feeling, and the natural connection between that and the artistic feeling—something almost unparalleled in modern ecclesiastical art. Christianity in its joyous, childishly trusting form, characteristic of the school of Grundtvig, of which Skovgaard was an adherent, has here entered into such an intimate association with art that the effect is not merely that of art but of preaching. Believers, at least believers in communion with Grundtvig, must here feel themselves constrained to admit that the scenes of the Old and New Testament must have taken place just as Skovgaard has represented them. It is as though Skovgaard had been initiated into all the mysteries of heaven and the after life; as if, for instance, he had seen with his own eyes the angels opening the great gates of Paradise. Nor is this impression hard to account for. He really did see all these things with his inward eyes, and as his eyes were those not only of a believing Christian but of a great creative artist with a sure instinct for taste, measure, and style, and a no less certain instinct for striking decorative effects, he moulded everything that came to his hand into a series of compositions which, resting partly on a foundation of the most deep-seated emotions, partly on a foundation of artistic education equally profound and solid, bear the great and noble stamp of classic inevitability, simplicity, and wholesomeness. One can and will readily admit that the Viborg pictures would be inconceivable were it not for certain prototypes from earlier times. Skovgaard, for instance, learned from the medieval

The Great Supper, fresco in Viborg Cathedral, by Joakim Skovgaard

painters to dispense with linear and aerial perspective and to conjure up settings for one biblical scene after another with only an indication of locality. It is also easy to see that in some places he is under the influence of Rembrandt, in others under the influence of the Greeks. Everything is

The Crucifixion, fresco in Viborg Cathedral, by Joakim Skovgaard

completely assimilated, however, transformed and individualized into a style which is Skovgaard's own, a style severe yet in no wise stiff or cold; it is as living and warm in its expression as life itself, simple, natural, without a trace of the effort which usually follows like a shadow all the ambitious endeavors of modern art.

With its four or five hundred figures, covering an area of something like 16,000 square feet, the Viborg decoration is the most colossal work in all Danish art. It affords, one may safely say, a complete and exhaustive study of Skovgaard's characteristics as a monumental painter. His decorative talent, however, has phases which must be sought elsewhere. He has furnished drawings for seals and medals, for bookbindings, for furniture and other useful articles, for tapestries, and for a few excellent fountains, of which two have been erected respectively in and near the new Town Hall in Copenhagen. He takes delight in decorative work, and is always eager to do it. This is a family trait, appearing also in Niels Skovgaard, who devotes himself so ardently to decorative work that, as he is not so productive as his brother, he has been less active as a painter than the equally versatile Joakim. A single colossal work, which is also a masterpiece, has at last come from his sparing hand after ten years of projects and experiments. This is the altar-piece in the Emanuel Church in Copenhagen, a representation of The Baptism Whitsunday Morning, which with its vernal and festive tone, its sunshine and soulshine, is one of the loveliest pictures in recent Danish art, and is especially noteworthy because of the clarity and intelligibility of the composition and the genuine feeling of the narration. The style is the Skovgaard brothers' usual blend of Greek and Italian archaism with unadulterated Grundtvigianism, childlike and popular, Danish and bold, here as elsewhere making everything conform to its own robust Northern measure. Whereas Joakim Skovgaard's nature is explosive, his brother's is, rather, reflective. This explains the effect in the work under discussion of subsidence and clarification, of final completeness and restfulness, such as the indefatigable Joakim does not always allow himself the time to attain.

Niels Skovgaard may seem to idle and waste his time, because it is his nature to muse and meditate. His special gift is a brilliant decorative imagination, which displays its wealth no less in his experiments in ceramics than in his etchings and illustrations. In this last field he has created a

The Baptism Whitsunday Morning, by Niels Skovgaard

Northern style of his own, more symbolical than Frölich's yet severe and restrained like Constantin Hansen's. It is more than anything else his plastic work, however, which constitutes his lasting achievement. His relief of Aage and Else, his tombstones for Barfoed and Hostrup, his monument on Lyrskov heath, his Hel Horse fountain, rank among the best of Danish sculpture. Especially in the last-named of these big, boldly-carved works his abstinence from all but the most absolutely necessary lines and forms brings him close to that sublime renunciation of the unessential which the oldest monuments of art have taught us to honor as the highest artistic wisdom.

The landscape painter Viggo Pedersen, whose development has since gone through numerous phases, at first resembled the Skovgaard brothers in many ways. Not only was he the first of the line of those who endeavored to replace oils by some new medium, but he ventured into original fields of his own, trying his hand at religious subjects, imaginative subjects, portraits, and genre painting. His style

Chestnut-trees at a Farmhouse, by Viggo Pedersen

in these different fields became even more variable than it was in landscape paintings, for in that field he formed only one fruitful union (with French synthetic art), while his imaginary and religious figures are the offspring of transitory connections with many kinds of art, from ancient Italian down to modern German. Yet all the while his general artistic trend was more and more definitely toward the Skovgaard circle, as is perhaps most plainly evident in the pictures which he, too, painted of his home. These show very much the same spirit as Joakim Skovgaard's paintings of his home. This benevolent spirit, unfortunately, has lately forsaken his landscapes, which are often attractive as compositions, but show a propensity to an over-exuberant, rich, glaring color scheme, which is discordant with the rest of Danish art.

The landscape and figure painter Johannes Kragh (lately active as a sculptor also), who began as a disciple of Viggo Pedersen and Skovgaard, is talented, but his individuality is still unformed and vacillating; he is progressing rather

Winter Day in Ribe, by Johan Rohde

uncertainly, absorbed in his very praiseworthy ambitions as to decorative style. The pupil who follows Skovgaard most closely is Larsen Stevns, who in his biblical pictures has made the master's style even plainer and more unpretentious than it is in itself. Likewise very intimately connected with the Skovgaard circle in the simplicity of her temper is Elise Konstantin Hansen, to whom the decorative style comes naturally, for in her case it is evidently based on her heritage from her father. It was, however, neither from Greece nor from Italy but from Japan that she, like Susette Holten, the Skovgaard brothers' sister, received her decorative impulse, which, like the Japanese artists, she has devoted chiefly to the paintings of plants and animals.

In those days, the late eighties and early nineties, painters in search of forms through which art might be renewed and elevated turned their eyes in all directions, toward all periods and countries. Hardly any one had such eyes for

the search as Johan Rohde, who, thanks to his comprehensive education, his clear intelligence, his knowledge of art, and his critical faculty, occupied a commanding position among the young men, most of them younger than he, of that period. He sought and found, after his first hesitating experiments, a happy medium between the old Dutch landscape painting and modern French painting: from the former he learned the decorative value of the silhouette effect of a well-chosen motif, and from the latter he learned to simplify in order to characterize sharply and tersely. For a long time his painting was rather heavy and laborious, but if his pictures were somewhat massive they had a compensating quality of saturation and condensation which was distinctive. Himself a provincial by birth, he had a genuine and intimate feeling for his subjects, the picturesque little old-fashioned towns of Holland and Denmark. This feeling imposed certain limits on the formalities of style to which he was ordinarily partial, and to which he has rendered due homage in a few dignified portraits, as also in the series of designs for simple and stately pieces of furniture and other useful articles in which for the last ten years he has found extraordinarily abundant expression of his fondness for style. As a painter he was essentially a follower of the old Danish artists. One may see this best, perhaps, in the views of Italy that he painted on his many southward travels, but his later pictures of Denmark, of Ribe, Fanö, or Christianshavn, also show that in the course of the years he wisely abandoned the struggle to attain the new and ambitious and resigned himself to the old, tried, and unpretentious point of view.

Among his comrades in the youthful struggle for high ideals were Harald and Agnes Slott-Möller, husband and wife. He was endowed in his youth with abundant professional talent; she was if anything rather lacking in this respect, but she had in compensation a poetic gift. She was an enthusiast for the Middle Ages; he was given to the study of models, which was to her a painful but necessary means, but to him an end in itself. She soon infected him with

Illustration for the Ballad "Duke Frydenborg," by Agnes Slott-Möller

the inclination to dream and spin romances, and thereby weakened his fidelity to simple and natural observation of reality. A trip which they took together in 1889, visiting Italy for the first time, brought them very close to each other, inspiring both with an ardor for style as the sign of artistic aristocracy. They came home and began to disseminate their conception of style, causing considerable stir among their friends and associates. From that time on the journey to Italy again became habitual. Historically, the service rendered by Slott-Möller and his wife is that they called attention to the almost forgotten fact that Danish art might acquire mastery of style as a result of these trips to Italy.

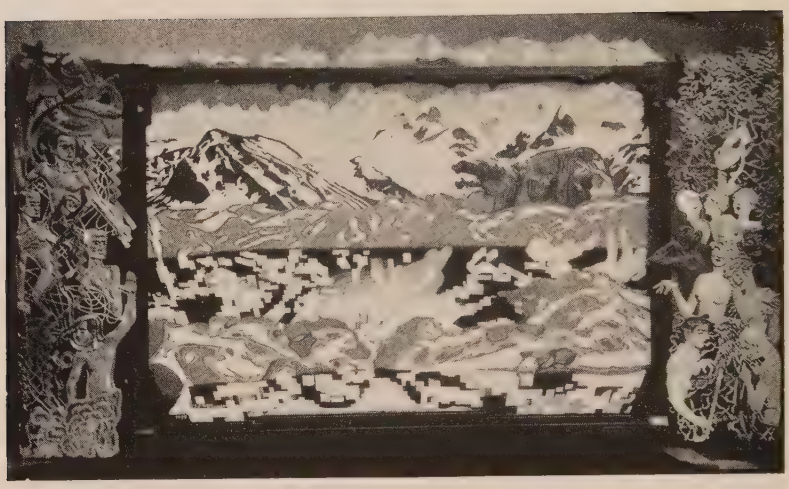
The overpowering impression of the great painting which they found in Italy unfortunately did not come to either of them at the right moment. He had already been too thoroughly schooled in the downright reproduction of nature; she, on the contrary, had so little schooling of that kind that her early-acquired habit of making her style abstract threatened the solidity of her form, already endangered by her choice of subjects. It was in the representation of scenes and moods from medieval Danish folk-songs that she had found her life's work. Ever since her childhood the low, muffled voices of these ballads had echoed through her fancy, and with the voices came apparitions of their heroes. This gave her art from the very outset an incorporeal quality. For a long time she resisted this weakness with great energy, until under English influence (Rossetti) she was induced to indulge herself in the representation of the psychic emotions, and as at the same time she developed a taste for saccharine coloring, the original endeavor to attain severity of style was no longer seriously sustained in her painting. Her endeavor is perhaps most evident in a few of her plastic works, Ebbe's Daughters, Queen Dagmar's Death, The Town Council. In its place of honor over the entrance to the new Copenhagen Raadhus (Town Hall) the last-named relief will testify to later generations that even a Danish woman artist, about the year 1900, had attained a realization of the monumental standards of art.

Of the other member of the couple, Harald Slott-Möller, it must unfortunately be recorded that, led astray by what one might call his sweet tooth for beauty, he has not lived up to the great promise of his youth. If one considers his whole production as a painter, one is struck by the fact that a large majority of his works deal with Arcadian and idyllic subjects. The long series extends from In Arcady (1892) to In Italy (1903) and on down to the last few years. One would gladly explain his predilection for such subjects on grounds of indisputably genuine artistic thirst for the beauties of life, were it possible to overlook the fact that a more

Summer Evening, by Harald Slott-Möller

worldly appetite has kept him constantly circling round these subjects, and has led him to emphasize their alluring qualities more hungrily than is altogether attractive. Finally, his brushwork has simultaneously become too smooth, and his coloring much too pretty. The result is that he has on his conscience a great many failures—pictures of uncertain taste. Yet even leaving out of consideration the fact that he is much more frequently successful in the decorative field, he is a man who cannot be passed over when the history of Danish art is written. An artist who as a mere youth painted the brilliantly clever picture The Doctor's Waiting-room and the no less brilliantly clever portrait of his wife, whose execution was so fresh that it faintly recalled no less a person than Velazquez, will be brought forward again, as he was originally, as one of the most eminent of his generation.

The man who will always without the slightest doubt be named as the most remarkable man of this generation is Willumsen. Starting as an architect, he became a painter,



Jotunheimen, by J. F. Willumsen

then a ceramic artist, and later still showed that it was perhaps as a sculptor he could best find an outlet for the full force of his artistic nature. In Paris in the early nineties, under the influence of various kinds of modern impressionistic and symbolistic French art, he burned all the bridges that connected him with his own past and the past of Denmark. He attached himself for a time to Raffaëlli, a little later to Gauguin, but he shook off their influence, too, and when he made his first appearance at the Free Exhibition with a long series of his works and scandalized the whole capital, he was unquestionably the most individual phenomenon that had ever manifested itself in our art. What made people especially angry was his pretention to profundity. He was not profound, and he has not become so since. But it was to the advantage of his artistic form that he himself attributed to even the most elementary of his thoughts on existence an exceedingly deep significance. This encouraged him to feel that he was at a respectful distance from everyday life, which, seen at such distance, grew before his wondering gaze, and passed into his art in proportions greater than the actual. His art was founded on this attitude of respect and aloofness, instead of on a rela-

tion between artist and subject of affection so warm that it rapidly communicates itself to the beholder and makes him also feel an affection for the work of art; the consequence is that everything that came from his hand—far from being ingratiating—was singularly unapproachable and impervious to feeling. Nor did it carry any very vital message; it was not, as we have said, especially profound. Yet it often appealed to the imagination in somewhat the same manner as the art of the earliest times. It succeeded in this because there really was in his character something of the primitive man's awe for the mystery of nature and of existence. What Willumsen's work then had, and to a certain extent still has, in common with the very oldest art, is not limited to the conventions, but is something of its actual spirit, wrung by perplexity under the moral pressure of the mystery of existence, and using art to relieve itself of that pressure by throwing off mighty forms. For this purpose art requires, among other things, a pair of powerful hands that can lay hold of such forms and carry them over intact, strong and whole, from the imagination to the work of art. Such a pair of hands—a pair of fists, one is tempted to say—is just what Willumsen has.

The Mountain-climber, by J. F. Willumsen

Strictly speaking, the manly energy of his hands, which is the foundation of the manly forcefulness of his treatment of form, is perhaps his only

fully-developed faculty as a painter. His coloring is often crude and hard—he is least of all a colorist; his brushwork has nothing that can be called execution, and serves exclusively to fix his forms to the canvas with few and often rather brutal strokes. He has done finished work only in fields other than painting—for instance, in architecture, the building for the Free Exhibition; in sculpture, a few large busts and the memorial to his parents; in handicraft, a cinerary urn and other ceramics. In actual painting, it is among his sketches rather than among his more pretentious work that we find complete successes, and among the water-color sketches rather than among those in oil.

Unquestionably he has been of great importance in the recent and especially in the very most recent developments of Danish art. The faith that he has long cherished in the possibility of finding artistic expression for philosophical thoughts and subjective emotions in the use of abstract lines has undoubtedly led several of the younger draughtsmen even further into that fatal tendency. Apart from this, however, he has exercised a very decidedly wholesome and stimulating influence. In the first place, he has had a moral influence, because more than any one else he defied and finally bore down the opposition of the multitude, thereby challenging others to do likewise and scorn the temptation to make terms with the public. He has also had an artistic influence, because by the energy of his treatment of form, whether in painting or sculpture, he has set a much needed example to others. It would be hard, for instance, to think of Ejnar Nielsen without Willumsen as a predecessor and a presupposition. It has been correctly said of this artist that it is not the shadows of life with which he has chiefly occupied himself, but the coalblack night of life. Death, directly represented by the corpse, is by no means the most dreadful thing Ejnar Nielsen has forced us to contemplate; he has mercilessly brought us face to face with what is more frightful than death: the incomplete destruction that is the fate of those who linger on though paralyzed, crippled, or suffering from incurable disease. When the victims of his

Portrait Group, by Ejnar Nielsen

fantasies of the hospital or the charnel house have not lain swathed in winding-sheets or sentenced to a miserable bed, they have travelled in rags that made the thought of their existence even more harrowing. The effect of these uncompromising creations would have been merely loathsome, and one would have hastily turned one's back on them, had not the artist been master of more than one of the means that enable art to expiate ugliness. The pictorial

was one of these means; the pictures were painted in a few grey tones, delicately and tastefully harmonized. But it was the drawing that did most in mitigation, for it was the drawing that raised them toward the monumental. The most beautiful exemplification, however, of this artist's monumental style is in a few pictures in which the painter of horrors disclosed a surprising feeling for human beauty and for beautiful human sentiments, first in a portrait, larger than life, of a young sculptor and his female model on a balcony overlooking the roofs of Paris (1901), later in a larger group and in several individual portraits, among others, one of Ellen Key. That Ejnar Nielsen's spirit is not always tortured by infernal visions is also proved by a few flower-paintings from his hand. Yet he easily reverts to his morbid specialty, as he has recently, for instance, in a Job which in its horribly shameless nakedness gave new proof of his curiously surcharged imagination, but also a new evidence of his masterly talent for a kind of monumental painting which unfortunately he has not yet been given opportunity to exercise.

It is not possible to name any more contributions of personal energy, such as Willumsen's and Ejnar Nielsen's, to the development of a great monumental form in the midst of the intimate painting of Denmark; for unfortunately Hartmann died while he was still young and immature, and he was the only other man of whom anything of the kind might have been expected. There was a touch of Delacroix in his attempts at very dramatic pictures, and he was in general possessed of very great talent. On the other hand, several artists may be pointed out who have endeavored to change and improve the aspect of Danish art partly by the direct importation of the elevated style of earlier times. Thus Fru Bertha Dorph, with her sure sense of plastic form, soon adapted herself to the severe and restricted formulae of portrait painting devised by Domenico Veneziano, the teacher of Piero della Francesca, and other fifteenth century Italians. Earlier still Clement—after he had abandoned his youthful endeavors to follow the most recent

Portrait of the Artist's Father, by Ludvig Find

French styles—had painted portraits based on similar formulae, though he tried at the same time to preserve something like the minute study of detail of Roed and Vermehren. His portraits, however, belong to a stage which this rather variable painter has long since left behind him. He now paints chiefly women and children, in pictures which are a little vague in characterization but pleasing in color, though sometimes a trifle flowery. A man who has finally become a more genuine painter is Find, who after inclining first toward the old Danish bourgeois-democratic and then toward the modern French artistic-aristocratic tendency, finally attached himself to the latter, and under Bonnard

Figure Group, by Sigurd Wandel

and Vuillard developed a bright, clean palette and a fresh technique, especially noticeable in his pictures of children, of which he seems successfully to be making his specialty. Schouboe occupies rather an unusual position on account of his choice of subjects: he is one of the few Danish artists of talent who has taken up the study of the youthful nude in the sunshine of springtime, and in his treatment of this theme he has shown a fine feeling for harmony and grace of line. An artist who has consistently endeavored to confine his portrayal of humanity within controlled and sober outlines is Vedel; his weakness is working out color schemes a little too elaborately after the manner of the old masters, but in spite of this the movement in his portraits is free and unhampered by the style he cultivates. Very much the same may be said of Tetens, of Tycho Jessen, and especially of Wandel, who of the three is much the most important. At first, Wandel also showed a desire to surround the personages in his portraits with the rigid ceremonial of style, but, for all his intentions, life got the better of him, and he seems

Landscape, by Svend Hammershöi

finally to have abandoned his pretension to style in order to give himself over to greater delight in painting his children or their mother or merely his fellow-men just as he sees them and loves them in everyday existence. The requirements of style have been most stubbornly upheld by two landscape painters, Svend Hammershöi and Möhl; each in his own way treats nature decoratively, using large mass effects and big, sweeping lines.

Both these artists engage in handicraft as well as painting. Hammershöi is successful as a designer of ceramics and silverware, Möhl no less successful with embroidery and tapestry. It is a significant fact that almost all the artists we have so far mentioned in this chapter on the quest of style in recent Danish painting have concerned themselves with one or more of the decorative arts. The decorative has gained a leading position in the interest of all of them. This would certainly have been dangerous to the fresh study of nature, which must always remain the source of all art, espe-

cially of painting, if Denmark had not been a place where no movement ever runs its full course. Every action, in critical and temperate Denmark, brings a reaction on its heels, and thus the quest of style was accompanied by a counter-tendency from the very moment, one might say, that it got started in earnest. To this reaction something was perhaps contributed by the retrospect of old Danish art afforded by the Copenhagen Art Society's inclusive exhibitions and publications dealing with the old Danish masters. These made it easy to see how much had been lost, and how little had been gained. The greatest gain, it appeared, was a certain festive quality of style—the most serious loss simplicity of mind. A few young provincial artists, pupils of Zahrtmann, then began to receive a great deal of attention, because they had not merely preserved that precious quality to an exceptional degree, but had made it tell in their painting, thanks

Hunting Wild Ducks, by Johannes Larsen

Dante and Beatrice in Paradise, by Poul Christiansen

to the demonstratively frank manner that was all their own. One member of this group is the flower painter Harald Holm, who is not meticulous in his choice of flowers, but, in his fresh and confident way, takes them wherever he finds them in the greatest possible profusion and splendor. Another member of the group is Johannes Larsen, who has the unsophisticated attitude of a hunter toward the living things in nature, and paints wild birds with vigorous characterization and unaffected coloring. A third member is Poul Christiansen, an able landscape painter, who boldly defies his rustic heaviness of hand and inspires great respect for his courage, even when he aims his somewhat awkward flight at lofty subjects—from the Bible, for instance, or from

Country Road at Karise, by Poul Christiansen

Dante's poems. The others, Karl Schou, Peter Hansen, and especially Syberg, the central figure of the group, stay close to the earth, and their strength is their capacity for perceiving with all their senses what belongs to earth and to reality. Schou is a painter of interiors and of landscapes, and in both fields he has carried the study of atmosphere to the last degree of refinement. Peter Hansen, who paints landscapes and figures, is a rather commonplace observer, but there is something engaging in his honesty and his dexterity. The one who is most typical of the group's new, strong naturalism is Syberg, who sets forth the earth and reality with a peasant's robust indifference to whether the impressions of his senses are beautiful or not. He breathes the stench of a pigsty, the exhalations of a nursery, the freshness of newly turned sod, or the perfume of a blossoming fruit-tree with the same sense of physical satisfaction, and expects those who look at his pictures to do the same. He attaches importance to the strength, not the delicacy, of colors, and is never afraid of showing things as they are.

On the Ice at Faaborg, by Peter Hansen

He prefers to be and to remain as he is—if not exactly clumsy, at least heavy and hard-handed in execution, rather than be tempted by a fluent touch to become superficial. In his strong and primitive media (frequently ink and water-color) he often attains what he aims at: a presentation full of feeling and character, free from the insipidity which often accompanies over-refinement.

Such is the bulwark on that side—a sound naturalism, which although broader and simpler in its point of view than that of the old Danish masters, is closely related to theirs, and in its own way is no less Danish. One may say that from Eckersberg to Syberg there was, on the whole, an unbroken continuity in Danish art. As a rule it accepted only what could be reconciled with its moderate Danish temper; even Danish poster art, such as the work of the talented and, for that matter, strongly Europeanized draughtsman Valdemar Andersen, is recognizable in many ways as intended for Copenhagen and not for Paris or London. Toward Paris all artistic eyes in Denmark were once more turned. Great and noteworthy artists had again made their appearance there. Yet the effect of impressionism on Danish art was so slight that all one can accurately

Spring, by Fritz Syberg

say is that it was not without influence, and no more can be said for the effect of synthesism. The extreme representatives of this tendency were recognized and appreciated in Denmark even earlier than in France itself, but they were not imitated. For in their time art was still individual property, and there was no glory in appropriating it. Recently, as we know, it has been otherwise. Appealing to the example of Cézanne, van Gogh, and Gauguin and declaring that everything depended on accepting the last and utmost consequences of their view, certain artists in France at the very beginning of the new century undertook to break away from the thousand-year-old traditions of art. Painting, despite all differences of opinion about it and about all its manifold forms and aims, had invariably been looked on hitherto as the reflection of the outer world in the eyes of an artist, who was free to look upon it as he could and as he would. All sorts of new theories now arose, according to which art should be something independent of nature, something decorative and suggestive, with the sovereign right of transforming nature into something completely unrecog-

nizable. What might have been conceded as an endurable and permissible privilege to some one great artist, was exalted—or rather debased—to a privilege for any and every upstart painter. "Expressionism" was the name of the privilege, Matisse was the grand initiator of the world into its secrets—until the headlong development passed over him, too, and Picasso and his cubism attained an even more suddenly acquired reputation.

All over the world this movement found throngs of supporters. In all the exhibitions one met them, and as they were more anxious to adhere to the method than to stand on their own legs as artists, they were pretty much alike, whether French or Russian, German or Swedish. The movement appeared in Denmark, also, but here, in accordance with the custom of the country, it took a far more moderate form than elsewhere. In this little country it was perhaps easier than in a big country to maintain a judicial attitude, to distinguish real talent and ability from the mere use of the convenient, almost exclusively coloristic, formulae which the new school had adopted for the purpose of concealing a lack of capacity or a lack of training and study. In any case it is still too soon to pass judgment in a historical survey such as this on the young Danish artists who have attached themselves more or less intimately to the most recent tendencies in painting. Swane, Naur, Rude, Scharff, Giersing, Weie, Salto, are the names of a few of them. They are not too intolerant to associate amicably in the Exhibition in Grönningen, the latest secession in the annals of Copenhagen art exhibitions, with Syberg and a few of his group as well as with such neutrals as these: Knud Kyhn, who is an able and fresh observer of wild bird life; Viggo Madsen, who has a nice talent for interiors; Rostrup Böyesen, who has the merit, among others, of having discovered possibilities of picturesque beauty in such apparently ugly places as the new tenement districts in the outskirts of the Danish capital; Aksel Jörgensen, in whom there is likely material for a forcible—if anything too forcible—delineator of the tame night-life of Copenhagen; Niels Hansen, who

still stands by Manet and in his spirit paints portraits which show rapid characterization. It must, of course, be left to the future finally and correctly to judge painters like these, who are still young and, in some cases, still undeveloped.

Such is the Danish painting of the moment, distributed every spring among two or three different exhibitions, yet not difficult to combine into a single impression. Despite the recent movements in foreign directions, it has persistently shown its national temper. It has recognized restrictions which are mainly the result of the limitations of the passionless Danish temperament. It has perhaps shown its Danish nature most definitely on the negative side of the sober, critical Danish character, with its sensitive instinct for shunning the ridiculous under all circumstances. There has always been very little of the ridiculous in Danish painting. Unfortunately, there was usually a lack of the sublime as well. Was it dread of the ridiculous that was to blame for the rarity in Denmark of approaches to the sublime? Not entirely. Only genius attains the sublime, and Danish painting has always been as lacking in genius as it has been rich in first rate talent. This more moderate degree of artistic endowment combined with the moderate Danish character to impose limits on Danish painting. In the narrowness of these limits lies the weakness of Danish painting; but at least it has always known its own limits. Hence its inherent truthfulness, and hence, again, its strength.

IX

SCULPTURE

IN THE course of the nineteenth century several Swedish painters and one or two Norwegians had emigrated, and thanks to their accomplishments, had exercised a definite, though slight, influence in one or another of the foreign art centers. There was no opportunity for Danes to exercise any such influence, because, as we have seen, they clung too closely to their native land. On the other hand the great Danish sculptor, Thorvaldsen, made a greater contribution to the artistic history of the world than all other Scandinavians together.

The story of this neglected child of the proletariat, described by a contemporary as late as his twenty-seventh year as "a lazy hound," who, once transplanted to classical soil and exposed in the capital of the artistic world to intellectual influences from all directions and from all periods, ripened and mellowed like the fruit of the vine, will always remain a marvel. It was not really quite so unaccountable as it appears. When he arrived in Rome in 1797, he unquestionably had already received more artistic cultivation than is usually realized, for the soil, or, if one prefers, the academy, from which he came, was by no means deficient in such cultivation. The same Copenhagen soil had already produced Trippel and Carstens. Abildgaard and Wiedewelt had been teaching there. Abildgaard was one of the most thorough, learned, and conscientious painters in Europe at that period; Wiedewelt was one of the most zealous of those who were working to emancipate art from the prevailing French style and encourage the taste for the antique. The artistic atmosphere which they breathed in the Danish cap-

ital was of greater significance, not only to Thorvaldsen but to Trippel and Carstens, than is usually realized. It was of greater importance to Thorvaldsen than to the others; whereas Carstens—not to mention Trippel—had been affected by all kinds of powerful influences from Germany before he went to Rome, Thorvaldsen was more exclusively the product of Copenhagen and Rome. He went straight to ancient Italy by way of Gibraltar, thereby escaping German rococo, North Italian Renaissance, and all the other conflicting impressions which he would have received if he had travelled overland. He arrived in Rome in time to find Carstens still living; and in Zoëga he became acquainted with a disciple of Winckelmann; from the former he extracted the quintessence of understanding of the antique, and from the latter of knowledge of the antique, without himself drawing a line or reading a book. He moreover had the advantage of finding the situation, from the point of view of the history of art, arranged and prepared for his coming. The struggle against the old style, the rococo, had ended in victory for the new classicism, antique in spirit, in so far as it had gained a foothold in all countries and in all fields of art. Yet it was plainly evident that the dreams of that generation of a rebirth of Greek art had not yet been realized in the works of Mengs or Battoni, of Angelica Kaufmann or David, of Carstens or Flaxman. It was for the most part a dream devoid of color, a dream of a world in marble, and it seemed vain to expect its fulfilment of painters such as these—or of artists who drew in outline, like the two last-named. Only a sculptor could yield the period what it longed for. It was a sculptor, the great Canova, who satisfied the period until a greater still, Thorvaldsen, came with his creations of a purer clay. One of the impurities in Canova's classicism was the over-refined, saccharine form, a *morbidezza* recalling Bernini; another unclassical element was the lingering Southern sensuality; a third was his propensity for the languishing and sentimental; a fourth, the Italian virtuosity of his touch. From all these Thorvaldsen kept himself free. As the latest to follow the dream-

Jason, by Thorvaldsen

path to distant Hellas, he had everything in his favor. The shipwrecks of his predecessors marked for him the reefs he must avoid. He was quietly occupied during his first years in Rome, looking over the situation and adapting himself to it. He was really master of the situation when, in 1802, he began work for the second time, after he had smashed his first model in a moment of despondency, upon his Jason.

The halls and alcoves of his museum in Copenhagen contain nearly 200 statues or projects for statues, 130 busts, and 330 reliefs (including three large slabs), in all about 650 works, or several thousand figures, from his hand. The first impression one receives there is of tremendous creative power. The next impression is one of bewilderment at the prodigious range that he covers: The Life of the Gods, The Life and Acts of Cupid, The Lives of the Heroes, The Bible and Christian Allegory, Portrait Statues and Busts—all these are categories of the work he left to posterity. One soon notices, however, that throughout this vast production there is only one spirit and one style. This unity depends less on uniformity than on what is almost the greatest adaptability any artist has ever shown. His contemporaries, who overwhelmed Thorvaldsen with commissions, credited him, not unjustifiably, with a talent for everything. He could do everything, after a fashion. After a fashion! For his adaptability consisted, one should note, not in a capacity to accommodate his own nature to his task, but in a capacity to bring each task within the limits of his nature and put into the accomplishment of it something of his nature's beauty. His spirit dwelt permanently—hence its beauty—in a state of deep, unchangeable, almost beatific peace; Julius Lange, the well known Danish art historian, has correctly pointed out the fundamental importance of this mental attitude of Thorvaldsen's in his choice and treatment of subjects. He represented Heracles as resting between his labors, Mars as the peace-bringing god of war, Hector as the husband and father, Achilles as the lover of Brisëis or as the friend of Patrocles—he never showed any of the blood-drenched heroes of the Iliad in action. He glorified Napoleon, disturber of the world's peace, as the peacemaker in his Alexander's Progress. He treated the heroes of the cycle of wars ended by the Congress of Vienna in this same peaceful spirit, and similarly he represented Christ, not in some moment of strife or sorrow, but as the Prince of Peace, stretching out his arms that all mankind may find refuge in his bosom. Parallel with his treatment in this spirit of

Mercury as the Slayer of Argus, by Thorvaldsen

mythology, of the Bible, of history, or of his own contemporaries, there runs through all Thorvaldsen's work the long series of representations of the beneficent powers of peace and harmony, especially Love, and the Muses, the Graces, the Genii, which swarmed forth from his fancy whenever he had a moment of leisure from his greater tasks.

Day and Night, by Thorvaldsen

There is something monumental in his figures' conformity to type; but it is not Greek. That "race of blissful seers, dreamers, and thinkers," as Lange has described the population of Thorvaldsen's world, differs from the prouder and stronger race which ancient art has preserved for us in marble. Not even in classical painting, which exercised an especially strong influence on Thorvaldsen, as it was the first form of art with which he had become acquainted, owing to the fact that he had arrived in Italy by sea and landed in Naples—not even in classical painting does life take on any such aspect as in Thorvaldsen's work, of happy *dolce far niente,* of happy idleness. Even less Greek than the aspect of life is the aspect of the human body in Thorvaldsen's work. In the work of Phidias or Praxiteles (to whom the Danish sculptor was likened by his admiring contemporaries) the beauty of the human body depends to a great extent on something beautifully corporeal, on a physical warmth, which is lacking in Thorvaldsen's art and must necessarily be lacking, if only for the reason that it would never be possible to reproduce the favorable conditions under which the Greeks were able to cultivate the study of the nude. This should not, however, be understood as a confirmation of the too often repeated criticism of Thorvaldsen's art, that his work is lifeless and cold. Relatively,

this is true, especially in comparison with the Greek; but absolutely, it is not true, and it is actually untrue if one compares it with the related art of the same period. Far more than most of his contemporaries, Thorvaldsen realized the necessity for the study of nature. Whereas Carstens scorned the use of models, Thorvaldsen considered the study of models indispensable, even for masters. Of course one cannot talk, in his case, of strict and thorough study of nature; what he did was to allow himself to be inspired by his model, rather than to attempt to copy his model directly. But, however inadequate his study of models may have been in itself, it was sufficient to enable him to keep his lines fresher, more lifelike, and freer from convention than could those of his contemporaries whose efforts, like his, were directed toward beauty of style in figure sculpture. Two often repeated anecdotes call attention to some of the fine threads, otherwise invisible—but by no means imperceptible—by which the lovely line-spinning of his imagination was connected with his life. One is the story of how his Mercury owed its existence to the chance that he one day saw a young Roman sitting in a doorway in an attitude which struck him as pleasing in its ease and relaxation. The other story, which is similar, tells how, while he was working on his Ganymede, he surprised his model, in a moment of rest, in an attitude which he reproduced literally in his Shepherd Boy. The fact that these two anecdotes were collected and preserved as evidence of the importance of living motifs to his inventive faculty simply goes to show that, as one might be inclined to infer from the whole character of his work, his invention was dependent to only a very slight degree on motifs which he found in actual life. On the other hand, the two stories also show that he by no means disdained such ready and available motifs as were offered him by the beautiful Italian populace. With his keen sense of beauty, he naturally had a keen eye for the wealth of material of this kind with which he was surrounded and there can be scarcely any doubt that if one could analyze the conception of beauty that he developed shortly after his arrival in Italy,

Christ, by Thorvaldsen

one would find many elements of the half-unconscious, fleeting and yet lasting impressions from the same quarter from which Mercury and the Shepherd Lad found their way into his art.

What is most characteristic about Thorvaldsen, however, what is inexplicable, and really a mark of genius, is that his

conception of beauty will not submit to analysis. Although in so many respects it was the product of education, it is insoluble, almost like a product of nature. All that his genius acquired from outside—the impression of nature and the impression of the antique—it remodelled in its own image. All rose together to a higher unity, in a single great synthesis—his style.

From first to last, his style—omitting unessential shadings—was unalterably uniform, both in his statues and in his reliefs. He himself had hardly any other purpose in his art than to attain the truest possible balance, outwardly and inwardly, and that harmony of line which, according to his contemporaries, constituted the essential excellence of ancient art. When his work satisfied him in these respects, he felt that his own share in them was finished, and he often left the final execution to his pupils. Usually he put on some finishing touches with his own hand, but his work in general lacks the vitalizing breath with which an inspired artist animates the surface of his work. That is one reason for the deficiency, which one feels in his figures, of immediately perceptible subjectivity. His figures, as Lange has pointed out, give but feeble utterance to subjectivity, because they are much more strongly inclined to retire within themselves than to advance toward the spectator as messengers from their creator's imaginary world. In this modesty, this shyness of theirs, Lange says,—there is "something which in a striking manner suggests the ancient Greek feeling for the sacred limitations of human nature, for that bashfulness, which acts as a guardian of morality and at the same time gives charm to humanity:"—yet which is not exactly the same, "because the bearing of the Greek figures is fresher, more powerful, more energetic."

Thorvaldsen's contemporaries noticed only the similarities, not the discrepancies, between his style and the classical. That the dreamland whither they saw him borne by his fancy, which certainly was gleaming with "white marble and ethereal air"—that this dreamland was Greece, none of them doubted. They never suspected that it was only a dis-

tant mirage, much less that this mirage, with its distinctively cool, clear, pure and calm reproduction of antiquity, was really nothing more than a reflection of Greece on a Northern artist's soul. Without any reservation they acclaimed in Thorvaldsen the rebirth of Hellenism. One need not have much experience of history to realize that they were necessarily wrong. Obviously a man born at the end of the eighteenth century in a Copenhagen lane, with an Icelander for father and a Jutland girl for mother, could not transform himself into an ancient Greek. It would have been nothing less than a subversion of a part of the order of the universe if such a thing had come to pass, and such a subversion not even the greatest genius can produce. The mistake is easy to explain. Though Thorvaldsen was entirely devoid of higher education and therefore disdained all the requirements which the aesthetes of the time exacted of the educated artist, he none the less appeared to his contemporaries to be the fulfilment of their aesthetic theory; if all the dreams and expectations of the period were fulfilled in him, it was primarily because what they had been dreaming of and longing for with glowing passion was not, fundamentally, the rebirth of ancient art or of the classical conception of the human figure, but the rebirth of the actual human spirit of antiquity. Something of the most primitive and happy quality of that spirit, something of its purity and serenity, something of all that which in Europe generally life had almost poisoned and erudition had almost corrupted, was brought on the world's artistic stage about 1800 by this youth who had neither read nor lived. It was no mere accident that he came from an obscure little country. Only from an out-of-the-way corner of the world, where life had stood still for centuries, where the primitive spirit of humanity had been preserved, could an artist have come with such pristine simplicity as his. Appearing at the opportune and decisive moment, this was Denmark's most significant contribution to the culture of the world.

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If one asks what was Thorvaldsen's significance to the art of his own country, particularly to Danish sculpture, there can be no doubt that his great example had a stimulating effect on his younger contemporaries. Such a strong light, however, must throw deep shadows, in which others thrive with difficulty; there was one man, especially, who found this to be the case—Freund.

Although born in Germany (in the neighborhood of Bremen, in 1786), he subsequently belonged with all his heart to Denmark, whither he had fled during the war to avoid being drafted into Napoleon's army. An indication of his original tendency is the fact that during a stay in Florence, on his way to Rome, he was seized with an ardent enthusiasm for Michelangelo, who, as we know, in the first decade of the nineteenth century was almost universally disparaged. Yet no sooner had he reached Rome than he fell under the influence of antiquity, as the result of his association with Thorvaldsen, who took a liking to the young artist, but also knew how to make use of him. Despite the pressure of Thorvaldsen's authority, Freund's personality quickly found an outlet, as fortunate as it was accidental. A violent controversy had long been raging in Denmark over "the suitability of Norse Mythology for artistic representation," which had led several members of the Scandinavian literary fraternity to invite artists to attempt subjects in the Old Norse spirit. As Freund had taken part in the competitions and had been awarded several prizes, he felt called upon to go further in the same direction with a frieze in which he undertook to set forth all the figures and incidents in the saga of the Norse gods. His friends at home succeeded in securing for him a commission for such a frieze in the newly-built Christiansborg; he soon saw, however, that he must limit himself to the treatment of the Ragnarök myth, and even this task proved to be so inclusive that he could complete only certain portions of it with his own hands, leaving the rest to be executed by others from his sketches. Unfortunately all the work was destroyed when the palace was burnt in 1884, and is known only from a series

Loki, original model, by H. E. Freund

of lithographs. Even from these one can see what a flaming imagination the young artist had. To be sure, the style of the frieze is a little uneven, in many places too Greek for the Norse subjects, in others too baroque for the classical stamp of the rest. Not without reason the most powerful parts of this frieze have been compared to the Battle of the Giants at Pergamos, and here, also, traces have been recognized of the impression that Michelangelo had made on Freund. Wild pathos interchanges with bold fancy and delicate charm. Surtr with his flaming sword is gripping, and so, too, is Thor, swinging his hammer. Most impressive of all, perhaps, is the wily Loki, wearing the winged cloak of the bat, with whispered words on his lips, a figure which Freund had already produced as a statuette, before he carved the relief; in that form it has remained his most popular work in Denmark.

The Goddess of Fate, by H. E. Freund

Unfortunately his powers were not utilized to the extent they deserved. He had, for instance, the possibilities of a great portrait sculptor, but he rarely received commissions for busts. He had to devote most of his time to gravestones, which he frequently decorated with ingenious basreliefs. His relief style appears to great advantage in the representation of the mysteriously veiled Goddess of Fate scanning her book, and in the noble figure of a mourning woman on the medal commemorating the death of Frederik VI. Even in such works as these something appears of the dark and deep, dolorous and dreamy strain, which was the basic element in Freund's imaginative existence. His imagi-

nation, however, had practically exhausted itself in the Ragnarök frieze; at any rate, after his return from Italy he turned more and more toward strict classicism, and in his later years he stood in the estimation of the younger generation as its confirmed representative. To this view of his personality the house that he fitted out for himself in Copenhagen was largely responsible: not only the interior decoration but the furniture and fixtures were carried out in the Pompeian style by young artists working from Freund's drawing. It was here that Hilker had his first experience as a decorative painter, here, too, Köbke and Constantin Hansen—to the detriment of the first, but to the profit of the second—acquired even before their journey to Rome more plastic sense and more sense of style than they had learned from Eckersberg. Thus in the course of a few years (until his all too early death in 1840) Freund set his stamp on the development of Danish art. Yet leaving out of consideration two medallists, Christensen and Conradsen, trained under his supervision, he exercised his influence more through his taste than through his work, which perhaps owed its best features, its poetic depth of feeling and its virile energy of expression, to his German origin; certainly it never found in Denmark the understanding it merited.

Jerichau was another artist whose importance did not correspond to his endowments, although for a moment his Panther-hunter seemed about to win him a European reputation. His imagination was not strong, and not very original, but he was a master of form such as there has not been before or since in Danish plastic art. He spoke the truth when he proudly declared that in his Panther-hunter he had produced the most accomplished piece of sculpture of the period, because that great achievement of his life did embody an energetic naturalism which was far in advance of the time. As a pupil of Freund and a sincere admirer of Thorvaldsen, he, too, was profoundly influenced by antiquity, but he combined with his enthusiasm for the accepted generalities of classical art a keen appreciation of nature. On the other hand, in much of his work there was an element of

The Panther-hunter, by J. A. Jerichau

sobriety, but there was also much formal beauty of a very superior quality. Especially notable was his representation af animals, and of women. His representation of women was coldly chaste; how much self-restraint such an attitude toward womanhood must have cost him, considering his emphatically erotic temperament, is indicated by a sketch

of Leda from his hand, in which he entirely let himself go and showed warmer passion than anywhere else in his usually rather untemperamental work.

If Fortune looked askance at Freund and Jerichau, she smiled on a younger friend and colleague of Freund's, H. V. Bissen, who, especially after the death of Thorvaldsen, became the preëminent sculptor of Denmark, and left a production almost as extensive as his master's. Merely between 1835 and 1841, he supplied the Knights' Hall at Christiansborg with a frieze 260 feet long, with more than 200 figures, representing the triumphal procession of Bacchus and Ceres, and, besides, sketched eighteen female figures for statues of saga heroines and Danish queens for a stairway at the same place. During a sojourn in Rome he had attracted Thorvaldsen's attention and won his confidence to such an extent that the master entrusted to him the execution of the Gutenberg monument at Mainz, and later designated him as his artistic executor, in which capacity he inherited several big commissions and directed the reproduction in marble of Thorvaldsen's works. Naturally, collaboration with his great teacher and close association with his spirit left traces in Bissen's work; a whole series of the idyllic sketches of his youth, with or without mythological titles, reveal plainly enough the influence under which they were produced. Yet even figures such as these show something which stands to Bissen's own account, and other works from his hand prove that in character he was very different from Thorvaldsen. He chose from Greek mythology such figures as the angry Achilles, or the Furies pursuing Orestes, or Filoctetes on Lemnos, and in such figures he showed a pathos which gave promise of great dramatic possibilities. The circumstances of his private life, however, especially political considerations, soon led him in a different direction. A native of Slesvig, he felt himself even more strongly affected than most by the quarrel between Germany and Denmark, and impelled by the national awakening and by Höyen's preaching of the doctrine of national art, Bissen now diverted his attention from the remote ideas which had heretofore pos-

Achilles, by H. V. Bissen

sessed his imagination in order to affiliate himself with the nationalist movement. His vital contribution to this was the monument commemorating the victory at Fredericia. In the competition for this, his rival was Jerichau, who chose the god Thor as the symbol of the power of the Danish people. Bissen, on the contrary, chose the actual hero of the victory, the common soldier of Denmark. This *Landsoldat,* planting his foot on a captured mortar, waving a beech-bough, and uttering with all his lungs a "Hurrah" for Denmark, marks a turning-point in Danish sculpture like that marked in Danish painting by the pictures of Dalsgaard and Vermehren. Here was the simple man of the people taken as a plastic motif and presented to the public for approval as such; here everything was conceded to living reality, nothing to the abstract ideal.

Soldiers' Monument at Fredericia, by H. V. Bissen

Bissen, in consequence, now exploited the breach with tradition that he had thus opened. He had previously been such a faithful adherent of tradition that he had, for in-

stance, represented Örsted in classical drapery. Henceforth in all the monuments he designed he adopted modern dress, and this change in itself introduced a new simplicity into the spirit of his art. It would take too long to enumerate all the full length statues that emanated from his atelier between 1850 and his death in 1868. Among the best known are the statue of Frederik VI, the equestrian statue of Frederik VII, and further memorials to H. C. Örsted and Oehlenschläger; among the best—besides the statue of Frederik VI already mentioned—are the statues of the actress Fru Heiberg and of the artist's own wife. This last, especially, has an intimacy of treatment which one could not reasonably expect to find in the numerous official tasks that were assigned to Bissen. The intimate quality of this statue is not, however, entirely unparalleled in his other works, particularly in his almost interminable series of busts. He made it a point to preserve portraits of the many prominent men with whom he had come in contact in the course of his long career, and it was especially in these busts, which he carved not to order but *con amore,* that he showed a far keener eye for essentials of character than his master had possessed, although in other respects he attached no greater importance to finish than did the master. In this feature his work, especially in his later years, was really deficient. The democratic spirit of the new era not only diverted Bissen from the dramatic strain in which he worked with so much promise in his earlier years, but it detracted from the formal quality of his work, because it demanded of him wholesale and hasty production, which did not leave him time and quiet for careful execution. For this reason, to many people nowadays he appears at his best in his excellent sketches, of which the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek in Copenhagen has made a fine collection.

In his atelier, which was the scene of livelier activity than any later Danish sculptor's, most of the following generation got their training. Here in the late thirties and early forties were gathered such artists as Peters and Hertzog, Stein and Saabye, all of whom attained a great age and carried down

Girl Painting a Crock, by Vilhelm Bissen

to the end of the century the traditions of the period of Thorvaldsen and Bissen. Of these, certainly the most bril-

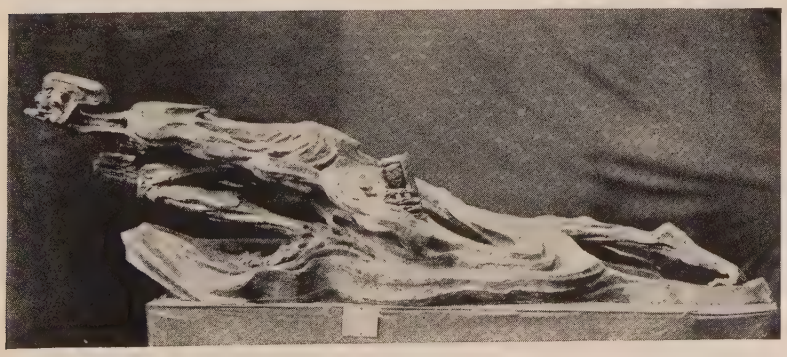
liant was Hertzog; his independent activity was prematurely interrupted by a great work of restoration, the sarcophagus of Queen Margrethe in Roskilde Cathedral; but a large number of little drawings bear witness to his gift for plastic composition. Peters had a great deal of life and humor. His best works are a few statuettes, The Dancing Faun, Diogenes, Ahasuerus, and Peter Willemoes; his larger works are not of correspondingly high merit. He also maintained a keen interest in handicraft, and contributed to its promotion a series of designs which, although they do not disclose any great original talent for this kind of work, show delicacy and artistic refinement. Stein was more successful than some of the men we have been discussing in securing commissions; he had a more robust talent, and also a less tender artistic conscience. Saabye was more sympathetic, for he was more genuinely childlike in feeling, and at the same time he was a clever workman in both bronze and marble. Other members of this group of pupils of H. V. Bissen were Evens and Vilhelm Bissen, the master's son, who was rather younger than the rest of the group. Unlike the others, he was somewhat influenced by the more modern French sculptors such as Dubois, but he was essentially a follower of his father's. He found wider scope for his activities than anyone since his father's time. He did not have H. V. Bissen's exuberant creative power, but on the other hand his treatment of form was finer and more highly developed, although it frequently suffered from a certain meagerness and lack of freshness. He did his best work in a series of carvings of animals and in a few genre pieces like A Horseman and Girl Painting a Crock. This last figure, especially, brought him great popularity. It is an unusually pure and unusually pretty example of the delicate and finished but somewhat timid and often slightly wearisome type of sculpture that became prevalent in Denmark after the period of Thorvaldsen and the elder Bissen.

The individuals who did not conform to this tendency were not numerous, and they were not at all hardy. Hasselriis, who showed marked talent for historic portraiture in

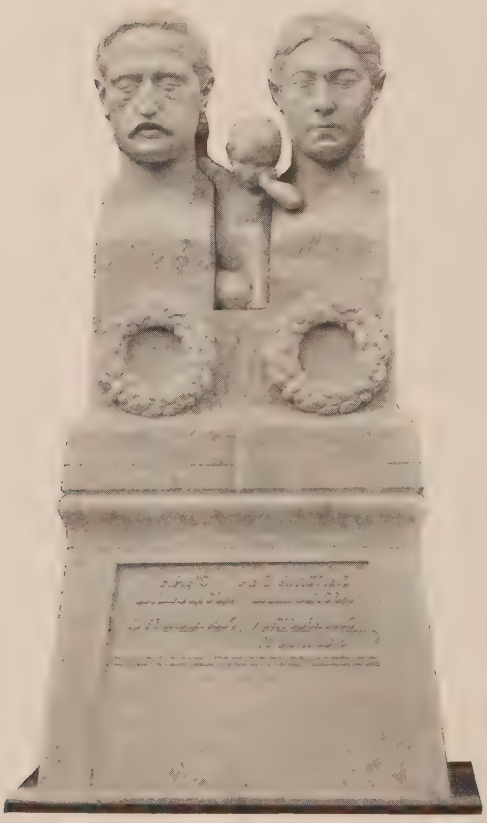
Bust of Fru Hirschsprung, by Ludvig Brandstrup

his statues of Ewald and Kierkegaard, became only slightly emancipated from his native school, despite his long residence abroad. Schultz, in his group Adam and Eve, showed an inclination to escape from the ranks and follow the more general European development, but he soon weakened and, on the whole, like his contemporaries, Aarsleff, Jörgen Larsen, and Axel Hansen, he placed himself firmly on the old Danish basis. A considerable sensation was caused in artistic circles in the middle of the eighties by Kröyer's first portrait busts, in which the treatment—as one might expect from the great painter—was to a large extent founded on the pictorial effect of light and shade. This example, however, found no imitators, and generally speaking, sculpture has not participated in any movements such as those that brought about the complete liberation of painting. At the present moment there is nothing which may be called a new school in Danish plastic art, but there is a group of able

sculptors like Pedersen-Dan, Mortensen, Erichsen, Söndrup, Bundgaard, Bonnesen, Bærentzen, and so on, and outside of this circle there are several individuals who may claim separate consideration. One of these is Brandstrup, to whom we owe the fine monument to Zoëga in Copenhagen; he has distinguished himself by a series of portrait busts, unsurpassed in Danish art for thorough plastic study and skillful handling of the surface of the marble. There is Fru Anne Marie Carl Nielsen, an acute observer of animal life, especially of domestic animals. There is Jarl, who shows French influence, an artist with a genuine plastic gift, especially for the treatment of single figures. Rudolph Tegner, on the contrary, has not the true plastic talent; his otherwise laudable efforts on a titanic scale, for example his monument to Finsen, lack the solid foundation of study, and, besides, his work is often surprisingly deficient in taste. Nor is Hansen-Jacobsen a real plastic artist, but it cannot be denied that he is a notable artistic personality because of his pathos. Far from permitting himself to rest content with the inoffensive and ineffective figures with which Danish sculpture too often has been satisfied, he has frequently attempted to give plastic expression to such difficult subjects as the powers of darkness, demons, and nightmares. To this end, he has frequently made use of intaglio, which naturally deprived his forms of all substance. Such a paradoxical, plastic-unplastic, treatment was perhaps appropriate to a paradox



The Shadow, by Niels Hansen-Jacobsen



Memorial to the Artist's Father and Mother, by J. F. Willumsen

like the statue in which he represented the most incorporeal of subjects, The Shadow. But in other larger works Hansen-Jacobsen's method has inevitably failed. The big scale, which for various reasons he does not master, is on the whole unsuited to his bold fancy. His pathos finds its best expression in a set of very small statuettes such as Lady Macbeth, and The Danaids, which he has executed in earthenware—for he is a distinguished ceramic artist.

What true monumental quality in sculpture really means was first demonstrated among the younger men, significantly enough, by two of the painters who were among the leaders in the quest for style: by Niels Skovgaard, in his monument on Lyrskov Heath; by Willumsen, in a few colossal heads in glazed clay, and in the memorial to his parents mentioned above. Wagner is a pupil of Willumsen's; by means of busts, tombstones, and garden statuary he has gradually worked his way up until he has become a very able artist and a thoroughly excellent craftsman, familiar, so to speak, with every material, and understanding how to evoke from each its inherent beauty. His wife, Fru Olga Wagner, has acquired from him the same technical knowledge; but she

is, in addition, an independent artist with a capacity, uncommon among women, for carrying her work through to completion. Both of these industrious artists have had a noticeable influence in the improvement of the technique of Danish sculpture, which had previously been extraordinarily unprogressive in the matter of choice and treatment of material. In this respect, the most talented of recent Danish sculptors, Kai Nielsen, is indebted to the Wagners. He is, however, individual and independent, and his strength lies in the almost impudent way that he uses models and motifs which no one before him had considered appropriate for plastic treatment. His art is a creed that proclaims a delight in the female body—even the very heavy-haunched female body—and proclaims it with a boldness that often approaches flippancy. But he is a born plastic artist, whom one is forced to forgive almost anything, because he succeeds in combining everything into effective lines and masses. He understands peculiarly well the art of preserving his block effect, avoiding anything piercing through the mass which might make his

Group Picture from an Exhibition of Kai Nielsen's Works

composition seem discontinuous and restless. His style therefore has a certain compactness, but also at times a certain clumsiness; this conscious *gaucherie*, which further appears in the primitive, half-Malay peasant type which he usually employs, constitutes a danger to his uncommonly vigorous talent.

A similar *gaucherie* and a similar partiality for a primitive peasant type, appear in Bjerg's bronze, The Abyssinian, so far the only important work by this artist, who is still very young. Yet his style is entirely different: his ideal is excessive thinness, instead of fleshiness. Jean Gauguin shows a great deal of humor in his boisterous little bronze statuettes of human figures, and of grace in his representations of animals. Jens Lund is earnest and austere, and a little jejeune in his form; he is one of the many who prefer to work in granite. The predilections of the younger men are divided between granite and bronze. In recent years bronze has been successfully treated with artificial patina. A master of this art is Thylstrup, who began with charming mountings in the ware of the Royal Copenhagen porcelain, and later turned to small figures in his own elegant, *précieux* jeweler's style, which is quite as well adapted to bronze as to the porcelain for which he originally developed it. Closely related to him in various ways is Utzon-Franck, who has shown considerable skill in adopting the early Renaissance style, with perhaps an inclination to follow it rather too closely. He also is a distinguished worker in bronze, whose productions, at least in decorative effect, are delicate and tasteful.

Thus the latest Danish sculptors, through their understanding of the possibilities of plastic materials, seem to be on their way toward the attainment of a truly plastic style, such as Danish sculpture might have attained earlier, if it had not too often been doomed to remain in plaster. Considering the fact that for so many years it was only to a very slight degree the object of private initiative; that it was produced mostly in fulfilment of public commissions, or else with the most anxious regard for public requirements; that it was a passion to only very few people in the country, a

luxury to many, and a matter of indifference to the majority; that it was treated in a stepmotherly fashion, always subordinated to painting—it seems quite natural that, in general, its expression of life should have been decidedly and noticeably languid. But recently the conditions seem to have improved, and therefore we may venture to believe that it will have a brighter future.

X

ARCHITECTURE

THE architecture, like the sculpture, of Denmark in the nineteenth century was hampered by the restricted conditions of the country and by the lack of appreciation of its significance. In the newer quarters of Copenhagen there are, indeed, a few buildings which prove that the country has not at any time been entirely devoid of good architecture, but these buildings are too few and too scattered to give any general artistic character to modern Copenhagen. Such character as the city has it owes chiefly to earlier times, especially to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; a number of buildings of this period are still preserved, despite the catastrophes—the last of these being the English bombardment in 1807—from which the capital has suffered.

Like painting and sculpture, architecture in Denmark had behind it, strictly speaking, no real national tradition. The granite and tufa Romanesque churches of Jutland were built after models in the Rhine district of Germany; the somewhat later brick churches of Sjælland partly after French models, partly after models from the German Baltic region. Of the Gothic churches in the country, some of the most striking are adaptions of the German *Hallenkirche*. When the Renaissance reached Denmark, simultaneously with the Reformation, the relationship to foreign countries was to a certain extent modified; after that it was chiefly from northwestern Germany and especially from the Low Countries that Denmark derived its style known as Gothic Renaissance because of its wealth of medieval survivals such as stair-towers and lofty spires. This style had little

influence on the development of church architecture; on the other hand it was extensively used in secular buildings and notably in a series of buildings erected under Frederik II and Christian IV (Kronborg, Vallö Castle, Frederiksborg, Rosenborg, and the Copenhagen Exchange), which although they unquestionably are modelled closely on buildings in the Netherlands, yet show distinct adaptation to Danish taste, and have ever since been held in esteem as something of a national product. The Dutch influence was succeeded in the eighteenth century by the baroque and the rococo, to which we owe some of the most beautiful work in Copenhagen and its neighborhood. Häusser's Christiansborg, of which the interior was decorated under the direction of Thura and Eigtved, has been burned down, and so has Thura's Hirschholm Castle; but of the work of this great builder, author of "The Danish Vitruvius," there remain, among other things, the Hermitage in Dyrehaven, the Prince's Palace in Copenhagen, and Vor Frelsers Kirke at Kristianshavn. The four palaces of Amalienborg Plads —perhaps in their way the most beautiful in all Europe— still support Eigtved's claim to the title of the supreme rep-

Amalienborg in Copenhagen, designed by Nikolai Eigtved

resentative of the restrained baroque style. By the time the reaction set in against baroque and its form of expression in interior decoration, rococo, Eigtved was dead. Jardin, the French architect who was summoned to Denmark to take his place, was an adherent of the new tendency toward the antique. His task was to complete the Frederikskirke, for which Eigtved had furnished the design, intended to be carried out in Norwegian marble. After ten years, however, work was suspended on account of lack of funds; it has at last been completed in our own times in a form substantially different from that originally planned, so that it is only from lesser undertakings, such as Bernstorff's Castle, that one can form an idea of Jardin's work as an artist. He is of greater significance to Danish architecture in his capacity as teacher of Harsdorff. When Harsdorff went in 1757 to Paris, where a few years before Soufflot had completed his epoch-making Pantheon, he had already begun the study of the forms of classical architecture under Jardin's guidance. Naturally, for him as for the other architects of his time, this study had to start from Palladio, but whatever the course of his development in Paris, he had only to go from Paris to Rome in order to realize that Palladio was a bypath, and that the straight road was the study of the actual monuments of antiquity. Then and subsequently, by the use of Stuart's book on the antiquities of Athens—although he never saw Greece, or even acquired a real knowledge of Greek art—he attained a sufficient understanding of the Ionic style to be able to use the Ionic column long before the majority of his contemporaries, without falling into error in the matter of proportions. It was especially by his introduction of the Ionic column into Denmark that he made his mark in our architectural history. His talents, unfortunately, were never satisfactorily turned to account. To a great extent they were wasted on temporary decorations in preparation for royal festivals and so forth, on buildings of perishable materials, on alterations and restorations of a trivial and restricted kind. Of comparatively important works from his hand, there may be mentioned a mortuary

chapel in the Karise Church at Faxe, the Hercules Lodge in Rosenborg gardens; as his masterpiece, the colonnade between the palaces of Amalienborg, which although made only of wood, has, none the less, owing to its perfect beauty of proportion and line, enjoyed from that day to this a merited reputation as the standard of neo-Classic architecture in Denmark. After the fire in 1795, which laid whole quarters of Copenhagen in ashes, Harsdorff found an

Colonnade between the Palaces of Amalienborg, designed by C. F. Harsdorff

opportunity to show his discriminating taste and his skill in producing an imposing effect even on a small scale, in erection of a series of simple and nobly-proportioned houses for Copenhagen citizens. At the same time he was occupied on plans for the completion of the Frederikskirke, but these were interrupted by his death, and all the great undertakings that lay before him, the reconstruction of Christiansborg, Frue Kirke, the Court-house in Copenhagen, devolved upon one of his pupils, Chr. Fr. Hansen, whose heavier but also more magnificent Roman style, for instance in Christiansborg and in the Court-house, has been for the first time properly appreciated in the last ten years. He had two faithful henchmen, of whom one was Malling, the builder of Copenhagen University and Sorö Academy, and the other was Hetsch, the son of the well known his-

The Court-house in Copenhagen, designed by Chr. Fr. Hansen

torical painter and director of the Stuttgart gallery. The latter, who had studied as a young man under Percier and Lebas in Paris, never became an architect of any great consequence (his most important buildings are the Synagogue and the Catholic church in Copenhagen); but as a representative of the Empire style and as a persevering advocate of the intimate connection between art and handicraft, he had a decisive influence on the taste of the nation, assailing its aberrations in his writings, speech, and actions, and constantly pointing to antiquity as the only means of salvation. In opposition to this dogmatism there came forward, from about 1840 onward, a younger architect of bolder and more unprejudiced vision, livelier imagination, greater originality, and, combined with all these, a knowledge of the various styles unusual for those days. This was M. G. Bindesböll. Actively inspired from his youth by Harsdorff, influenced during his residence in Paris by Gau, whom he knew through Semper's history, Bindesböll, too, had an affection for the classical style. His sense of beauty, however, was open to impressions from all sides, so that he

had the capacity to enjoy eminent examples of practically every style. He differed notably from his predecessors in his endeavor always to introduce color and pictorial effects. Thus on his trip to Italy and Greece (about 1835) he took equal interest in Pompeian houses, Sicilian churches, and in the Turkish pavilions and mosques of Athens, where he had an opportunity, during the excavations on the Acropolis, to study at first hand the evidences of the use of color in Greek architecture. With his head full of all these studies, he

The Thorvaldsen Museum, designed by M. G. Bindesböll

began his project of the museum for Thorvaldsen's work, to which he devoted the best powers of his maturity; in its final form it was not only his masterpiece, but the greatest work of genius that Danish architecture has brought forth. The motif of the beautiful façade with its five doors is related to the sarcophagus of Mycerinus, but in its lightness it is more Attic than Egyptian, and the plan of the whole—a court in the centre, with Thorvaldsen's grave, surrounded by a two-storied structure with galleries and series of communicating halls and smaller rooms—is neither Egyptian nor Greek, but Bindesböll's own, and a better plan could hardly be devised for a building which is intended to be at

the same time a museum and a mausoleum for an individual artist. It is impossible to imagine a museum better arranged to do justice to Thorvaldsen's work. In the great halls for the colossal pieces, in the small rooms for a single statue and a few bas-reliefs, in the long galleries for Alexander's Expedition and the pediment group from Frue Kirke—everywhere the space appears to have been apportioned exactly to the works which it was intended to accommodate. And so it actually was. With his knowledge of every one of the master's works, and his affection for them, Bindesböll calculated everything for their disposition and contributed to the variety of their effect by the free use of stucco and color on ceilings and walls. In this building, which is polychrome even to the terra cotta colored exterior walls with Sonne's splendid but unfortunately almost vanished sgraffiato pictures of Thorvaldsen's return to Copenhagen, which we have already mentioned above, Bindesböll realized his dream of transporting the beauty of Southern color to the dreary Northern clime, and from that day to this there has been no place in Denmark more pleasant to frequent than this, with its warm and joyful beauty.

Unfortunately there was no place in the country for his great talents either, and only this once could Bindesböll fully accomplish his dream. Another project from his hand showing genius, this time in a kind of medieval style, was a plan for a zoölogical museum; it never got further than paper. The work he did in his capacity of official architect often had the stamp of his discriminating taste, sometimes also of his originality, but it suffered noticeably from limited scope and lack of regard for artistic considerations. "It must be done as quickly as possible, and it must be done as cheaply as possible; it must be finished to-morrow, and cost twopence," said Hetsch bitterly of the conditions under which architecture in Denmark had to labor; both before his time and since, these handicaps have rendered useless a great many noble impulses toward beauty. Unfortunately for their country, but fortunately for themselves, two talented contemporaries and fellow artists of Bindesböll's, the

brothers Hansen, escaped from the dreariness of their existence at home. The elder, Chr. Hansen, who settled in Athens and built, among other things, the University there, later returned to Copenhagen, where he built the Municipal Hospital, the Natural History Museum, and other buildings; the younger, Theophilus Hansen, who was summoned to Athens by his brother and soon attracted the notice of the Germans there by his work on the observatory, later settled in Vienna, where he made himself a great name by his splendid buildings—the Waffenmuseum, the Heinrichshof, the Erzherzog Wilhelm's palace, the Musikverein, the Börse, the Akademie der Künste, the Reichstag building, etc. But he was thus completely lost to Denmark.

Meanwhile, from the fifties onward, with the increasing knowledge of the country's older architecture and a hitherto unknown eagerness to preserve its monuments by the help of intelligent restoration, there developed in Denmark an impulse toward a more national trend in contemporary architecture—a tendency which found expression in various ways, incidentally in the return of brick, a native product, to a position of honor and dignity, displacing plaster, which, in defiance of the Danish climate, had been used hitherto to cover the natural building material. The leader of this movement, Herholdt, did not confine himself to any one style, but adapted himself to the circumstances of his subject, and therefore did not hesitate to seek such motifs as he needed beyond the boundaries of Denmark. Thus the National Bank in Copenhagen, with its massive rustication, is late Italian Renaissance; the Studenterforeningen, with its lighter feeling, is rather earlier Italian Renaissance; the central railway station (since torn down), most nearly Romanesque; the motif of the University Library is from San Fermo in Verona. Whether the style of this last building is really suitable for a library is perhaps doubtful, but as to the beauty of the building there can be no doubt; both the façade and the great hall for the books are among the most splendid of the few real show-places of recent Copenhagen architecture. As much may be said of several build-

Interior of the University Library, in Copenhagen, designed by J. D. Herholdt

ings—notably Abel Kathrine's Home, the Soldenfeldt Foundation, and Hirschsprung's Museum—by Storck, a pupil of Herholdt's, as talented as his master; particularly in the first of these buildings, an institution for aged women, he has shown unusual ability to produce the tone that is appropriate to the occasion—in this case, a feeling of cloistered peace. Whatever else one may think of the Danish architecture of this period, feeling was not its strong point. Meldahl's Frederikskirke or his restoration of the interior of Frederiksborg Castle; Dahlerup's Jesuskirke, his Art Museum, or Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek, or the Royal Theatre, which he did in collaboration with Ove Petersen; the latter's Dagmar Theatre; Albert Jansen's exhibition building at Charlottenborg or his Magasin du Nord; Klein's Industrial Exhibition building and Art Industry Museum;

Abel Kathrine's Home, designed by H. B. Storck

Fenger's technical school, Mathæus-kirke, fire station, electric lighting plant, and municipal schools; Vilhelm Petersen's Custom House and Scientific Society building; even if among these or other examples of the work of such architects as these there are a few which are entirely praiseworthy for the effort to attain style or for the taste which they display (although some of them are complete failures in these very respects), one may fairly say, none the less, that to these practitioners architecture was merely a matter of style, rather than a real expression of personality. They set out to bring the plan of their undertaking into conformity with their knowledge of some particular style, instead of trying to get into the spirit of their problem and make the building so far as possible an expression of their interpretation of the function that it is intended to fulfill.

At last it dawned on Danish builders that a piece of architecture does not have character merely because it is executed in a certain style; that a man can carry over into a plan and a façade his personal relationship to the problem in hand, and that a happy solution of the problem depends mainly on his ability to live in a human relation to his work and infuse his own life into its innermost spirit. As has already been pointed out, Bindesböll has supplied a shining example and Storck several fine examples of this tendency; it should here be added that Hans Holm, likewise, in certain of his works, such as the building of the office for the management of estates of orphans, and the laying out of Vestre Cemetery, which shows remarkable feeling, has proved that

this point of view was not entirely foreign to the best of the older generation. But the most recent generation is the first that has done it full justice. The work, to be sure, has constantly been based on a foundation of history, and chiefly of national history, on studies of the architecture either of the Middle Ages, or of the Renaissance, or of the baroque period, or the neo-Classic; but on the one hand the requirements which the building is intended to meet are brought out more clearly than they used to be, and in general the building is allowed more right to exist for its own sake; on the other hand there is more indulgence of the pleasures of subjectivity than men formerly dared to permit themselves. For this new attitude has necessarily done away with much of the dryness and sourness which for so long were among the most pervasive characteristics of Danish architecture. The new buildings often impress one as better humored than their predecessors. They also have clearer consciences, for construction in Copenhagen and its neighborhood nowadays is solider and sounder than it used to be. Formerly one never saw granite or sandstone used for private houses; nowadays neither is rare, and one even sees marble used. The more generous attitude toward architecture on the part of its patrons is certainly due not so much to better times as to a more general understanding of the builder's aims. Such an understanding has become possible because the builders are no longer so anxious to make their work ornamental, and are much more anxious to make it thoroughly appropriate. A large number of younger architects share the honor of inaugurating this improvement; on the average, perhaps, they are not quite the equals of their elders in technical training, but they are far superior in their understanding of the demands of every-day life upon their art. In this connection one may mention Schiödte, Ludvig Clausen, Wenck, V. Koch, Levy, Clemmensen, M. Borch, Leuning Borch, Axel Berg, F. Koch, Emil Jörgensen, Eugen Jörgensen, Kampmann, Warming, Brummer, Ingwersen, Tvede, Rosen, Ingemann, Magdahl-Nielsen, Thorvald Jörgensen. To the last-named has fallen the heavy and arduous charge of con-

structing the new Christiansborg; unfortunately, for many special reasons, this building takes a place outside of the wholesome course of development of Danish architecture in general. With this exception, in the vast majority of cases the artists in question, whether their problem has been a railway station or a country house, a barracks or a school, a theatre or an archive building, a library or a hotel, have consciously endeavored to make the building unmistakably express that particular phase of the Danish spirit, lay, academic, military, mercantile, or whatever else, in which the life within the building might be expected to shape itself.

A still younger generation has lately taken up architecture in Denmark and has made it more Danish than ever by establishing the old Danish models as the only ones that are natural and proper. This generation has taken for its ideals not only the baroque buildings of the towns but the farmhouses and parsonages of the country, habitations designed exclusively to suit the needs of their owners, entirely simple and unpretentious, yet for that very reason often very beautiful. It cannot be denied that the younger architects who represent these ideals, Ivar Bentsen, Baumann, Carl Petersen, Hygom, Henning Hansen, Fisker, Rafn, and others, are even more closely than their predecessors in league with the rural districts, nor that they know how to build so as not to detract from the beauty of the country, but their style is perhaps less suitable for building in the capital. To a certain extent these young architects are under the influence of Klint, who in point of age belongs to the preceding generation. He has not done much building; his masterpiece, a memorial church to Grundtvig, has not yet gone beyond the model stage; but he has had so much the more time to think about his art, and both in speech and in writing he has supported the tendency which the best of the young men are now following. The first man in modern Denmark, however, to point out to architecture its mission among men was Martin Nyrop; his influence is still perceptible. It was he who at the beginning of the new century completed the Copenhagen Town Hall. In the style of that splendid build-

The Copenhagen Town Hall, designed by Martin Nyrop

ing there were elements from many periods and many regions. In the façade, with its battlements and tower, and in the semi-circular open space before it, one easily recognizes the influence of medieval Tuscan city halls; in the great hall with the open loggia at the front, the influence is unmistakable of Renaissance courts in Genoa and Rome; for the blind arcade of the first story a group of old Danish manor-houses supplied the model; many of the light-colored decorations of the whitewashed rooms were taken from old frescoes in Danish churches. Nyrop tried to work all these very diverse ingredients into a unified whole, and in many particulars he succeeded beyond all expectation. The exterior, however, is not as successful as the interior. The great hall—with the exception of the ceiling decoration and a few details—is one of the most beautiful of modern assembly-rooms, light in its effect, airy and bright, nobly conceived and monumental, yet free from ostentation or pretentiousness. What gave this building its peculiar attraction, however, was the amiable spirit that prevailed in all the every-day rooms and offices and corridors and stairways and so on.

The Great Hall in the Copenhagen Town Hall, designed by Martin Nyrop

In all such places a loving hand had so caressed the objects of practical utility, giving them such artistic form, that even the heaviest mind must feel itself lightened by moving in such surroundings, where beauty is so liberal with its smile. Granted that the beauty was not always as exquisite as one might have wished; that Nyrop was not always fastidious enough in his choice of collaborators, that by no means everything was first hand or first rate, that the taste here and there, especially on the exterior, was a little childish and showed a delight in details and trifles rather than a felicitous sense of unified monumental effect—perhaps it was just because of all this, perhaps it was just because no very great refinement of taste was needed for the appreciation of its artistic qualities, that this genuinely democratic building won all hearts and was greeted with an enthusiasm such as has never been shown for any other work of Danish architecture.

With its mighty tower, bold yet not boastful; with its portal, rich yet not ornate; with its whole character permeated with Danish distaste for the venturesome, the exag-

gerated, the presumptuous, and with Danish taste for the intelligible, the natural, and the simple, this building stands as a symbol for future generations, as a testimonial to the endeavor not only of Danish architecture but of all Danish art throughout the nineteenth century and now in the twentieth to be sincere, to offer nothing except what it really had. to seem nothing except what it really was.

MODERN NORWEGIAN ART

By

JENS THIIS

Director of The National Gallery at Christiania

MODERN NORWEGIAN ART

By Jens Thiis

I

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY PIONEERS DAHL AND FEARNLEY

THE new Norway that achieved independence in 1814 saw the foundation of its pictorial art contemporaneously with the foundation of its judicial and political freedom. Norwegian painting thus belongs among the most recent in Europe, in so far as its traditions can hardly with good reason be traced farther back than to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Norway, to be sure, had art before this time. In our saga period, in the early Middle Ages of European civilization, Norway appears even to have had a prominent place in the domain of the arts. The Oseberg antiquities bear brilliant witness to an individual and independent artistic culture; and the cathedrals of Trondhjem and of Stavanger and Haakonshallen remain as precious monuments from the era of our national eminence in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Recent research has made it clear, furthermore, that we had at this time also the arts of sculpture and painting in Norwegian forms, although they bore a close relationship to the cultivation of the arts in other occidental lands. Not only were French and English artists, summoned from abroad, at work among us; it is manifest, as well, that there was emerging from the soil of Norway itself an art

which actually took on the character of schools in the various parts of the country. The names of the artists have been forever blotted out by time; but their works have to some extent been preserved in the form of antependia, crucifixes, and painted decorations from our oldest churches.

This art life, however, declined with the decline of our national independence, and received its quietus upon the coming of the Reformation. Even after that time, it is true, artists of Norwegian nationality are to be found, and also pictures of an ancient date which may be said probably or certainly to have been done in Norway. Yet these sporadic, for the most part ecclesiastical, pictures or portraits from the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century possess so little originality that it is difficult on the basis of these relics to form the vaguest conception of an independent Norwegian school of painting or of a consecutive pictorial tradition in our country.

Nevertheless, such absence of a national art in the higher sense is by no means to be understood as an evidence of lack of artistic impulses among the people. On the contrary. The artistic tendencies which among other nations since the days of the Renaissance have been directed steadily toward greater individual expression took a peculiarly general form under the special cultural conditions surrounding the rural Norwegian people in the time of the Danish sovereignty. These tendencies gave rise to a decorative art, which acquired a sharply distinctive character in the various provincial communities and, hedged about by vigorous tradition, gradually spread farther abroad.

There are, however, from the period preceding the nineteenth century, a small number of artists of Norwegian birth whose names and dates are known, as well as their works. Among these Magnus Berg, a man of peasant origin who died in 1739, stands preëminent for talents as a painter and carver that made him illustrious to fame in his own day. He was a highly developed technician, numbered as a worker in ivory among the best in the baroque age. All of his activities, however, fall outside of his native land, since he lived

for the most part in Copenhagen, in the employ of the king, and died there.

Even during the last years of the union with Denmark, intellectual life in Norway began to assume independent forms and to become conscious of its individuality. After the bonds of adherence were severed, our nation spontaneously asserted its freedom also in the sphere of art, although the Academy in Copenhagen for a long time continued to be the nearest and most obvious school for young Norwegian painters.

As early as a decade or two after the rebirth of our political independence in 1814 one could name a small group of painters who were commonly regarded as forming an actually Norwegian school of painting, though all of them had sought their training abroad and still were compelled to seek their livelihood there. The fact was that at home in Norway the collective energies were so completely occupied in the arduous struggle to establish the country economically and to secure its self-government in the new union with Sweden, that a considerable number of years went by before the Norwegian artists could take root in their native soil.

Yet though the entire older school of Norwegian painters were trained at foreign academies, such as those of Copenhagen, Dresden, Düsseldorf, and Munich, and in a great part lived abroad, none the less they painted the scenes of home. By means of summer visits and frequent travels in the land of their birth they maintained contact with the people and the nature that their art portrayed.

In a survey of the history of Norwegian art no one is more deserving of mention than Johan Christian Claussön Dahl, who has been called the father of our national art of painting. Not only with regard to time but with regard to artistic rank he stands among the foremost, as the renewer and regenerator of the art conceptions of his age and as the most gifted interpreter of Norwegian nature we have had.

Johan Christian Dahl, the son of a poor fisherman and ferryman of Bergen, was born in 1788. After eight years of experience as a journeyman painter in his native city, he

became, at the age of twenty-three, a pupil at the Academy of Art in Copenhagen. During his apprenticeship in Copenhagen, however, it was not the professors at the Academy but old Dutch masters in Danish collections who developed his feeling for nature and opened his eyes to the possibilities of paint. How much he owed to these masters is most clearly to be seen in certain youthful pictures which, together with a selection of his splendid studies from nature, are grouped in our National Gallery. Even in such a work from Dahl's later period as the magnificent painting, dated 1838, of Hougsfossen with its lowering heavens and its glittering birch bending over the cascade, there are reminders of that great old Dutch nature poet and romanticist, Jacob van Ruisdael; with this reservation, however, that Dahl's

Hougsfossen, by Johan Christian Dahl. In the National Gallery

realism is by so much the stronger that he does not hesitate to drag salmon fisheries and the sheds and the piled timbers of a saw-mill into his romanticism.

Moreover, Dahl's preparatory years fell within a time during which a new and a fuller conception of nature was coming to the fore in literature and art; and he became himself one of those who, in the struggle against the older.

Copenhagen by Moonlight, by Johan Christian Dahl. Privately owned

conventionally classical view of art, contributed to the supremacy of a deeper and more personal understanding of nature. What Henrik Wergeland was to be for Norwegian poetry and national feeling, Dahl was to be for Norwegian painting and the appreciation of nature. Besides, just as Wergeland in his production worked his way out from overwrought romanticism into clearness and realism, so Dahl with the passing years became more and more a confessed naturalist, and almost all of his later pictures are deeply rooted in immediate studies from nature which, during his entire life, he painted in great numbers. One of these studies is reproduced here, Copenhagen by Moonlight, painted in 1846.

On his return in 1821 from a sojourn in Italy Dahl was offered a professorship at the Dresden Academy of Art; and although he vacillated between this proposition and similar intimations from Copenhagen, he finally decided to choose Dresden. At home in Norway, under the prevailing conditions, there was, in fact, not the least probability of a livelihood for a painter who was not willing to face actual poverty; and Dahl was already well on his way

toward European fame. Although as an academy professor in Dresden he was thus doomed to live far from the land he loved, he never ceased to interpret and to glorify through his art the nature of Norway.

It is no exaggeration to say that Dahl was the pictorial discoverer of Norwegian landscape. Even in his youth he writes of Norway as a virgin soil that is capable of yielding a rich harvest. So on his summer travels he wandered over valley and mountainside, followed the long coast line, and penetrated the recesses of the fjords, to return afterward to his studio in Dresden with a rich garner of wonderfully fresh and colorful nature studies.

In Dahl's depiction of Norway the western part of the country, the so-called Westland, naturally takes the most conspicuous place; but his lively mind and liberal spirit made him kindle easily into enthusiasm for the nature of Norway in its entirety. Still he reached perhaps his highest attainment in the portrayal of mountain height and heath. On his last tour through Norway he passed over Filefjeld

Stugunöset, by Johan Christian Dahl. In the National Gallery

Stalheim, by Johan Christian Dahl. In the National Gallery

to Bergen; a fruit of his studies on this trip is the picture called Stugunöset, painted in 1851. Never, before or since, has Norwegian mountain scenery been presented with such power. One forgets the smallness of the canvas in contemplating the boldness of the outline. This mighty mountain ridge, formed when the world was young, that pushes its long moss-decked expanse, on which herds of reindeer are grazing, down toward the abyss—that is mountain scenery; it is great and dramatically composed landscape art.

If it comes to a question as to what Dahl was capable of at the height of his artistic powers, Norwegians who believe in his greatness can point to such works as the magnificent nature symphony on a theme from Stalheim, now in the National Gallery, or Birch-tree in Storm, privately owned in Bergen. In the last-named picture, especially, his lyricism and love of country together have created a work of art that is a virtual symbol of Norway.

At the edge of the sheer mountain ridge, above sunken valley and driving fog, there is a crevice so shielded from

Birch-tree in Storm, by Johan Christian Dahl. Privately owned in Bergen

northern storms that the moss has been enabled to clothe the rocks and to gather mold. In this sparse earth, the salvage of centuries, a birch has taken root and is clinging fast. Year after year it has grown more erect against the winds of the heath and the breath of glaciers; now it stands in its full stature and maturity with glittering leafage on every bough. Blonde and full-bosomed, fragrant and translucent, it bends over the deep valley; and the sap is flowing

through tough wood beneath that silken bark. One day the sun pours a wealth of light and warmth over its foliage; the next day the western blast lays a strangling hold upon it and forces it toward the earth so that branches writhe and leaves are twisted about. Dahl has seen the birch while the two forces were in collision. The storm wrenches the crown and bends the trunk into a bow; but the sun pierces through the rift in the clouds and throws glancing rays over the struggling branches. It is only a birch, yet it is a poem whose theme is meagre soil and ready growth.

Paintings by Dahl are to be found, besides in the National Gallery and in the Picture Gallery in Bergen, also in the Danish Art Museum and in various German collections, such as the galleries in Dresden, Berlin, Cassel, Hamburg, and Prague.

While Dahl is under discussion, it should not be forgotten that he demonstrated his love for Norway by other means as well as by his art. He exerted himself in persistent and enthusiastic efforts to awaken artistic life among our people. It was Dahl who took the initiative toward the founding of the National Gallery, and it was he who was instrumental in establishing art societies in the larger cities throughout Norway. His name is connected with the cathedral at Trondhjem and with the restoration of Haakonshallen, and in 1837 he published in German a volume on Norway's medieval timber churches. Dahl died in Dresden, October 14, 1857.

Dahl's most talented pupil was Thomas Fearnley; he was born at Fredrikshald in 1802, and died at Munich in 1841. Fearnley received his first instruction in painting in Copenhagen, and more especially in Stockholm under Fahlcrantz; it was not, however, until he met Dahl on a sketching trip through Norway that he found the right path. He was at once strongly impressed with the poetic naturalism of the master, and during a considerable stay in Dresden the two painters, working together, developed a close and devoted friendship for each other.

Fearnley, for his part, was throughout life driven on by

A Terrace at Sorrento, by Thomas Fearnley. Privately owned in Christiania

love of travel, and his restless blood, which was not wholly Norwegian, yearned eagerly for new sensations. First to Munich, later to Italy, thereafter to Switzerland, Paris, England, Norway, and back to Munich—such were his wanderings; but just as he had settled down, filled with impressions of art and nature, and was about to do his best work, death carried him off before his fortieth year.

In Fearnley's case the influence of the clear outlines of Italian landscape and, next to that, the vision of the gigantic Alpine world of contours became decisive. He was strongly tempted to remain in Italy; here he painted the most splendid studies, and here in the land of sunlight and wine his joyous and sensuous nature was at ease. Fearnley's dream as an artist was this: without being false to the veracious study of nature in which Dahl had schooled him, to develop a more elevated ideal art than that which might be attained

solely by the "nature" method of Dahl, an art in which monumental beauty of line and romantic sensibility were to be joined in a richness of harmony else unknown to contemporary art.

In pure painting Fearnley did not attain so high a level as Dahl; but as a creative and poetic artist he was Dahl's equal. Henrik Wergeland says in his characterization of the two men that Dahl's paintings indicate a genius of sharper profile, of greater independence. This is true in so far as Fearnley never reaches Dahl's exuberant liveliness or the rich tone of his execution. Yet Fearnley's aim is often the higher as regards firm and conscious composition; his draughtsmanship is sure and confident, and he expresses what he wills with imposing calm.

Fearnley's masterpiece is Labrofossen, now in the National Gallery, painted in England in 1837 after studies from his last journey in Norway. A copious stream is flowing directly toward the spectator in a broad, foaming cascade. A dead pine tree stretches its withered branches up toward a lowering, foreboding sky. On both sides are dark

Labrofossen, by Thomas Fearnley. In the National Gallery

masses of pine forest rising into ridges in the background. Wet clouds sweep over them. In the foreground a log is caught in an eddy of the river. Upon it an eagle has settled, the only living thing in a lonely waste.

Among Norwegian landscapes there is hardly another that is composed more decidedly in the grand manner than Fearnley's Labrofossen, and no other that has its resounding power in the shifting harmonies of lights and shadows. The coloring, to be sure, is cold and clear, with something of the monotony of enamels. Still this cold and reserved color scheme gives an impression of distance and sublimity. Like an ossianic mood which has become clarified and fixed in permanent form, this picture remains as an enduring witness that the great romantic movement swept with the beating of wings over the work of one Norwegian artist at least.

Among Dahl's other pupils brief mention will be made here only of Baade and Frich. Knud Baade, who was born at Stavanger in 1808, was a student in the Academy of Art at Copenhagen before coming to Dahl in Dresden. Baade took up a special feature of Dahl's many-sided landscape art, namely moonlight painting, and made it a specialty. In 1845 Knud Baade removed to Munich, where he lived and worked as a highly esteemed artist till his death in 1879.

I. C. Frich, who was born at Bergen in 1810, also came under Dahl's direction after having been a pupil at the Academy in Copenhagen. Dahl received his fellow townsman warmly, and Frich seemed at first inclined to follow Dahl's lead. The times, however, were full of temptations to forsake the nature method professed by Dahl, and Frich too departed for Munich, which was becoming the new seat of more impressive and romantic color doctrines. Frich, it should be noted, was the first among the Norwegian painters trained in Germany who made a serious attempt to live at home. Till the very time of his death in 1858 he resided in Christiania, where he was a teacher in the School of Design and a member of the board of directors of the

The Björnsteg Beacon, by Johan Flintoe. In the National Gallery

National Gallery and of Kunstforeningen. His eight large landscapes from scenically beautiful places in Norway, painted in 1850 in the dining-room at Oscarshal, Oscar I's newly erected country palace on Ladegaardsöen, are his principal works.

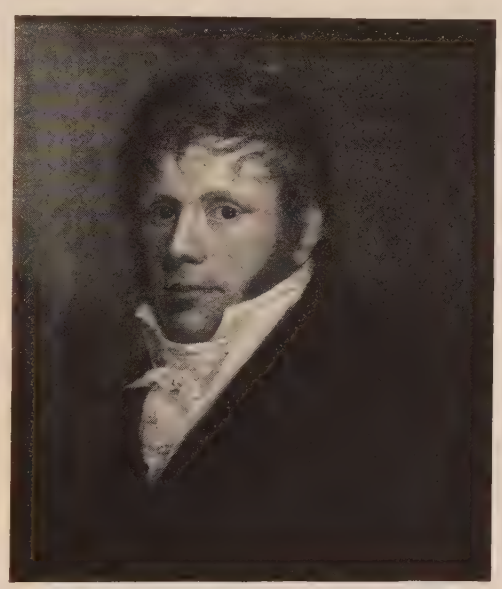
Another artist who actually made his residence in Christiania during these formative years in our art life was Johan Flintoe. He was born in Danish Holstein and died at Copenhagen in 1870; yet by his activities and by the themes of his art he belongs to Norway. In earlier days Flintoe was best known as a teacher of drawing in the newly established Royal School of Design and as a painter of views and panoramas in the little town that was Christiania of the thirties and forties. His importance as an artist, however, was not estimated at its proper value so long as his Norwegian landscapes, painted in water-color and in gouache, remained hidden in Danish private collections. Now that they have become known and for the most part have been acquired for the National Gallery or other Nor-

wegian collections, they disclose a new side of Flintoe's talent. They reveal him as an actual discoverer of an essential feature in the nature of Norway. Norwegian mountain scenery, which at that time was virgin soil for art, he apprehended, in pictures such as those of Myrhorn, The Björnsteg Beacon, and Jostedalsbræen, with a cold and keen vision like that of the older Dane Eckersberg, and reproduced it with unsophisticated and precise faithfulness to detail. Still his depiction of these mountain heights has undeniable greatness and expressiveness of modelling. As a painter, though he had an unusually fine sense of values, Flintoe was a puritanical colorist who with rationalistic persistence kept apart from all romantic depth and mysticism, and continuously moved within a gamut of cold, meagre, daylight colors. Certain phases of his art touch phases of Dahl's; but, unquestionably, Flintoe's talent is the drier and the more attenuated, and its greatest strength lies in dispassionate sincerity. Norwegian naturalism may properly look back to Flintoe as one of its earliest progenitors.

Another side of Flintoe's endowment is revealed by the satirical drawings in the National Gallery, in which he pictures humorously and with rare narrative power the difficulties and dangers of travel under the primitive conditions that surrounded the tourist in Norway at that time. Of Flintoe as a teacher, Hans Gude, who became a pupil of his at the age of twelve, says that this master was an artist by nature, and that he was principally indebted to him for the early acquisition of a certain sense of beauty of form.

Figure painters are neither numerous nor very prominent in this first period of the history of Norwegian art. The most significant among them is Jacob Munch. Munch was born at Christianssand in 1776, received the education of a military officer, and became a captain in the Norwegian army in 1812. At the age of twenty-eight, however, he entered as a pupil in the Academy of Art at Copenhagen; later he travelled for a time, and saw David's art in Paris and Thorvaldsen's in Rome. Subsequently Munch made his home in Christiania, and many are the portraits he

painted of his countrymen and countrywomen. Best known in his large picture representing the Coronation of Carl Johan in the cathedral at Trondhjem in 1818; this work, now in the palace at Christiania, is weak as a whole, but has occasional good portrait heads. On his youthful travels he painted Oehlenschläger in Paris in 1807 and Thorvaldsen in Rome in 1810. During the time of his activities at home he was the portrait painter of the Old Eidsvold men, the elderly generals and landed proprietors, somewhat dry and wooden in form, yet, as a pupil of David, elegant and genteel; moreover, his portraits often disclose a powerful feeling for character.



Portrait of the Artist, by Jacob Munch. Privately owned

Munch was one of the founders of the Royal School of Art and Design in Christiania, and was active as a teacher in the institution till his death in 1839. To the family of which he was a member belong also the painters Edvard Munch and Fritz Thaulow. Munch's heir as the portrait painter of Christiania society was Johan Görbitz. This Bergen man, Munch's junior by six years, had received a solid training, first at the Academy in Copenhagen and later in Paris, where he lived for a long time as a painter of miniatures and portraits. Görbitz's portraits are impeccable and skilful, but precise and dry. The best known work from his hand is the girlishly attractive miniature of Niels Henrik

Abel as a youth. For that matter, Görbitz painted nearly all the prominent men and fine ladies who sat for their portraits in Norway during the forties. He also produced small landscapes on Norwegian themes, and was not untouched by the influence of Dahl.

Another artist who alternately painted portraits and landscapes was Jacob Calmeyer. He was born at Fredrikshald in 1802; like Fearnley he went to Stockholm to study and later to Dahl in Dresden; he lived for a time in Copenhagen but afterward in Christiania till his death in 1884. Calmeyer never acquired particular note as an artist. Yet he painted a portrait or two of the poet Welhaven as a youth which indicate a sense of beauty and a bright and lovable apprehension of his subject.

Portrait of Fru Möiniche, by Mathias Stoltenberg. In the National Gallery

A painter whose artistic work received little recognition until it was collected at the Jubilee Exposition in 1914 is Mathias Stoltenberg. Stoltenberg, who was born in Tönsberg in 1799, lived a long life, the laborious and well nigh thankless life of the peripatetic portrait-painter, wandering about the country, especially in the so-called Uplands, in the region of Trondhjem, in Romsdalen, and in Nordland until he died in 1871 at Vang in Hedemarken, where he found a tardy home, if such it was. While Captain Munch was the artist of the Empire period, with his French training in the

school of David, and the portrait painter of the aristocracy, Stoltenberg was the painter of the more everyday official class throughout the country in the good old Biedermeier days. He evidently received his schooling in Denmark, since his pictures betray a most obvious relationship to the portrait art of the Danes Eckersberg, Köbke, and Jensen. The old clergymen and county judges in their robes of office and their elderly ladies in elegant fluted bonnets fastened with silk bows beneath their chins—such was his clientele. By preference he paints rather small portrait busts to be hung above the damask-covered mahogany sofa in the living-room, in full face so that all the features stand out, open and straightforward countenances with a friendly, artless expression and a wide-awake air, but with the furrows of time frankly marked about the mouth and eyes. Stoltenberg is a keen observer with a telling grasp of character, and in the great range of his portraits one would search in vain for mannerisms or repetitions. It can by no means be denied that his simplicity and awkwardness in certain of the pictures approach dilettanteism and that his draughtsmanship often reveals its weaknesses. What saves him, nevertheless, is his fresh, joyous sense of color, his juxtaposition of pure, clear pigments in dresses, scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, collocations which in all their unexpected innocence at times produce a positively charming effect. Stoltenberg is one of those painters who confirm the fact, which, to tell the truth, we are glad to have confirmed, that the strength of our painting lies in color.

II

TIDEMAND AND GUDE. DÜSSELDORF TECHNIQUE AND NORWEGIAN SUBJECTS

THE next generation of painters, who emerged in the forties and whose tendencies became dominant in our painting during the next decade or two, did not follow in the foot-steps of Dahl and Fearnley. They proceeded to Düsseldorf, where a new romantic school had grown powerful and indeed supreme; as distinct from Dahl's intimate worship of nature, it was a more literary and eclectic art of echoes, working according to fixed recipes of the studio, an art with a leaning toward the theatrical, with a taste for all that was sweet and sultry in coloring. Judging it as a school, we cannot, with our present views on the functions of painting, say that the tendency in Düsseldorf was the most wholesome and beneficial for young talents. The situation was quite clear to Dahl who, although himself resident in Germany, issued a warning against the new German movement. Beware, he says, of the deceptive glasses that color all things red and yellow, regardless of aught but pleasing the great crowd, which is easily dazzled by coquettish brilliance. He finds the Danish school of the day much less contaminated and more faithful to nature than the German. Therefore he also advises sending the beginner first to Copenhagen and afterwards, when he has gained experience, sending him farther, especially to Paris; as a reason for this counsel he asserts that Düsseldorf has not had so helpful an influence upon young Norwegian painters as commonly supposed, and that the desirability of a simpler point of view has frequently been manifest.

What Norwegian painting might have become in the hands of the group of talented youth who came to the fore in those days if they had followed the path indicated by Dahl—to Denmark and thereafter to France, where art life was in healthy and luxurious flower—instead of going by way of Düsseldorf, is a subject for dreaming and speculation. How Tidemand's lyric vein might have developed and how his characterization of humanity might have been deepened through artistic impressions in the land of Delacroix and Millet! How Gude's mild and equable sense of the beauty of nature and Cappelen's great talents as a nature poet might imaginably have been clothed in other picturesque shapes if, instead of graduating from the Academy in Düsseldorf, they had been privileged to come in contact with the masters of landscape in Fontainebleau and to acquaint themselves with the spiritual art of Corot! How the original and earthy strength of the Norse endowment might conceivably have broken a new path for itself if it had come under the sway of the brutal peasant genius of Courbet instead of the influence of the Düsseldorf practice of art for the sake of art dealers! Concerning these and other possibilities one may dream and dispute.

The indisputable fact remains, however, that Norwegian painting was left a remote stranger to the greatest thing that happened in the history of art in the nineteenth century —the burgeoning of French painting in the romanticism of Delacroix and its bursting forth into naturalism. This it was reserved for a new generation to see—in part: the generation of the seventies. Therefore, too, they gave their entire energy to the breaking down of those German barriers with which our art and the artistic perceptions of our public had been walled in. Yet even if the foreign influence which from this time forth becomes predominant was not the most fortunate, the period of the forties and fifties stands out as a kind of golden age in Norwegian art, richly endowed as it was with talent, and great as was the national contribution in the universal struggle toward a larger culture.

The years about 1830—the year of the July revolution—had witnessed in Norway a period of kindling national consciousness after the time of trial following the war and the union in 1814. The regaining of freedom, the advance in self-government, the great past of the nation and its anticipated revival filled all minds with faith in the capacity of the land and the people—a faith in which Henrik Wergeland was the glowing core. In verse and in speech resounded the praises of the doughty Norse yeoman and his rock-ribbed land. Little was actually known, however, either of the yeoman or of the land. Accordingly there followed in the forties a period of positive effort directed toward acquiring a knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, a period of intellectual self-discovery in which science, poetry, and art proceed side by side. In the subsequent romantic revival there awoke realization of the need of connecting past with present. Researches in history were begun which had their chief representative in P. A. Munch, and systematic work was set on foot to uncover and to preserve our antiquities and to collect the treasures of the popular imagination. It was during these years that our folk-tales, legends, and ballads were brought together and interpreted by Asbjörnsen, Moe, and Landstad, and that composers like Kjerulf and musicians like Ole Bull began to draw upon the rich wells of folk melody. In this national renascence belong also the names of Tidemand and Gude.

Adolf Tidemand was born in Mandal in the great year, 1814. At the age of seventeen he went to Copenhagen and became a pupil in the Academy of Art, where he studied continuously for five years. Later he proceeded to Düsseldorf in order to prepare for historical painting. He seems to have had some idea of becoming the painter of our heroic past; but he soon realized that there were more immediate tasks before him. Hitherto no Norwegian painter or poet had devoted his talents wholly to depicting the Norwegian folk type as it appeared in the farmer, the farmer as he actually existed at that day, the heir of the traditions of the past. This became the life-long mission of Tidemand as a

painter, to portray the Norwegian farmer, his manners and customs, his distinctive inheritance of medieval culture, his immemorial architecture, his particolored national costumes and magnificent ornaments, his patriarchal mode of living, and his simple, deep emotions. In this special field Tidemand very soon became an extremely popular artist. Throughout Norway his renown has long since overshadowed that of all others in the popular estimation; and in Germany at the height of his career he was reckoned among the most prominent painters in the Germanic world, was honored with decorations and cumbered with commissions.

The artistic conceptions of our own time have, meanwhile, progressed far beyond the ideals of that day. Measured by modern demands upon painting, Tidemand's colored drawings, designed according to the rules of composition dictated by a theatrical scheme of aesthetics, have only relative value as art; and his romantic portrayal of the life of the people with its ostentatious ideality, its lingering Sunday peace, and its idyllic air has greater interest for the ethnographer and the student of the history of civilization than for the student of folk psychology. However that may be, one should, in the interest of personal appreciation and the understanding of aesthetic evolution, examine the art of the past historically, laying aside so far as possible all ephemeral prejudices. In estimating the art under discussion one ought therefore to seek less after technical mastery and pictorial refinement than after narrative skill, power of representation, and sense of harmony. All these qualities are to be found to a marked degree in Tidemand's most celebrated picture, his masterpiece The Disciples of Hauge, now in our National Gallery. The composition dates from 1848. At that time he painted the original, which is to be found in the gallery at Düsseldorf; the replica in our National Gallery is from the year 1852. The picture represents a lay preacher, of the sect founded by Hans Nilsen Hauge, conducting a prayer-meeting in an old Norwegian cabin. The interior itself, with its smoky, raftered ceiling, its louver,

The Disciples of Hauge, by Adolf Tidemand. In the National Gallery

and its fireplace in the middle of the floor, engages our interest, as do the old-fashioned, variegated costumes. The composition abounds in figures, and still is definitely and harmoniously designed by means of groups which rise in the form of a triangle to the resplendent central image of the preacher. Gentle and fair of face he stands just beneath the light, which streams through the louver and casts a transfiguring gleam over his features. As sunbeams are refracted in a prism, so the words of the preacher are dispersed into rays in the minds of his hearers and reflected in the expression of their faces through the whole scale, from indifference to awe, from doubt and brooding to resignation and faith. By means of a chain of contrasts—in age, sex, type, temperament—the impression is conveyed. The central link in the chain is the old giant in a red vest, seated in a chair hollowed out of the solid trunk of a tree. What this old Norseman really looked like before he was adapted to the picture through the mediation of an Academy model in Düsseldorf

Study for the Disciples of Hauge, by Adolf Tidemand

the painter has permitted us to see in a magnificent portrait study of a mountain farmer, to be found in the National Gallery, an old fellow in a red cap, somber, weather-beaten, and severe. On the whole, in order to know and to appreciate Tidemand at his best, both as a painter and as a folk psychologist, one must go to his studies. In them he stands face to face with his people, far from German sentimentality and school tradition, boldly realistic in outlook, and painting what he sees. Especially in the studies of interiors he mani-

The Bridal Party Passing through the Forest, by Adolf Tidemand

fests a fine appreciation of color which his pictures, strongly chromatic as they are, do not give evidence of. Tidemand was an unusually prolific painter; and it cannot be denied that his production was extremely uneven, the deep and the shallow, the true and the false, the seriously executed and the altogether too fugitive alternating in his work.

In 1845 Tidemand established himself in Düsseldorf and remained there the rest of his days; during this period one picture of Norwegian rural life followed upon the other in rapid succession. Among these is the Catechization in a Norwegian Country Church, dating from 1847. This picture, which Tidemand executed for King Oscar I, now hangs in the palace at Christiania. It is probably the artist's most popular canvas, partly on account of its own good qualities and partly on account of the amusing and characteristic text written for it by Asbjörnsen. We all recall from our childhood this diverting incident of the examination, the scene of which is laid in the ancient timber church of Hitterdal. We have all been entertained by this ludicrous typical schoolmaster with his wizened body and conceited air and by the tall overgrown farmer lad whose ignorance fills his preceptor with contemptuous pity—when all is said, a successful attempt at bold comicality on the part of a painter whose talents ordinarily would be described as lyric-sentimental.

Among his later works may be mentioned: A Norwegian Funeral Feast, from 1854; A Fight at a Norwegian Rural Wedding, from 1864, now in an English private gallery; and The Fanatics, from 1866, now in the National Museum at Stockholm. In these paintings, especially the last two, Tidemand reveals a surprising gift for dramatic presentation. Here he has striven to create art in which the storms of life roar and the waves of passion roll high. Adolf Tidemand spent his life as a professor at the Academy in Düsseldorf; he died during a summer visit to Christiania in 1876. Among the generality of the people he is still probably our most beloved painter; and his popularly designed pictures have contributed much toward opening the eyes of the many both to art and to the people itself.

Mountain Heights, by Hans Gude, 1857. In the National Gallery

With the name of Tidemand the name of Hans Gude is always closely associated; so closely, in fact, that the two are more often mentioned together than separately. Born in Christiania in 1825, Gude was, it is true, eleven years younger than Tidemand; but he came to Düsseldorf at a very early age, and the two painters were soon intimately joined in friendship and co-operation. Accordingly the landscape painter Gude stands beside the figure painter Tidemand as the second of the two chief personages in our art in the middle years of the century.

Before 1854, the year in which Gude was appointed a professor at the Academy in Düsseldorf, he lived alternately in Norway and in the Rhine city. During the summer he invariably travelled in Norway, and on these journeys he learned to know the various scenically beautiful regions of his native land. In the summer of 1843 he met Tidemand on a jaunt through Sogn and Hardanger; in the autumn, he writes, they returned to Düsseldorf, their portfolios crammed with sketches. The following winter he painted

The Entrance to the Christiania Harbor, by Hans Gude. In the National Gallery

the first of the pictures that have borne the title Mountain Heights; it was his debut, created a sensation, and was purchased by Kunstforeningen in Christiania. At that time he was only nineteen years of age. His next picture, which made a stir at the exposition in Berlin and was sold there, was A Norwegian Fjord in Sunshine. These subjects are noteworthy. Gude's art was, during his entire life, principally occupied with the portrayal of Norwegian mountains and fjords.

Between the years 1844 and 1858 there follows a long series of paintings of mountain heights. Among them are Mountain Heights at Sunrise, from 1855, and Mountain Heights, from 1857, both of which are now in the National Gallery. The last-named, particularly, belongs with the best things Gude has produced, and indeed ranks among the capital pieces in the landscape art of Norway. The painting takes us up on the moors of a cold evening in autumn. The long ridge of the plateau extends in toward a distant chain of peaks upon which the fog lies heavily; and, like an eye deserted by hope, the little mountain tarn

The Bridal Procession in Hardanger, by Adolf Tidemand and Hans Gude. In the National Gallery

gazes out from that dark-blue embodied solitude lying rigid beneath angry skies and chilled through by the icy gusts of approaching night.

That Dahl's art made the strongest impression upon him in youth Gude has himself confessed in the warmest terms in his Recollections. Without doubt it would have been extremely fortunate, as well for Norwegian art on the whole as for Gude himself, if from the very first he had escaped Düsseldorf and had immediately become a pupil of Dahl, who was then at the height of his powers and was engaged in teaching at Dresden. The fact is that in Gude's native endowment there was a dangerous tendency toward theatrical spuriousness; The Bridal Procession in Hardanger is nothing else than reminiscences from an emotional evening of tableaux and music at the theatre. Nor have his decorative landscapes upon themes from Fridthjof's Saga, painted in 1849 in the dining-room at Oscarshal, any very profound pictorial value.

At bottom, however, Gude was naturally a realist; little by little he worked his way out of the mists of romanticism.

The decisive moment came in Gude's life as an artist when it dawned upon him that the cleverness of Düsseldorf and all its concessions to bad taste might be leading in the wrong direction. At once he resolutely took flight, resigning his professorship at the Academy and adventuring into the world with uncertain prospects. In Wales, where he made his first sojourn, he painted open air subjects the year round. His charming Ivy Bridge was done in Wales in 1862. In 1864 he accepted an appointment as professor at the Academy in Karlsruhe. Here he exercised an active influence as a teacher until 1875, when he was called to a professorship at the Academy in Berlin; there he remained till his death in 1903. Among well known Norwegian artists who were pupils of Gude in Karlsruhe may be mentioned Otto Sinding, Eilif Peterssen, Fritz Thaulow, Kitty Kielland, Fredrik Collett, and Thorolf Holmboe.

Gude's art has a very broad reach. In his earlier pictures the subjects are preferably drawn from mountain heights and from the widely contrasted scenery of the Westland; in later years, on the contrary, it was more often the less pretentious natural features of eastern Norway, the Eastland, that attracted him. From lofty mountain expanses to the farms of Smaalenene and the groves of Jarlsberg, from the stormy shores of the ocean to the smooth bays and inlets of the Christiania fjord, from the highlands of Wales or the misty mountain regions of Scotland to the low, sandy coast of Rügen and its long, even ground swells—these are the paths that Gude's art has traversed.

With the year 1860 begins that long series of pictures from the seashore which thenceforth are a constant feature of Gude's production till the very last. He is, to be sure, still able to paint mountain and foliage and river; but the sea fascinates him most. He loves to observe the life of the waves, to watch the moods of the ocean through all the transitions between storm and calm. What are no doubt the best of his marines had their origin out on the Christiania fjord on a beautiful day in summer. One of the most popular among them is called The Entrance to Christiania Har-

bor, with Akershus and the Bærum Hills in the background. It is a day of light, fair-weather clouds that half obscure the sun, and a soft southern breeze is driving the white-caps at a merry pace in toward the anchorage, while the veiled sunshine flows like molten silver over the undulating surface.

Paintings by Gude are to be found, besides the great numbers in the public and private collections throughout Norway, also in galleries in Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Gothenburg, in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in Dresden, Berlin, and many other German cities.

Gude was admittedly a hard worker, but his work seems never to have given him difficulty, never to have caused him pain. The charming was to him a natural form of expression. Selection, moderation, fear of extremes mark everything that he has done. All that might disturb his own poise and harmony he avoided. Therefore he avoided also the impressionism which in the eighties penetrated from French art into Norwegian; he remained a stranger to it and hostile to it.

August Cappelen was only two years younger than Gude, having been born in Skien in 1827; but he became a pupil of Gude in Düsseldorf, and no other romanticist among Norwegian painters has possessed a richer endowment or a talent more instinct with personality than he. Nor has any of them come nearer to attaining European reputation than Cappelen. Yet after six years of constantly ascending development, his artistic career, which promised the greatest things, was cut short by death. Overtaxed and overworked, he died in Düsseldorf in 1852, not more than twenty-five years of age. In him our painting lost a great nature poet.

Cappelen's Forest Landscape, disclosing a Telemarken waterfall, is painted with deep feeling and represents typical romantic art. A heavily wooded mountain side, overlaid with fog that hides all but a narrow passage of sky overhead, opens to permit the flow of a river in spring freshet. In the mossy wild, among layers of gigantic boulders and rotting windfalls, two great pines are still standing with broken crowns and lopped trunks. The reddish, tawny trunk

Forest Landscape in Telemarken, by August Cappelen. In the National Gallery

contrasts sharply with the black depths of the forest; and it raises defiantly aloft the small remnant of a crown, which stretches out to one side like a woman's clipped hair waving in the wind. In the foreground the cataract foams directly toward the spectator and breaks the silence with its white clamor. Diminutive men are pottering about in this vast domain of nature, some lumberers occupied in loosening logs that have become jammed in the water-course. Their toil in those cold spring waters remains almost unheeded. They are lost among the boulders, the sounds of their labor are overborne by the roar of the mountain torrent, their littleness is accentuated manifold by the tallness of the pines. They are there only to increase the wildness and solitude of the scene, which from the picture strikes out upon the spectator with the smell of pines and with mist and spray from the icy waters of the stream. This scene from nature is painted in deep-toned, juicy colors, tints of brown and velvet-black grading up to the creamy-yellow, bubbling, soapy white of the river foam.

The Dying Forest Primeval is the title of another picture of his, the most romantic in Norwegian art: mighty boulders carried hither by glaciers in the morning of time, gigantic prostrate pine trees in whose crowns tempests formerly have raged, the decayed trunk which lightning once splintered and struck with palsy at the root, the luxuriant moss untrodden by the foot of man, the rotting earth in which not even swamp vegetation can grow, and above all this dead and doomed nature the quiet, golden limpidity of an evening sky. The painting is Cappelen's very last, unfinished work. It has the effect of a mood of death, felt by himself. Both of these pictures date from 1852, and are to be found in the National Gallery. More eminent still are Cappelen's small studies from nature, of which the gallery likewise possesses a respectable number.

One Norwegian painter, who hitherto had been all but unknown to the art-loving public, but who was drawn into the light at the Jubilee Exposition in Christiania in 1914 and thus won a posthumous reputation which certainly neither he nor any of his contemporaries ever dreamed of, is the landscapist Lars Hertervig of Stavanger. Hertervig was born in Tysvær, near Stavanger, in 1830; he spent some years as a journeyman painter in Stavanger, but came in 1850 to Düsseldorf, where he was a pupil in the Academy at the same time as August Cappelen. Early in his career, however, his health was broken, and as a consequence he became a prey to mental afflictions that resulted in an incurable melancholia. Already in 1852 illness compelled him to return to his home in Stavanger, where he passed the rest of his life in the most straitened circumstances, partly as an artisan and partly as an artist. In landscape painting he seems for a time to have had a certain repute in Stavanger. When, however, near the close of the eighties, Alexander Kielland in a most warmly sympathetic article drew attention to the aged stricken artist, Hertervig was almost forgotten; and he died in the poor-house at Stavanger in 1902.

Hertervig's landscape art is the product of a dreamer's fantasy, and yet is brought about through close association

Ancient Pine-forest, by Lars Hertervig. Privately owned in Stavanger

with nature. At first his work did not have any special marks of individuality. The fjord pictures from the Düsseldorf period and the immediately succeeding period have the customary dark and theatrical coloring that distinguishes so many other men of that school; or, he would paint romantic wood landscapes somewhat in the vein of Cappelen, dark and golden, but softer, more veiled, and as it were steaming beneath a vaporous sky. As time goes by a strong personal feeling for nature enters into his expression and removes it farther from the tendency of the school, not, however, in the direction of naturalism but rather in the direction of a species of clairvoyant nature mysticism. His coloring becomes hardened in deep, usually sombre and cold tones in which blues prevail, and his draughtsmanship in the portrayal, let us say, of solitary, gnarled pines upon a stony slope, may at times assume an almost supernatural energy of design. His paintings in this kind are informed with a peculiarly

dark and cold melancholy not to be found in the work of any other. Yet there remain from his hand also luminous pictures of rock-bound roadsteads in which with the sureness of the sleep-walker he has brought about wonderfully expressive color harmonies in blues, greys, and browns, otherwise wholly unknown to the art of Düsseldorf. And finally, in a state of isolation and ecstacy, this half dilettante painter has produced Westland fjord landscapes of a dreamy and transfigured unreality which none the less has much more in common with nature than all the calculated studio effects of Düsseldorf art.

In that Westland of his the stricken man spent his days, lonely and unknown, and yet developed an individual style in which romantic sentiment is united with a delicate, clear scale of tints, almost like water-colors—his version of the plein-air method. His favorite subject is an expanse of clouds that in quiet, damp weather tower up into banks, reflecting their image in water, and fading away illimitably toward the source of light. One cannot escape the impression that this landscape art is based upon religious rapture.

An artist of striking peculiarities, who hitherto perhaps has not received due attention, is the painter of sea-pieces, Peder Balke, who was born in 1804 and died in 1887. Yet his pictures appeal to our interest for reasons wholly different from those that govern in the case of Hertervig. Balke's facile and arrogantly handled marines and small studies from Nordland in nearly monotone grey-green are without parallel in Norwegian painting, but reveal patent English influence. He was no doubt the first Norwegian artist who used the palette-knife, and his treatment in general is striking and piquant; but the effect is too much that of external virtuosity to be of more than merely technical importance.

Nearly contemporaneous with Cappelen was the landscape painter Johan Fredrik Eckersberg, who was born in Drammen in 1822. Among all the men trained in Düsseldorf he occupies a distinctive position, since after about two years of study he made the firm resolution of returning to

From Jotunheimen, by Johan Fredrik Eckersberg. In the National Gallery

the land of his birth and of forging his future there by painting the nature of Norway on Norwegian soil. In choice of themes and in character Eckersberg's art often seems determined by the influence of Gude; yet Eckersberg has a cooler, drier, less graceful talent. Mountain regions became Eckersberg's special domain. His large picture dating from 1866, now in the National Gallery, From Jotunheimen, with the naked expanses stretching in toward Glitretind, which lies bathed in sheer morning light, represents his manner very well. A particular significance in the artistic development of our people attaches to Eckersberg as the teacher of younger generations of painters. Till the time of his death in 1870 he conducted at Christiania an art school in which he was himself enthusiastically active as an instructor.

A typical Düsseldorf painter is Morten Müller, who was born in 1828 and died in 1911. He showed exceptional brilliance in the portrayal of the Norwegian pine forests. In a great number of larger and smaller woodland pictures he gave evidence of pompous decorative ability in which there is decisiveness of stroke and juiciness of coloring but no very profound sense of subtle values. In the National

Gallery, it should be added, he is represented by an effective picture on a theme from an entirely different source, A Stormy Day on the Hardanger Fjord, dated 1866, and also by a large canvas, The Landing of Sinclair in Romsdal, dated 1876, the last of which he painted in collaboration with Tidemand.

The pictures of Erik Bodom, whose life spanned the years between 1829 and 1879, had somewhat the same tendency toward the romantic in landscape art, while Christian Wexelsen, who lived from 1830 till 1883, in gentler vein painted the Eastland summer and the natural features about the Christiania fjord.

The Düsseldorf school also has a specialist of some rank as an animal painter, namely Anders Askevold, born in rural Söndmöre in 1855. The life of the mountain dairies or sæters, with which he was familiar from childhood, became his particular field. He paints the cattle on their way to the mountain pastures, in ferry barges, or on the level grazing grounds at the crossings of streams and mountain lakes; always he presents them in groups or by droves, not by single types or individuals as Paul Potter pictured animals for the sake of their character, but by whole herds, lowing and jangling their bells as they seek the water-courses at noon or at evening are driven full-uddered, frisking and trotting, into the sæter enclosures.

An excellent painter of animals, who belongs only by half to Norwegian art, was J. C. Dahl's only son, Siegwald Dahl, of Dresden. He was born in 1827 and died in 1902. His training he received in Paris and more notably in London, where Landseer's celebrated animal pictures influenced him especially. Siegwald Dahl on occasion also painted very good portraits.

It is significant of Norwegian art in the nineteenth century that landscape painting has a disproportionate place as compared with figure painting. The foreign public for which our Germanized Norwegian painters did a great part of their work demanded above all Norwegian landscapes—grand and impressive natural scenes from this remote and

remarkable land. The people of Norway were able to arouse a certain ethnographic curiosity abroad only when they appeared, as they do on Tidemand's canvases, in their primitive cabins, decked in particolored national costumes, and exhibiting the peculiar manners and usages inherited from pre-Christian antiquity. Everyday life among us in the present seemed too drab as subject matter for these artists only half rooted in the home soil.

Popular as Tidemand's portrayal of the life of the people really became abroad as well as at home, there were not many imitators. It was more among Swedish than among Norwegian men of the Düsseldorf school that the influence of his art was felt. Almost the only one to continue Tidemand's traditions as a painter of the populace was Knut Bergslien, a peasant lad born in Voss in 1827, who also attempted historic subjects from the saga age. His best known picture is one entitled, Birkebein Ski-runners Carrying Haakon Haakonsson as a Child over Filefjeld. The same year in which he did this work, 1869, Bergslien returned home and took over Eckersberg's school of painting in Christiania, where a number of the younger talents received their instruction in the grammar of the art.

A few other figure painters are, it is true, to be found among the landscapists of Düsseldorf. They were, however, inclined to go elsewhere for their schooling, and were indeed the first who went in earnest to Paris. This was the case with the figure painters Arbo, Isaachsen, and Sundt-Hansen.

The historical painter P. N. Arbo was born in 1831 and died in 1892. His best efforts took shape in a large dramatic composition on the subject of Welhaven's poem *Asgaardsreien;* this picture, dating from 1872, is captivating and imposing by its theme and by the academic skill with which the design, crowded as it is with figures, has been managed. The artist has not succeeded, however, in imprinting upon his presentation that stamp of an Old Norse myth which one associates with the idea of Thor's wild hunt as it rages through the air on nights when earth groans beneath tem-

Asgaardsreien, by P. N. Arbo. In the National Gallery

pests. Less seriously by far one is inclined to take the beautiful shield maiden on the snorting black charger in the colossal picture called Valkyrie, painted before Arbo had gone through the strict schooling he received during a lengthy stay in Paris. In later years this discerning and cultivated artist put aside such bravura numbers and devoted himself by preference to the representation of his favorite animal, the horse, in small, delicately finished cabinet pieces. Arbo was for many years an influential member of the board of directors of the National Gallery and of the council of the Arts and Crafts School. Among those who continued Tidemand's tradition in treating the life of the people both Isaachsen and Sundt-Hansen may after a fashion be counted. Yet neither of them can be classed absolutely in the Düsseldorf school, since both received the strongest impressions during years of study at other places.

According to the taste of our time and its conceptions of art, no other among the older figure painters is so interesting as Olaf Isaachsen, who was born in Mandal in 1835 and died in Christianssand in 1893. Not only his gift for color and his aspiring romanticism make him an engrossing personality in the generation to which he belonged, but also the circumstance that as the first disciple of French painting in its great period he brought into Norwegian painting a new and valuable note. Unfortunately he did not become the factor in the art life of his country which his talent and his culture fitted him to be. At too early a juncture he broke off the contact with French art and fell back upon Düsseldorf; and when he returned to Norway, it was only to isolate himself in Christianssand and his beloved Sætersdal instead of making himself felt in the artistic awakening in the capital during the eighties. His production, moreover, is of extremely uneven quality, and very seldom, or never, has he been able to summon his energies for works of large scope. The really valuable material is in his studies, which often are excellent. Isaachsen began as a pupil of Tidemand in Düsseldorf; but later he went to Paris, where he became a pupil of Couture and at the same time was strongly touched

Sætersdal Interior, by Olaf Isaachsen. In the National Gallery

by the influence of Courbet. The unusual teaching gifts and technical knowledge of Couture provided the best possible foundation for Isaachsen's art, while the rugged pictorial genius of Courbet gave to it a breadth and freshness which no contemporary Norwegian painter dreamed of. There are certain studies by Isaachsen that positively suggest the great Delacroix's name. His boldly designed Sætersdal Interior, with its solid, heavy furniture in the fashion of the sagas, is reproduced here. In the National Gallery there is a small picture by him of a girl, dressed in grey, beneath a lilac in bloom, a painting whose voluminous coloring is distinctly reminiscent of Courbet. During the hegemony of naturalism among us Isaachsen receded wholly into the background as an artistic personality, and was almost forgotten. Later tendencies in our art have raised him once more to honor and distinction.

The one who most directly continued Tidemand's portrayal of country life, though of totally different temperament, was Carl Sundt-Hansen, who was born in Stavanger in 1841 and died in Sætersdalen in 1907. He went through

A Hardened Criminal, by Carl Sundt-Hansen. In the Bergen Picture Gallery

an apprenticeship in Copenhagen and afterward under Vautier in Düsseldorf; later, however, he proceeded to Paris in order to refine the handicraft of his art. The greater part of his time he spent abroad, first for many years in Stockholm, and subsequently in Copenhagen; but toward the close of his life homesickness led him up into Sætersdal, where he settled down and passed the remaining interval, far from the madding crowd.

Sundt-Hansen's gifts are quite unlike Tidemand's. His narrative powers are not so lively in and prompt in picturing

Winter Evening on the Norwegian Coast, by Ludvig Munthe. In the National Gallery

a situation; nor has he Tidemand's vigorous ability in composition or his easily awakened lyric sense. By way of compensation his treatment of humanity plumbs profounder psychological depths, and more frequently reveals a quiet, reserved melancholy, a sobriety without pathos and without sentimentality. Sundt-Hansen's art depends entirely upon draughtsmanship, directed by a penetrating perception of form and refined by an untiring, minute attention to detail. Since his chromatic faculty is almost nil, his finical and unimpassioned execution may at times border upon the photographic. Still the cool air of reality that often breathes from his delineations has an invigorating effect after the sultry atelier romanticism of the Düsseldorf group. Sundt-Hansen's best known and most popular work is the little picture called Under Arrest, which shows a youthful criminal in irons spending his last hour of repentance with the old prison chaplain, a scene that moves the beholder by reason of the sombre, low tones in which the story is told. Less known, but perhaps even more impressive and powerful in portraying the human subject, is another painting with a related theme from prison life, reproduced here under the title A Hardened Criminal. On the whole, Sundt-Hansen's art is disposed to occupy itself with rather gloomy subjects. Frequently it is concerned with death, and in several of the pictures death has some connection with crime. In the development of art in Norway Sundt-Hansen's grave realism forms a distinct transition between Tidemand's romanticism and Werenskiold's naturalistic portrayal of country life.

Among landscape painters Ludvig Munthe and Amaldus Nielsen link the older era with the new. After Dahl and Gude, Ludvig Munthe is of all Norwegian landscapists probably the best known abroad. He was born in 1841 and died in 1896. Although he learned his art in Düsseldorf and lived there through life, this master establishes a connection in the course of Norwegian art between the antiquated romantic school of Düsseldorf and the naturalistic movement that came out of France. Old Dutch masters in

landscape and newer French painters taught him to discern what was simple and unassuming in nature and to refrain from all trickery in the matter of subject. Munthe, even in his day, saw that the silhouette of a naked patch of underbrush against an autumnal sky or a newly broken path in melting snow may be more suitable as a theme than the whole array of natural prospects, peaks, and glaciers that appeal to the tourist's eye. For Munthe had the painter's vision which discovers lineal effects in the plainest motifs, and, like the chromatic adept he really was, he had the requisite skill to modulate all gradations of the monotonous greys and browns. The damp, cold west wind of a December day, the cloggy snow along the beach, the woollen sky and the dirty sea, people pottering about frost-bitten in the twilight or hurrying home toward the red glimmering of lights in the fishermen's huts—all these things are excellently conjoined to create a mood and a unified picturesque tone in the tepid, grey painting entitled Winter Evening on the Norwegian Coast. This picture, which was shown at the Universal Exposition of 1878 and there received a first medal, has been presented to the National Gallery by the artist himself. Ludvig Munthe had a decisive influence in developing a feeling for nature in his highly gifted kinsman Gerhard Munthe, who during his early years studied under his uncle in Düsseldorf.

Another representative of the transition from German atelier to Norwegian nature is Otto Sinding, who was born at Kongsberg in 1842 and died as a professor at Munich in 1909. The well composed and effective picture From Reine in Lofoten, with its lofty, snow-clad mountains, the winter fishing fleet on the grey fjord, and the little snow-bound fishing village, is a good example of his manner. In this instance, too, a grey, subdued color scheme prevails.

Still another transitional figure in Norwegian landscape art, yet very different from those mentioned above, is Amaldus Nielsen. He was born at Mandal in 1838, and is now living in Christiania as the dean of Norway's artists. Nielsen was a pupil of Gude in Düsseldorf and in Karlsruhe;

From Reine in Lofoten, by Otto Sinding. In the National Gallery

since he returned home in 1869, however, and settled down in his native land, he has faithfully followed that safe path which Professor Dahl in his day called the nature method. Before painting in the open was established as a principle by the naturalists, Amaldus Nielsen used to set up his easel in the fields and work with his eye upon nature to the extent permitted by his subjects; and his subjects are the bare granite knolls, the small houses of the pilots, and the capricious fjord of that southern region in which he was born. This son of a Mandal skipper has become above all others the painter of southern Norway, the so-called Southland. He knows how to portray the fjord, now lying smooth as a mirror to the leeward of sunny islands, now darkening beneath a fresh breeze from the open sea, now rolling gently in morning haze with a lofty, fair-weather sky overhead. His best known picture is Morning in Ny Hellesund, now in the National Gallery. This morning is so transparently clear that vision would extend for miles if those red islands did not close in to form a narrow sound. A boat glides easily over the crystalline water, and one seems to hear the splash of the oars across the smooth expanse of the outer

Morning in Ny Hellesund, by Amaldus Nielsen. In the National Gallery

harbor, while the morning sun climbs above the red stony hillsides and the chill of night is borne away upon cold receding shadows.

It is noticeable in Amaldus Nielsen that he is of the old camp, that he has been a pupil of Gude, and that he has a studio schooling behind him. In Fredrik Collett this is

Mesna, by Fredrik Collett. In the National Gallery

no longer noticeable. Of the same age as Nielsen, Collett, himself a pupil of Gude and trained in Düsseldorf and Karlsruhe, was one of the first of our open-air painters, wholly modern, wholly naturalistic.

Fredrik Collett was born in Christiania in 1839. He came under the tutelage of Gude, first in Düsseldorf and later in Karlsruhe. He studied also in Denmark and visited Paris; but early in the eighties he established a permanent residence in Norway. Among the naturalists of the eighties Collett was the oldest, and his production in its continuity proves that he belonged to a period of transition. Yet the artistic convictions he developed in the course of years were clear and firm. By persevering energy he brought his art up to the notable degree of independence and maturity which it possessed at his death. No Norwegian painter has had a more manly profile.

Collett was one of a school of colorists, but his chief strength lay in the plastic treatment of landscape. Professing the naturalistic dogma that art is a transcript of nature, he strove intensely for the objective. There is, however, unmistakable temperament in his art, and with compelling hand he retains his hold upon nature till it yields a resultant of style. Collett's field of study is the winter of eastern Norway, with its great banks of snow and half-frozen streams. He chose his themes principally from the Mesna River near Lillehammer, where he steadfastly continued his work out of doors up to a very great age and where also death came to him in 1913. His Mesna pictures have a masculine, almost harsh character, and are compactly designed with massively modelled contrasts between the white expanses of snow and the blue-black pools and open rapids. His masterpiece is the monumental composition entitled Mesna, dated April 1891, now in the National Gallery.

III

THE MUNICH SCHOOL

FOR the younger generation of Norwegian painters the importance of Düsseldorf as the center of a school came to an end when Gude left that city in 1862. In its stead Karlsruhe developed into the seat of learning, at any rate for the landscape painters, who flocked about Gude when two years later he assumed the leading position at the Academy in the capital city of Baden. Already toward the close of the sixties, meanwhile, the prestige of Munich in the art life of Germany was a settled matter; and from all parts of the world eager youth in search of knowledge—young Norwegians among them—streamed toward Piloty's and Diez's studios. For the second time in a century Munich had its period of artistic efflorescence. That Munich would give fresher and more vigorous stimulus than Düsseldorf was only natural. The larger aspect of affairs, the more abundant art life in which the ranks of the painters were recruited from the most various elements in all corners of the earth, and representing the greatest differences in artistic tendencies; furthermore, the prominent individual artists and teachers in the city itself, the voluminous collections of older art in the Pinakothek, and the Schack Gallery with its pictures by Schwind and Feuerbach and its early Böcklins; and, finally, the large international exhibitions of modern art in 1869 and 1879—all these things in combination necessarily offered facilities for development and served to keep men's talents in a state of tension.

Among the Norwegian artists who went during these years to Munich and received their first training there may

be mentioned the brothers Grönvold, Olav Rusti, Oscar Wergeland, and Ekenæs. They were the vanguard. Later came Otto Sinding, Eilif Peterssen, and Hans Heyerdahl, Erik Werenskiold and Gerhard Munthe, Harriet Backer and Kitty Kielland, Jacob Glöersen and Theodor Kittelsen; further, Karl Uchermann, Elisabeth Sinding, and Asta Nörregaard. Still later appeared representatives of a new generation, namely Fredrik Kolstö, Sven Jörgensen, Jacob Sömme, and Jacob Bratland. The greater number of those named became pupils of Löfftz. To these young painters, who for the rest of their lives faced the prospect of working in a land such as Norway, where they would have to reconcile themselves to the absolute lack of good examples of older art, the opportunities for study in the Pinakothek at Munich were of inestimable value. The culture and refinement of taste which were thus added to their native endowments during these impressionable years gave that inward security which culture is capable of providing against seasons of ferment and strife.

Meanwhile the air in Munich was full of disquieting vibrations. Without doubt such of the Norwegian pupils at the Academy as thought at all deeply, Werenskiold especially, were conscious of something untenable at the bottom of the dominating academic tendencies. Routine was fastening its grip round about them and even beginning to seize upon their own circle. Not a few seem to have experienced a stifling sensation and to have realized the desirability of getting away. Nevertheless, it was not till 1878 that the general migration commenced. Eilif Peterssen returned to Norway and remained at home one winter, whereupon he went to Rome and there made his first full surrender to realism. Heyerdahl hastened to Paris, where he scored a success at the Universal Exposition with his picture, Adam and Eve. Harriet Backer also removed to Paris. In July, 1879, the International Art Exhibition was opened in Munich. The productions of the Frenchmen had the greatest effect on the entire world of art in Munich. The French made such an impression on Erik Werenskiold that he sent out the winged

word that the day of Munich was past. The countersign of naturalism had, so to say, been floating in mid-air. It was necessary only that some one should speak it. The French group at the Exhibition did speak it; and they were strongly seconded by men like Menzel and Liebermann.

In the combative generation of painters that follows, Eilif Peterssen and Hans Heyerdahl have a somewhat peculiar place. Both are in a way transitional figures, impressionable natures who have been under the influence of two totally distinct artistic tendencies, and therefore show a sort of dual quality in their production.

Eilif Peterssen was born in Christiania in 1852. In the autumn of 1873 he went to Munich to take up historical painting under Diez. He became at once a so-called master-pupil, and with the guidance of Diez painted in 1874 his first picture, The Death of Korfitz Ulfeldt, which is now in Newcastle. Shortly afterward he left the Academy, rented a studio of his own, and attacked his large work, Christian II Signing the Death Sentence of Torben Oxe, which was finished in 1876 and purchased for the gallery of the city of

Christian II Signing the Death Sentence of Torben Oxe, by Eilif Peterssen. In the Museum at Breslau

Breslau, where it still remains. Christian II was a great achievement on the part of an artist only twenty-three years of age; at one stroke he gained a reputation in Munich and throughout Germany. In a psychologically subtle portrait of Christian II by an old Dutch painter, in the Copenhagen gallery, Peterssen found his point of departure for the delineation of the king. High-strung and sensitive, passionate in feeling and yet cold in revenge, he sits with the fatal decree before him, deaf and dumb to assailing importunities. He seems totally lost in memories of the young girl whom he loved and whom merciless death tore from his side. The queen and the ladies in waiting are interceding on behalf of the distinguished noble who has been selected as a sacrifice; on their knees they implore mercy for the innocent victim; the queen beseeches the king with caresses. From the other side, meanwhile, his evil genius, the crafty and vindictive Didrik Slaghæk, presses forward and silently holds out a pen for the signature. The subject is intensely dramatic, almost too dramatic, and treated with histrionic explicitness and suspense. The composition is well handled, and the execution betrays the capacity of the true painter.

Even at this youthful period Eilif Peterssen came under the influence, in the old Munich Pinakothek, of earlier art, which he studied and copied with admiring assiduity. Here he laid the foundation for his solid technical insight and developed his taste. Especially was he attracted by the sonorous colors of the Venetians. He adapted his own coloring to accord with Titian and his contemporaries, while he improved his sense of form particularly by contact with Holbein.

In may respects this sojourn in Munich constituted a brilliant phase of Peterssen's career. He soon made a name for himself both among the artists and with the public, sold all his pictures off the easel at high prices, received medals wherever he exhibited, and in sum had made good progress toward European reputation already in his twenties. Nevertheless, in 1879 he permanently forsook Munich. He had taken alarm at his experiences there. In a letter he explains

that things were becoming too easy for him, that technique and the choice of pigments suggested themselves with disquieting facility, and that he had before his eyes too many examples of men with respectable talents who had gone under, lost their personalities, and succumbed to glittering temptations, not the least of which was the ready-made formula of commercialized art.

On reviewing what Eilif Peterssen painted during this period, as, for instance, the beautiful portrait of Harriet Backer or the portrait in the National Gallery of the woman with the lovely hands, Fru Andrea Kleen, née Gram, one finds nothing to awake misgivings. The suggestion of the tone of the old masters which graces these pictures by no means carries the stamp of shallow imitation. Working in a spirit of veneration for the old masters, the painter has seen and caught the quality of style in his models and thus has given to these portraits a certain distinction and exquisiteness which otherwise is rare in Norwegian art.

Strangely enough, it was on the classical soil of Italy that Eilif Peterssen developed into a realist in the modern sense and into an open-air painter. While all his comrades were assembled in Paris, he was sunning himself in Italy and there doing some of his best work. To this early Mediterranean sojourn we owe the painting, replete with figures and carefully executed throughout, of Italian peasants taking their siesta at an inn, painted at Sora in 1880, and the large street scene from the Piazza Montanara, a motley crowd in a Roman square, done in 1882. At Rome, in 1881, Peterssen finished in addition the large altar-piece for the Jakobskirke in Christiania, called the Adoration of the Shepherds, probably his most significant performance. To it contribute in an impressive way a powerful grasp of reality, a persevering study of models. and vital influences from the older art of the galleries.

When Eilif Peterssen returned to Christiania in 1883 it was with the fixed purpose of remaining in Norway. During the fiery strife which was going on at that time between the artists on the one side and the reactionary directors of Kunst-

Piazza Montanara, by Eilif Peterssen. Privately owned in Fredrikshald

foreningen together with a rather uncomprehending public on the other, it fell to the lot of Peterssen to act as a mediator between the parties. His early maturity, the nature of his gifts, his reputation abroad, and his gracious personality pointed him out, among the entire body of artists, for universal confidence and therefore led to his being selected

Portrait of the Poet Arne Garborg, by Eilif Peterssen. In the National Gallery

when negotiations were on foot or when threatening conflicts were to be averted. As a member of juries and of a variety of committees, of the directorate of the National Gallery, and of the representative committee of the artists, Eilif Peterssen has left a great impression on the public phases of our art life, next to Werenskiold perhaps the greatest. Eilif Peterssen executed his masterpiece in portraiture when he painted Arne Garborg in 1884. The very

arrangement of the picture, the natural and thoughtful pose of the sitter is captivating; and one does not easily forget the large, sorrowful eyes, like the eyes of a hart, which gaze out from that haggard face.

Hans Heyerdahl, who was born in 1857, came as a youth of seventeen to Munich and there studied under Lindenschmidt. This conscientious and high-minded teacher soon appreciated his brilliant gifts and turned them in the right direction. By serious study and diligent practice the young pupil in a short time became an excellent draughtsman, especially in portraiture, with an animated sense for details of form, in the spirit of Holbein. In Munich Eilif Peterssen and Hans Heyerdahl, his junior by five years, soon grew to be close comrades. Later in life, to be sure, they were widely separated, but in the history of art the two will always occupy places near each other. Men of talent both, mature at an early age, colorists and worshippers of beauty, easily influenced and open-minded, particularly as regards older art, gifted with lightness of touch and ambitious for technical mastery, they soon took a position in Munich as equals and side by side.

After three years of study it was possible for Heyerdahl in 1878 to send from Munich to the Universal Exposition in Paris a large picture which has continued to rank as one of the principal works of the artist and, for that matter, as one of the ripest and most remarkable achievements in Norwegian painting The composition presents Adam and Eve Being Driven Forth from Paradise, two nude figures seen against a background of threatening darkness. They are beautifully painted, Eve especially, in soft golden flesh tints. The piece, however, is no mere technical study. It carries its own challenging message, expressed in the figure of Adam, a very young lad, hardly more than a child, with a fine head of dark hair. They have sinned, those two; but the glance he directs back toward the lowering heavens burns with rage, and his hands are clenched in impotent defiance of that Providence which thrusts its own children without the gates of the garden of bliss. There is youthful

Adam and Eve Being Driven Forth from Paradise, by Hans Heyerdahl. Privately owned in Paris

revolt in this work by a man of twenty. The picture naturally created the greatest sensation, both among artists and with the public, received a prize, and was at once sold

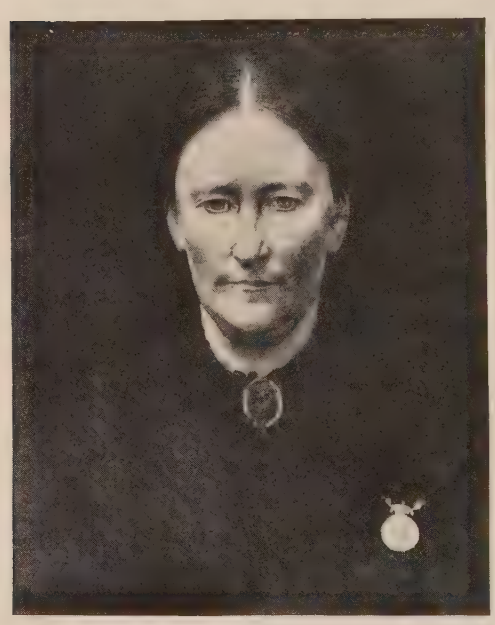
The Letter, by Hans Heyerdahl. In the Art Society at Kristianssand

to a Greek art collector in Paris. Not a bad success for an academy pupil! The young master lost no time whatever in quitting the Academy and hastening to Paris.

Other works from Heyerdahl's Munich period, too, such as the Penitent Magdalene in Rasmus Meyer's collection, and portraits of Eilif Peterssen and of Skredsvig from the year 1878, now in the National Gallery, will remain as little masterpieces from the hand of a youthful genius. Immediately after his arrival in Paris he painted his Italian Girl,

with its fine silver tone reminding of Corot, and also the austere and delicate full-face portrait of Laura Gundersen, executed with untiring attention to modeling, after the manner of Holbein.

In general, the intense study of the old masters and their technique which Heyerdahl prosecuted in youth determined his development and has left its marks upon his production throughout. When he found himself in Paris, the focus of modern art, he was so far from cooling in his passion for the old masters that, on the contrary, he settled down in the Louvre to copy a number of them. His copies of Bellini, Raphael, Rembrandt, and Ribera are among the best works of this kind in our time.



Portrait of the Actress Laura Gundersen, by Hans Heyerdahl. In the National Gallery

Heyerdahl's greatest and most significant performance from the early eighties was nevertheless the large figure composition which he painted in Norway and exhibited at the Salon of 1882 under the title The Dying Child. The story is simple and sincere, and the presentation has eminent pictorial qualities. The cold daylight upon the half-clothed figure of the mother with her disheveled hair and despairing face is made to stand out in masterly fashion against the twilight of the room, in which beneath the rays of the night lamp the doctor bends over the cradle listening to the

faint breathing of the child. With this painting Heyerdahl's fortune was assured. The picture was bought by the French Government, and the artist received a *Grand Prix de Florence* which had been offered by the periodical, *l'Art*.

Heyerdahl's studies in Italy covered a span from 1882 till 1884. In Florence, where he diligently continued his technical exercises upon the old masters, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Böcklin. This association with the German romanticist came to have a considerable influence on the further development of Heyerdahl, not wholly to his advantage. Through it he was to a certain extent led away from that path into which his French training had carried him, and led into a round of primitive Germanic mythological subjects for the treatment of which his intelligence did not suffice and his individuality could ill adapt itself. Meanwhile, before these ideas gained the upper hand he had experienced at home in Norway, in 1885 and the immediately following years, a period of flourishing productivity during which portraits, landscapes, and nudes flow from his brush, and during which he asserts himself in general as one of the most gifted painters in the history of Norwegian art.

In winter he executed portraits in Christiania, and in summer landscapes with figures and nudes at Aasgaardsstrand. To this happy season belongs the double portrait, now in the National Gallery, arranged in the Venetian manner: The Two Sisters, the ruddy and the blond beauty of the fishing village. In the middle eighties appeared also his best studies in the nude. He has painted bathing boys and girls, often seen against a background of salt blue sea, in which there is a golden amber tone and a luscious sweetness in form that might tempt one to call Heyerdahl the Renoir of the North.

Unfortunately Heyerdahl's art has not always had the direct inspiration from nature which marks these pictures. He has also turned out casual things, fleeting landscape moods and cloying studies of heads, which properly belong

in family magazines. Particularly in the case of commissions for portraits, where the sitters have not sufficiently interested him, he has succumbed to the temptation to lay a flattering unction upon his all too supple brush. The good things and the excellent, however, which the eye of a refined painter who loved beauty has caught for us to look upon will in themselves be enough to maintain for him a long time that honored place in the history of our art which is rightfully his. It must also be reckoned to Heyerdahl's credit as an artist that he gave fruitful stimulus to the genius of Edvard Munch. Heyerdahl died in 1913.

IV

THE BEGINNING OF FRENCH INFLUENCE

THAT period in the history of Norwegian art which has been discussed so far was one in which Norwegian painters received their training in Germany and were dependent upon German art. This connection was broken, little by little, about the time when the Universal Exposition of 1878 in Paris and the subsequent exposition in Munich demonstrated conclusively the preëminence of French art. With this turn of events there begins a new phase of the development of art in Norway, when impressions from France outweigh those from Germany, when our young artists in a body go to Paris to see and learn, and afterward come back to live and work in their native land. The period of emigration is at an end, and the wholly national period in our art history begins. Herewith also romanticism is at an end, and naturalism begins. Norwegian painting from this time forth is no longer under the sign of German neo-romanticism but under the sign of French naturalism. This was the conception of art that became dominant also among us in the eighties as soon as it had been adapted to nature in Norway and had been fashioned to accord with the Norwegian temperament.

It must be allowed that it was not always the great and epoch-making French artists who had the most direct influence on our young Norwegian painters, who in the closing years of the seventies and on into the eighties, thronged to Paris. As teachers they had the more subordinate celebrities who were attached to the art schools, realists like Bonnat,

Roll, Cormon, or even academicians of the commonplace type of Bouguereau. Still the art traditions and the great technical eminence of France did not fail to assert themselves. It will perhaps be regarded as surprising even to-day that it was a grey realist like Bastien-Lepage whom the young Norsemen admired particularly, and that corypheuses of the Salon like Carolus Durand, Roll, and Cazin counted votaries among them side by side with or even before Manet, Renoir, and the impressionists. One must, however, take into account the inexperience of the youthful painters, their German prepossessions, and as well the prejudice with which even official France received its own true pioneers in art. Daumier's painting was still unknown; the inspired talent of Delacroix was by reason of its romantic subject matter precluded from the interest of the juvenile naturalists; Manet was just in process of breaking his own path, and Renoir was too much of a Frenchman for the Northern students or else a total stranger to them. None the less, the seeds scattered by genius were budding all about them or flying like motes through the air. Deep is the soil of culture in France and plentiful the increase. And art life in Paris had seasonable weather for its thriving during those good years.

One French artist there was, nevertheless, who had a direct influence upon the young Norwegians through the range of his subjects, his straightforward style, and his great heart—the painter of peasants, Millet. Here was a delineation of the life of the people and an art of the peasantry totally different from Tidemand's Sunday idylls. Millet's achievement was that of seeing men at their work and in contact with the soil from which they sprang. Thereby a suggestion of the eternal came into art which was not there before. It was not the peasant for his own sake and his rural occupations that this master sought to portray, though he depicted all of these occupations—the labors of the fields and of the woods, the life of herdsmen, tillage and housework—but he did seek to portray man in concord with his toil, as he expresses it himself. Herein Millet saw

all beauty. Beauty, he writes to his friend Sensier, has not its seat in the features; it is reflected from the figure as a whole, in whatsoever accords with a man's tasks.

The landscape art of Corot also made an immediate impression on the young Northern students, both Norwegians and Swedes. Those blonde, cool landscapes, wrapped as it were in silver tissue, with their dewy greenswards and those ancient willows bending over a pearl-grey lake and silhouetting themselves darkly and softly upon the atmosphere! What the youthful strangers saw and admired in Corot, besides the poetic content, was the fine sense of values with which the colors are toned down and blended into harmony. Corot was the first conscious painter of atmosphere in modern art; he beheld objects immersed in the atmospheric sea. This faculty made his palette what it was, with its milky, blue-green tints and its unending scale of greys. As a draughtsman also he was a forerunner of impressionism in his grasp of the totality of mass and tone.

As a counter-balance against these late scions of romanticism there is Courbet, the full-blooded peasant genius with the indomitable desire to press nature herself between his arms, as Zola puts it. He is a naturalist, a son of the new era, with the child's positive conviction that it is indeed reality which presents itself to our senses. All bounds between good and evil, between the hideous and the beautiful, between noble things and ignoble, were dissipated before the unveiled eye of this painter, before his ravenous nature, so capacious of enjoyment that, as it has been phrased, he felt himself drawn with all his flesh toward the material world surrounding him.

Finally there is Manet, the first truly modern painter, who brilliantly sums up all earlier approaches and technical advances, from the Venetians and Velazquez to Goya and Courbet, and so develops an art in which material and spirit, stroke and tone are joined in a unity of impression found in no other.

Manet has been called the father of impressionism; un-

justly so, if one thinks of the impressionistic color-decomposing technique in itself; justly so, if by impressionism one means a peculiar manner of visualizing, by hasty survey, with a special feeling for the total result, for light effects, for action—in a word, for the momentary singleness of the impact upon the sight.

Manet was the first modern painter also in the sense that he was the first wholly to devote himself to modern themes. Allegory, history, myth moved him not at all. Paris, the mundane career of Parisians and Parisiennes, on the street, in café or cabaret, and at the opera ball, is the sole passion of his art. The fever and restlessness of the great city incite him; he loves life when its pulses beat high. The race course, the bar, the Bois de Boulogne, the boudoir constitute his field of study. He paints beautiful and elegant Parisiennes—a multitude of them. And on fine spring days, when the Seine lies blue and radiant, with the boats of the rowing-club beneath the arched bridges, he is to be discovered at Meudon and Argenteuil.

More and more it grew to be Manet's governing impulse to paint life in strong colors and in the full light of the sun. Plein-air became the new watchword of art. Even at this day there lingers a glory of the joy of life about these pictures that are given over to sunshine and the splendor of summer, to dazzling blue water and white sails, to youth, bright clothing, and flowers.

Manet's work underwent a continuously ascending development, until an implacable disease struck down his prodigal strength just as it was unfolding itself most completely, and so broke off the most brilliant and epochal production that modern painting is able to show. One day in the spring of 1883 Edouard Manet died.

No single painter was prepared to take over Manet's inheritance on equal terms. Yet about him had gathered closely a small group of very capable artists and steadfast comrades, who in serried ranks pushed forward the battle lines: Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, and others—the impressionists, as they were at first scornfully called.

Among the impressionistic painters Claude Monet takes the leading position. He was the protagonist who, conscious of his purpose, with undeviating consistency carried the principles of open-air painting farther and developed the impressionistic method. Even in youth the goal was plain to Monet, namely, to convey light and atmosphere upon the canvas. To the realization of this idea he devoted his brush and indeed his life. In order to capture light he gave up figure painting, in which he had early shown great talent, fled the studio, and set up his easel out of doors. In order to master light he made himself a chemist and a physicist, studied the physics of color, and systematized the result of his experiences in the technique of color division.

As is well known, the method consists in a mechanical collocation upon the canvas of small particles of the pure pigments instead of a chemical mixing of them upon the palette. The fusing into tone takes place on the retina of the observer's eye at a proper distance. The gain lies therein that the colors lose nothing in power through being blended, but speak with undiminished force from the canvas. Moreover, since black and all heavy, dark tones are proscribed from the palette, which retains, besides white, only the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, the paintings of the impressionists attained a force of light and a vigor which at the time of their appearance had a positively dazzling effect.

By means of this technique Claude Monet and his associates pictured Paris and the smiling reaches of the Seine or the Oise, burgeoning landscapes in summer green, and flowing water. They portrayed the sea dashing against the rocks at Étretat or expanding along the Mediterranean coast. Monet himself has also painted several series of pictures from the foggy city on the Thames, the tulip markets of Haarlem, and the cathedral at Rouen. Through it all, however, he has painted but one thing, light; light in its unceasing variations through the atmospheric medium in changing weather and in the alternating phases of day and night.

As full-blooded naturalists and sworn adherents of open air painting the young Norwegians returned home from Paris with the passing of the early eighties. About the year 1883 nearly all the artistic capacities that our country could muster were assembled in Norway's capital, and assembled with the intention of remaining there. Now they were confronted with the task of taking up the cudgels for their new persuasions and of shaping a new art which should be wholly Norwegian. This period of naturalism in the eighties may well be called the golden age of Norwegian art. It was strongly endowed with talent, and it was entirely national.

A large collection of the pictures of that time, as it is to be found, for instance, in the excellently representative canvases in our National Gallery, gives an impression of bright and powerful colors, of the brilliance of sun and snow and open air, of space and distance, of actuality; in short, it creates a vivid illusion. Furthermore, one notices that there are comparatively few landscapes, that they are overmatched by figure compositions, and that several of these are of great scope and show figures of life-size, taken from everyday walks, and almost insistently veracious. The faces of well known men shine out upon us from these portraits—poets, artists, composers whose names and works live and hold sway over us. There is not a picture here whose subject is drawn from history, from poetry, or in any way from the world of the imagination. Here is no dream, no poem, no nocturnal vision, no twilight revery, but sunshine and again sunshine, or cold, merciless daylight beneath a Northern sky.

Only by very rare exception do we meet with a foreign theme. We go with the painters up through the valleys and with them visit actual Norwegian farmers, farmers who are working or resting from their labors, farmers who are eating their bread or are about to eat it, farmers with tough, capable fists and weatherbeaten physiognomies. We drop in on fishermen and pilots. We step into the living-rooms of common people in the cities, we surprise an artisan's little

family half-dressed about the breakfast table on a winter morning, or we present ourselves on a Sunday in the parlor at a festivity incident to the ceremony of confirmation, where relatives and friends are assembled and an old familiar of the house raises his glass in honor of the son newly arrived at grown-up dignity. We walk among the proletariat of the capital and carry away somber impressions of enforced idleness, of misery, of the bitter struggle for bread, of sickness and privation. Finally, we even pass within the walls of the police station and stand face to face with the curse of pauperism and the social infamy. Vice and brazenness have the same opportunity to address us through this democratic art as innocence and uprightness; the hideous has equal rights with the beautiful.

Furthermore, if one looks not merely at the subjects but also at the handling of these pictures, one finds a still greater divergence from the art of an older generation. Almost universally these paintings are executed with the broad brush. The color is spread upon the canvas thick and juicy, often with the living impress of the temperamental hand that applied it. Moreover, although the brown and black shadow-tones which would serve to give force to the lights are to a greater or less degree crowded out of the pictures, in some cases banished utterly, the coloring is rich in contrasts. The pigments are twice as luminous as before. In addition, wholly new color chords assert themselves, a pure summer-green which prior to that time was not permitted upon the palette, a vivid blue in shadows and atmospheric tints, and frequent refractions of red lights and blue shadows blending into violet middle tones. In general, the total effect of the pictures is colder than before—less red and yellow, more blue and green, and instead of the previous abundance of brown, rather grey and violet. Further than that, the modeling has become less sculpturesque than formerly, as regards roundness of contour and distribution of light, more pictorial in its planes, broken with reflections, and wrapped in atmospheric tones. In certain of the pictures the painter has attempted to apply the principles of the division of color,

and tried to attain a heightened effect from the pigments by laying the components of the various hues side by side upon the canvas in greater or less purity.

In drawing and composition, too, great changes have taken place. The design is no longer clean and clear, as in older works, showing a thousand details. It has been absorbed by the picture and has been indissolubly merged with the brush-technique. All minutiæ of outline have been neglected, partly because the draughtsmanship has not been of interest to the artist, partly for fear of deadening the pictorial effect. Even the perspective has undergone alteration. The subject is seen at closer range, the foreground crowds upon the spectator so that objects assume a larger appearance, and the station point is higher than before. From all this it follows that the composition itself has suffered alteration as well.

Naturalistic painting has often been criticized for faults of composition. Among us particularly, where the artists for the most part were self-taught, in the absence of an academy or an established school, it was well-nigh unavoidable that the principles of composition should tend to relax. For that matter, it was a feature of the programme of naturalism itself to break old and traditional rules of composition. According to the tenets of the new art a picture ought to be a transcript from nature. Thus it was not so much a question of what one transcribed as of how one did it. The laying in of the subject itself became the principal thing, for through it the lines of the picture were determined. It was less a matter of elaborating a composition than of searching out a theme. From fear of the academic the choice often fell upon the casual, and from fear of the conventional there was an inclination toward the bizarre. Instantaneous photography also had its effect upon art. While previously it had been out of the question to paint half of a figure or a part of an object intersected by the picture frame, now fragments of people and things protrude constantly within the frame. Yet in spite of such fortuitousness among the greater number, there was still among the best of our natu-

ralists a dawning decorative sense which, in great measure unknown to themselves, gave poise to their pictures. There is more of decorative power in the paintings from the eighties than in those of the older generations. It was not, however, before the following decades that the adorning elements were able to liberate themselves sufficiently to become pure decorative art.

This period of the emergence of Norwegian naturalism was a time of contention and wrath, during which the welkin rang with shibboleths, war-cries, criminations, and recriminations. The public was wholly without orientation as regards the new open-air movement, and at first felt nothing but a vast sense of indignity. So far as the critics were concerned, they were hardly more than tale-bearers in ordinary, who by means of warning and abuse provoked one party against the other, and so widened the cleavage between the public and the representatives of the new tendency. The artists, on their side, disported themselves gleefully upon the waves of displeasure. Viewed impartially from without, the battle that they were waging had somewhat the appearance of a hailstorm of youthful challenges and irritating exaggerations. They most indubitably were just what they were accused of being—one-sided. None the less, they gained in power as they narrowed their horizon, since they made of one-sidedness a coat of mail. Through defiance their strength increased; for behind that defiance was a stout faith in what to them was the only right thing. Opposition among public and press was of the strongest; but in a surprisingly short time it was conquered. At the close of the eighties the victory was won beyond a doubt; the leading naturalists were commonly acknowledged as our foremost artists, and in their footsteps walked the new generation of painters.

That the struggle was so unexpectedly brief and that recognition was at last so unanimous is not to be ascribed alone to the circumstance that in this group of painters there really was an abundance of talent. Talent in painting of itself would not have brought triumph to the banners of

Norwegian naturalism. The naturalistic tendency in art had a background for its striving in the general development of the nation and in revolutions that were taking place in the various domains of culture during those years. The painters themselves were only a small band in the advancing army which at that period was breaking a way for itself through barriers of tradition.

The salty stream which from the dramas of Ibsen flowed through the intellectual life of the land, and of Europe, with the lofty sky of individualism above it, the fresh mountain wind which came forth from the poetry and the rousing activities of Björnson, the purifying fire of Georg Brandes's criticism, the passion for truth in the books of Garborg and Jæger, and the waves of radicalism that rolled high in national politics, all these things formed the domestic background for the battle in which the painters were engaged.

The background, meanwhile, broadens out. Behind the young pilgrims returning from Paris we descry revolutions and formative events in the cultural life of Europe throughout all the fields of thought, of art, of social consciousness. The positivistic philosophy with its revaluation of old standards constitutes in a way the remotest part of the perspective. The sobering effect of naturalistic research upon science, sociology, and art comes next in importance. Men began to take into more systematic account the experiences of the senses. As a twin brother of empiricism in science, naturalism in art grew more vigorous. And under the influence of the individualistic and anarchistic tendencies that gave the strongest incentives to the minds of men during the nineteenth century, naturalism became impressionism. As the actual soil from which all these things burst into being we perceive democracy itself, vast, extensive, restlessly heaving with repressed discontent and earth-bound dreams of happiness—the desire for social revolution as the foundation of it all. The revival in Norwegian painting was thus merely a reflexion from deep intellectual currents that shook the world in their passing.

V

THE NATURALISTS: THAULOW, KROHG, AND WERENSKIOLD. GERHARD MUNTHE

IN THE combative generation of naturalists in the eighties Thaulow, Krohg, and Werenskiold were the leading spirits. Fritz Thaulow, who was born in Christiania in 1847, was the oldest among them and the first to give battle; but he was also the first to withdraw from the contest and to turn his back upon the narrow circumstances that surrounded art in his native land. When Thaulow came home to Christiania in 1880 and there met Christian Krohg, it was as an avowed naturalist and as an enthusiastic European, so-called. Both were radical and eager to take up the cudgels against the limitations of domestic taste in art. Conscious of the oppressive atmosphere which rested upon intellectual life in Christiania, the two Europeans formed a close friendship, and by reason of their contrasting characters and gifts they also influenced each other professionally.

Upon his arrival from Paris Thaulow was a full-blooded naturalist with a touch of impressionism. First and above all, he was an adherent of open-air painting: the landscape painter should be forbidden to have a studio; landscapes should be executed out of doors from nature itself, and the picture should be an actual portrait and transcript of nature; and love of truth should be the highest artistic requirement. Still, Thaulow always had the knack of choosing his subjects. A feeling for balance and pictorial effect was never wanting in his tasteful and fastidious work. Krohg and Thaulow were in so far opposites that while Krohg saw democratic

proclamation of truth as the aim of art, Thaulow insisted even at this early date that art in the nature of things must be aristocratic, a pleasure of the few and a pleasure alone.

In the art life of Christiania during the eighties Fritz Thaulow played an important role. He seemed to have a native gift for attracting young people. Active and handsome, enthusiastic and amiable, well-to-do and independent, full of good humor and confidence, with an air of foreign culture and a certain quality that could not fail to make him noticeable as a man about town, Fritz was the lion of the day. Everybody knew him, almost everybody liked him; his comrades and all of Christiania with them called him only by his first name.

In the long and acrimonious struggle with Kunstforeningen he took an active part. This institution, the object of which was to buy and parcel out works of art to its members, and which commanded a considerable budget, measured with the standards of the time, was governed by an altogether incompetent board of directors. It was impossible in the long run for the painters to be content with a state of affairs in which all sorts of amateurish, untalented productions were purchased and spread through the homes to assess for themselves the modicum of interest in art that existed in Christiania at that day. The conflict led to a long-continued strike, which ended in victory for the artists: no picture was to be considered for purchase that had not previously been passed upon favorably by a jury of their own number. The campaign, though difficult, had been conducted on the part of the artists with unyielding persistency. Its leaders were Werenskiold, Thaulow, and Krohg.

As a teacher, too, Thaulow exerted a great influence. It was he who established the so-called open air academy at Modum, a village near Christiania, whither a large group of young painters followed him to practise under his direction the precepts of outdoor study. Here at Modum Thaulow painted his large picture, now in the National Gallery, of Hougsfossen in spring flood, tumbling down the mountain-side in foaming cascades and dirty yellow eddies.

In the period that follows he chooses his themes to a considerable extent from Christiania itself and from the immediate environs. He has painted the Palace Park when leaves are bursting and when snow covers the ground, the Storting Square in Wind and Sleet—a picture from the year 1881, and the hovels along the Aker River. He had a happy season of study down at Kragerö in 1882, during which on clear winter days he pictured coasting parties in the

The Storting Square in Wind and Sleet, by Fritz Thaulow. Privately owned

streets between the little, motley houses of the skippers or, as spring advanced, made careful observations of delicate sunshine upon rocky knolls and of the naked branches of apple trees against sunny walls.

With the passing of the eighties Thaulow painted mostly winter pieces, which more and more became his specialty; and they carried his fame beyond the bounds of his native land. After the Universal Exposition in Paris in 1889, at which Thaulow served as a juror together with Skredsvig, the Luxembourg Museum bought one of his typical snow scenes from Vestre Aker, of the year 1887, entitled Ski-runners. Later, during the nineties, in addition to the snow themes, river pictures had a particular interest for Thaulow.

A Street in Kragerö, by Fritz Thaulow. In the National Gallery

The Luxembourg also has a pastel by him, The Old Factory at Lysaker.

Thaulow's art has always been lacking in solidity and rather inclined toward softness. So long as he had Norwegian earth under foot he contended against this failing. In the long run, however, Thaulow with his international leanings was not to be contained within the limits of the ancestral land, which according to him had no significance for art. In 1891 he left Norway, and lived first in London, later in Montreuil, a little old town in Normandy, and thereafter in Dieppe; as the guest of the Carnegie Institute he visited America in 1897, but subsequently returned to Paris and remained there for several years. In the course of these wanderings his art underwent many changes.

As a colorist Thaulow was possessed of sure and cultivated intelligence and above all of good taste. He never grappled with pigments in their whole volume; his coloring always played upon muffled strings. He was most at his ease among soft intermediate tones with suave gradations. In his landscapes form counted for very little, the arrange-

Winter Scene from the Mesna River, by Fritz Thaulow

ment of the subject upon the canvas for considerably more, but color was really all-important. Whatsoever he painted he was enticed to paint by his love of color. He has caught the pale tone in the atmosphere of Paris; he has delighted in the delicate patina with which time has woven a web about a half-weathered city like Venice; and in a series of pictures with differing light effects he has found pleasure in variations upon the theme of an old brick-red, arched bridge in Verona.

It seems remarkable that this international art-Epicurean, who toward the close of his life was influenced by French, Scottish, and American painters such as Cazin, Cottet, and Whistler, and who found his public and his markets in Paris, in London, and particularly in America, should have gained the reputation of being a distinctly typical Norwegian artist. As a matter of fact, in his declining years Thaulow was totally out of touch with art life in Norway. It cannot be said of him to the same degree as of his comrades and the greater number of his pupils that he remained true to naturalism. Sated with the rank, earthy savor of open-air paint-

ing, he returned in his final period to the laboratory of the atelier.

He has been the object of reproach on this account. Yet what should one say? In the end, naturalism did not accord with his gifts. His inclinations and tastes ran in another direction. Noticeably enough, it is just with examples of his later manner that he has created a furore at exhibitions throughout the world, and it is with these that he is represented in the great museums and collections round about, not excepting the White House at Washington, where now hangs his Evening in Pittsburgh, done in 1897. He developed somewhat in virtuosity during these last years, but his talents did not gain measurably in depth through this concluding phase of his career, during which pictures flowed from his hand with such facility, a downright uncanny facility, and with ingratiating and at times fundamentally false effects. The Thaulow who is most likely to keep his ground in the history of Norwegian art is he who worked hard at painting skippers' houses and rocky knolls in his native Norway in the merciless daylight of the eighties. Thaulow died in Holland in November, 1906.

Christian Krohg was born in Christiania in 1852. He bears the name of his grandfather, the celebrated jurist Christian Krohg, who was one of the most prominent champions in our struggle for national independence during the first period of the union with Sweden subsequent to 1814. After taking the degree of candidatus juris Krohg proceeded in the early seventies to Karlsruhe, where he became a pupil of Gussow. Later he studied under the same master in Berlin, and there he was a friend and fellow-student of Max Klinger. In 1879 he returned to Norway to enter upon what was to be his principal work; painting the life of the poor in Christiania.

Endowed as he was with the most powerful grasp of reality and with great pictorial gifts, a democrat by innate disposition, a journalist inclined toward the literary in his art as well, a disciple of Zola quite as much as of Manet, he was the man, more than any other among us, who pro-

claimed the dogma of the social mission of art. With pencil no less than with pen he published his convictions. Even the themes of his first pictures are evidential. In 1880 he painted The Dawn, which at once gave offence to the cultured. This canvas shows a poor seamstress just as she has fallen asleep in her garret over a silk dress upon which she has been at work during the night. Her chest is sunken, the lamp smokes, the blue winter morning sifts in through the window-shade and touches with cold light the face and hands of the exhausted girl. In her lap lies the expensive lace-trimmed gown designed for the ball that is to speed the coming night for a woman more happily situated in society. People scented the socialistic tendency and were startled. The picture finally found a lodging in the Gothenburg Museum. In Krohg's next painting also, A Call for the Doctor, it is the social contrasts that engage his attention. Here it is a contrast between abundance and want, between the happy, wined and dined company about the glittering board from which the doctor is summoned and the bowed, thinly dressed working-woman who begs him to visit a death bed in her poverty-stricken home.

There is one reservation to be made with respect to all of these pictures, and the objection attaches also to some among Krohg's later works: it is suspiciously literary art. There is something of German genre painting in it all, and something sentimental. The youthful Krohg was not merely in possession of a pair of sound eyes and a painter's faculty for enjoying what he saw; he also had a democratic philosophy of life to propound. And with his gift for painting he had a real gift for writing. Thus it came about that on occasion he attempted to paint novelettes with a purpose.

In the National Gallery there hangs a picture by Krohg, typical of this early period and belonging among his best pieces, The Sick Girl, painted in 1880 immediately after his return from Berlin and the precepts of Gussow. The scene is unforgettable by reason of the intensity with which the subject is conceived and the steadiness of hand with which it is committed to the canvas. The momentary illusion is so

The Sick Girl, by Christian Krohg. In the National Gallery

vivid that the first impression is one of life and not of art. Those large burning eyes in the waxen face, surrounded by all that mass of white in the invalid's chair, the woollen blanket, the night-gown, the pillow—those eyes will not loosen their hold, they penetrate to the inmost soul and touch strings that vibrate to the most veritably human of emotions. Still there is something obtrusive in the painfully direct gaze that transfixes the spectator and in the pale rose dropping its petals, which the consumptive holds in her hands. On looking more closely one is further struck by the hard-handed manner in which certain passages are painted, the dry zeal with which the folds of the night-dress are modelled, as if the artist were handling plaster. To what purpose such an illusion of the wax-works!

Edvard Munch, too, has painted a youthful picture upon a similar theme, The Sick Child, probably not without a knowledge of Krohg's accomplishment. The contrast is striking and instructive. Krohg has limited himself to mak-

ing a portrait of his stricken model; Munch has given scope to his feelings in a composition rich with color, in which the mother of the child is present and determines the lines. Krohg's painting is, in short, realistic still life. It gives evidence of a model, of material, of form, and of hues which the artist has had before his eyes and which he has imitated. Munch's work is a tone poem, and yet a composition with touchingly simple line effects. Not more than six years separate the two canvases, but they represent art from two different epochs.

Krohg had a happy season of creative activity while he lived in 1883 at Skagen and there painted the daily life of fisherfolk in their little cottages. As Michael Ancher and Kröyer portrayed the stout seadogs in hip-boots and southwesters at their work on the water, Krohg gave his attention especially to those who were left at home, old people mending the nets and women at their household tasks with the children. Two of his most admirable achievements from the Skagen period are a glorification of motherhood.

The Sleeping Mother and Child, by Christian Krohg. In the Bergen Picture Gallery

Mother and Child, in the National Gallery, is a simple and clear composition disclosing a sailor's young wife at the bedside of her child. The mother's broad, arched back forms a culminating mass of violet and stands out in a characteristic manner against the whitewashed background. As regards color scheme The Sleeping Mother and Child in Rasmus Meyer's collection at Bergen is still better. More straightforward and sincere it is impossible for a picture from life to be, and as painting it possesses inimitable beauties. Beside the white bed stands the red cradle with the sleeping babe. The young mother has perhaps sung the infant to sleep with her knitting between her hands. Now she has herself fallen into slumber, her head resting against the bedstead. Her entire body is relaxed in deep repose. On the coffee-stained table stands a dish of porridge half eaten; and all is so quiet that one seems to hear the buzzing of flies in the evening sun and the rhythmic breathing of the sleepers. The picture is executed with unexampled loveliness, with firm and easy touch, and with equal finish and strength of tone. Smaller canvases, admirable in coloring, from the same brilliant period in Krohg's production, with related motives from Skagen are on the walls of the National Gallery. Nevertheless there is a rise in the quality of Krohg's work from these splendid paintings to the masterpiece of his life, the Albertine.

In 1885 appeared Hans Jæger's book, *The Christiania Bohemians,* with its ruthless self-revelations and its violent attacks on existing society. Upon a large number of youths this first Norwegian naturalistic novel, as it has been called, made a profound impression, an impression further strengthened by the treatment which the book and its author received at the hands of the reputedly liberal government of Sverdrup: the edition was seized, and the writer was committed to prison upon sentence by the supreme court. This violation of the freedom of the press consolidated all true radicals; and Christian Krohg came forward in the first rank to defend Jæger and naturalistic literature.

Albertine, by Christian Krohg. In the National Gallery

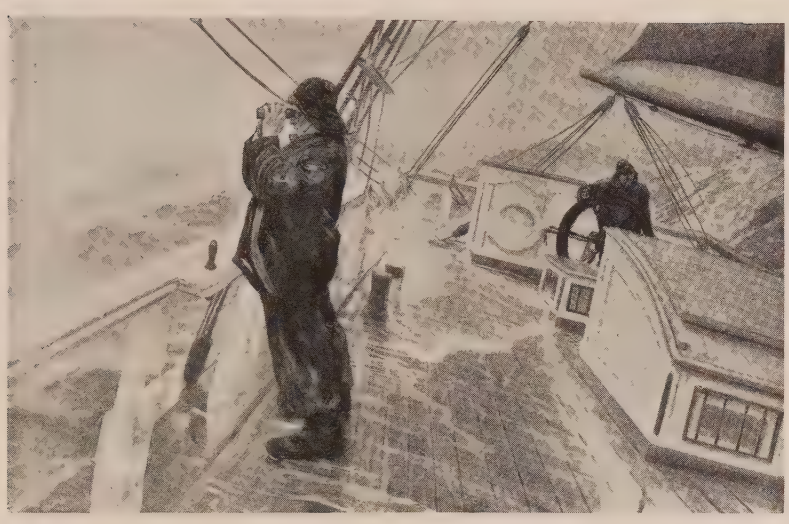
The following year Krohg himself published a novel of similar stamp under the title of *Albertine,* an unveiled account of a poor Christiania girl's joyless life and putative fall, her shocking seduction and resultant degradation to the prostitute's caste by means of the brutal medical examination under police authority which at that time was in vogue. Krohg's book, too, was confiscated, and he was subjected to a fine. The novel, however, which was accepted as a denunciation of the system of prostitution, brought about a popular movement against the government which muzzled literature while it tolerated mercenary vice.

In the following year, 1887, the painter came before the public with his large canvas, Albertine in the Waiting-room of the Police Doctor. Great as was the commotion aroused by the book, the painting suffered a corresponding degree of neglect on being shown in a vacant shop. Critics took exception to it, and the best society did not venture to look at it, much less to buy it. None the less, while the novel, having fulfilled its mission, was forgotten, the picture survived and will survive as one of the greatest achievements in Norwegian art. What Krohg had in mind and what he so brilliantly accomplished was that depiction of milieu upon

which the naturalistic doctrine laid such stress, and which never before had been expressed in Scandinavian painting with even approximate power. For that matter, the canons of naturalism have in no instance been more boldly and vigorously exemplified. As a narrative it may be that the work is not exactly obvious, yet that only adds to its value as a picture. It has its faults of composition no less than its excellences; but as a document in typology it is probably without parallel in the whole range of naturalistic art. As a painting it exhibits the most splendid details. With what skill the two powerful foreground figures are managed, the woman in velvet and the woman in watered silk, what firm and flowing outlines, what adroitness in the use of the brilliant carnation and the bedizened finery to enhance the total color effect—it is all magnificent. This canvas reveals a master hand. Here the question might actually arise of a trial of strength between French and Norwegian painting, a comparison of Norwegian force and immediacy with French esprit and taste.

To discuss Krohg further after dilating on this picture is hardly worth the trouble, in part because he has done nothing better, in part because he has not been able to maintain this height. Still Krohg's production has been very copious and full of surprising things among the terrific quantity of routine work that has come from his brush. His next large social subject, The Struggle for Existence, from the year 1890, in which Hans Jæger put such great faith, was an effective contribution in the campaign against pauperism; but as art it is far from equalling its predecessor, despite excellently handled details. It is significant that while this new colossal canvas was immediately bought for the National Gallery, the Albertine has had to wait half a generation for a place in the art museum of the State. It is now there.

It is usually in pictures whose subjects crowd the canvas somewhat that Krohg's composition is at its best, particularly in the representation of seamen. Here he has really a special field and a knack of his own in painting at close range on board a boat or a cutter or from the deck of a



On the Look-out for the Pilot, by Christian Krohg. Privately owned

ship. Under such circumstances he demonstrates a peculiar facility in balancing the composition by means of lines cutting obliquely within the frame, horizontals and verticals in careening position with reference to the free balance of the living human figure. The effect is striking and amusing; but it must be admitted that in the detailed arrangement of his subjects upon the canvas he has learned very much from the Frenchmen, notably from Degas.

Finally it should be borne in mind that Krohg has distinguished himself as a portrait painter. With Werenskiold he shares the supremacy among his own generation. There is a tremendous difference between the two, nevertheless: Werenskiold has the searching, striving, delving method of characterization that plumbs the depths to discover diversities of soul and explores the surface in quest of precision; Krohg boldly hits the mark by direct force of vision and intrepidity of hand. A milieu portrait so spirited and pictorial and intellectual as that which he painted in 1883 of Gerhard Munthe in his fur coat entering the Grand Café has about it something of the quality of portraits by Manet, although it has less firmness and solidity. Take another instance, his full-length portrait of Johan Sverdrup hang-

Portrait of the Painter Gerhard Munthe, by Christian Krohg

ing in the Storting, done in 1882—how it depicts character in attitude and gesture and effective setting: the little, elegant, reserved man in the large dark canvas.

Krohg has produced many excellent portraits, yet two of them surpass the others. One is the noble and heart-stirring likeness from the year 1893, of his own aunt, the aged Fröken Krohg with the kind, bright eyes and the wrinkled

Portrait of Prime Minister Johan Sverdrup, by Christian Krohg.
In the Storting

Agnes, by Christian Krohg. In the National Gallery

hands. The other is an almost unknown study from his Albertine period, probably dating from 1889, entitled

Study for Albertine, by Christian Krohg. Privately owned

Agnes or, as he called it later, The Girl of the Eighties. She is a child of the streets with large burning eyes, an animal type of woman from the lower classes, presented with a feeling, a masculine instinct, and a masterly simplicity which make the work a classic for all time. Krohg is still living in Christiania and continuing his production, a production of extremely uneven value.

The third and in some respects the most significant personality in the art life of the eighties was Erik Werenskiold, who was born at Kongsvinger in 1855. Dur-

"In the Evening They Came to a Big, Fine House." Vignette for the tale of *The Three Princesses in the Mountain Blue,* by Erik Werenskiold

ing the years of the battle for naturalism he was in fact the strong, unswerving leader of the modern movement. So buoyant and capable of development are his intelligence and his talents that Werenskiold even at this day, in spite of his sixty-six years, is a fighter in the ranks of the young, with an open vision for other artistic values than those which stirred the enthusiasm of his own youth. In Werenskiold's temperament there is a blending of will-power, clear, cold calculation, and something of the quiet, gentle visionary. He is a compound of logician and lyrist.

Werenskiold spent his first period of study in Munich, where the instruction of Löfftz particularly had a certain influence on his early development. Even in Munich, however, he felt himself to be a naturalist; even here his aim was national. The first large canvas that he sent home, one that attracted real and lasting interest in his talent, has a genre subject in which peasants appear; it was painted in 1880 and entitled A Meeting. The picture impresses a thoroughly modern observer as being rather German, both in color and in narrative appeal. Yet it has a characterization that is markedly realistic for its time and it denotes a resolute advance beyond Tidemand's and even Sundt-Hansen's depiction of peasant life. The laconic lovemaking, the heavy, rustic joking between the young, slender haymaker and the girls that meet in the fields all reveal a subtle and sure perception of the manners and the peculiarities of rural people. Meanwhile Werenskiold had, as early as the period 1878-1880, made his first drawings for the popular tales. By these illustrations he had given evidence of both the originality and the astonishing maturity of his talents.

There are few things in Norwegian art of which it may be said with full assurance that they are classic; Werenskiold's illustrations for the tales are among those few. It is easy enough to explain why this is the case. It is

"And Then they All Three Begged and Pleaded with the Watchman."
Illustration for the tale of *The Three Princesses in the Mountain Blue*,
by Erik Werenskiold

because the form is as good as the subject matter and the subject matter significant and valuable in itself. Just as Asbjörnsen and Moe's retelling of the tales was the first literary portrayal of folk-life that had a dependable and really Norwegian tone, so Werenskiold's illustrations were the first reliable artistic representation of Norwegian folk-life. In happy fashion he has dipped down into the character of the people and exhibits the figures from the tales as though seen by the eye of the rustic himself, with his notions of the great and the small, the fine and the funny, with his fresh humor and equable judgment. Therefore the king of the tale appears as a big-wig in dressing gown and slippers, with a long-stemmed pipe in his mouth and his crown askew. The princesses are metamorphosed into country gentlemen's slender, overgrown daughters in white muslins, and the palace has been changed into a spacious old farm establishment in eastern Norway with its dinner-bell belfry, its balconies, and its huge outbuildings. With masterly discretion the portrayer of rustic life in these illustrations harks back to an uncertain, yet not very distant past, in which the wonderful events of the tales are quite possible; the real and the imaginary counterbalance each other in the most attractive way. And about these scenes from folk-life he has made a sort of framework of fresh and genuine Norwegian nature, full of charm and sweet scents, conceived in a new spirit—wood and heath, lake and swamp, farmyard and field, animals, too, in the forest and about the enclosures—all told, those summer days and those winter evenings from which the popular tales have drawn their poetry, their gay humor, and their goblin fearsomeness.

During his studies in Munich Werenskiold saw for the first time, at the Exposition of 1879, the French naturalists. It was at once apparent to him that he had nothing farther to do in Munich. He finished the work upon which he happened to be engaged, packed his trunk, and set out for Paris. It was in January, 1881, that he arrived in the French capital. Among Norwegian painters who had preceded him

he found Heyerdahl, still basking in the renown which Adam and Eve had brought him; he found Skredsvig, who during that year made a success with his Ferme à Venoix, and with whom he associated most; he found Uchermann, Harriet Backer, and Kitty Kielland; among later comers, Ulfsten and Krohg. Besides he found here almost the entire group of Swedish artists known as the "Opponents," and several Danes, in their number Joakim Skovgaard, with whom he formed a close acquaintance.

In Paris Werenskiold felt himself strongly drawn to the impressionists, whose work he saw in the displays of art dealers on the boulevards, to Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, and Pissarro. In a private letter of a subsequent date he expresses regret at not having sought to establish greater intimacy with these men and at a later time with Van Gogh, whose brother he knew. Outside of artistic circles, too, Werenskiold received deep impressions during those years in Paris. Both Björnstjerne Björnson and Jonas Lie at this period were living in the city on the Seine, and with each of them he entered upon a warm and lasting attachment.

At the close of the year 1883 Werenskiold returned to Norway with the intention of remaining there. It was clear to him that naturalism alone could nationalize Norwegian art and make it known and loved at home. When he reached Christiania with a completed plan of campaign for the laborious battle in behalf of a national art, he discovered Thaulow and Krohg already on the scene and the struggle with Kunstforeningen well under way. Now the contest between the artists and the public, or rather the guardians of the public, really burst into full blaze. And in the long run it became clear that Werenskiold was the actual leader of the movement, persevering and consistent in all that he did, the man of deep convictions and with the will to achieve power.

It was not until he had spent three summers among the country people at Gvarv in Telemarken during the years 1883-1885 that Werenskiold found himself definitely as a

A Country Funeral, by Erik Werenskiold. In the National Gallery

painter. Here he finished such mature and meritorious works as Telemarken Girls and A Country Funeral. In these pictures and in his illustrations to the tales he has struck the vein of the romantic succession, but in a modern and realistic spirit. In continuation of, and yet in contrast to, Tidemand's sentimental and idyllic portrayal of the farmer, Werenskiold has given in his Country Funeral a strictly realistic and unsentimental exposition of the Norwegian rural population, keenly characterized from the typical and still individual point of view. It is a hot midday in summer. Over the blue valley the air is vibrating with heat, and the farmers who have carried the coffin stand blinking at the sun while the schoolmaster, in the absence of the clergyman, reads a passage from the hymn book. No man weeps, no face betrays positive sorrow. Stolid and steady, laconic and slow of movement, these rustic Norwegians are; no emotion is capable of disturbing their outward calm.

Still Werenskiold is not simply the merciless realist as in this picture. In his landscapes he has shown himself capable of treating nature in a gentle, mellow, lyrical manner. One of the finest of his paintings is Summer Night, done in 1893. Beneath willows and alders, on the margin of a placid lake at the foot of a mountain touched with the lingering rosy tints of the heavens, "the bay" and "the black" horse are grazing. It is a clear night, in which sounds would be carrying far; one seems to hear the fresh cropped grass being champed between the jaws of the horses, and one expects to hear the sound of the bell when they move their feet in the verdant meadow.

Werenskiold is an excellent and highly esteemed portraitist. His knowledge of men, his keen vision, his zeal for discriminating observation fit him for portraiture. In sobriety of characterization and solidity of execution Werenskiold's portraits are superior to those of other Norwegians, elder or younger. As for impulsive conception and poetic interpretation of personality, he is perhaps surpassed by Edvard Munch. Nevertheless, as the great Nor-

wegian portrait painter, Werenskiold is known far beyond the confines of his own country.

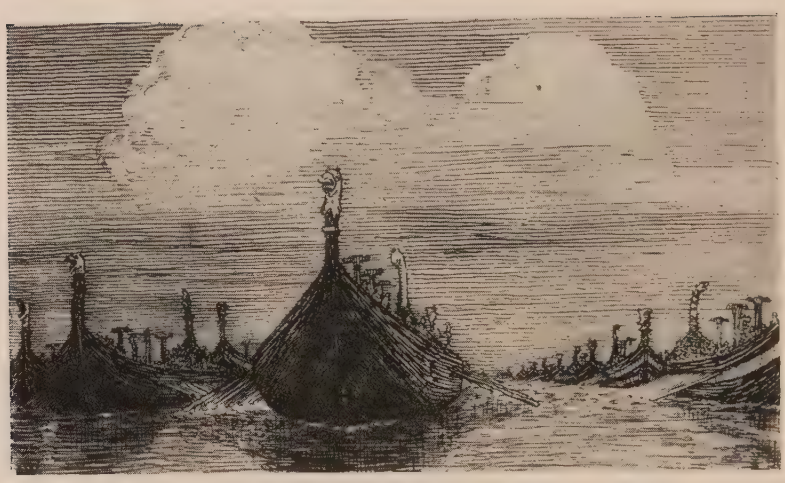
The lively and excellently designed portrait of Professor Helland is a good example of his manner during the eighties. From the early nineties there is the soulful likeness of Erika Nissen at the Piano. Against a dream landscape of old faded Gobelin tapestry the pale profile of the pianist delineates itself with an almost painful expression of the nervous intensity of her art, and one catches all but audibly the deep and sonorous tones streaming out from the great, dark mass of the piano, which forms a background to the glowing red of her velvet gown.

Portrait of the Artist's Mother, by Erik Werenskiold. Privately owned

From Werenskiold's brush there are two portraits of Björnstjerne Björnson. The first, done in 1888, is now in the National Gallery. Here the hands in particular are beautifully painted and matchlessly characterized through the poet's argumentative tapping with a paper-cutter upon his palm. The other, from the year 1900, is in the National Gallery of Denmark. Here it is no longer Björnson the fighter and agitator, sharp of eye and impetuous of hand; it is Norway's securely enthroned poet-king, gazing proudly out from his own domain, conscious that the very land itself is his background.

Henrik Ibsen, by Erik Werenskiold. In the National Gallery

Werenskiold's most eminent portrait, however, is the colored drawing on canvas which he made in 1895 of Henrik Ibsen. The subject is drawn in the open with uncovered head and with his hands behind his back. The mouth is tightly closed, the forehead firmly arched, and the mane of hair rises abruptly from the abrupt brow. A penetrating oblique glance comes through his spectacles and



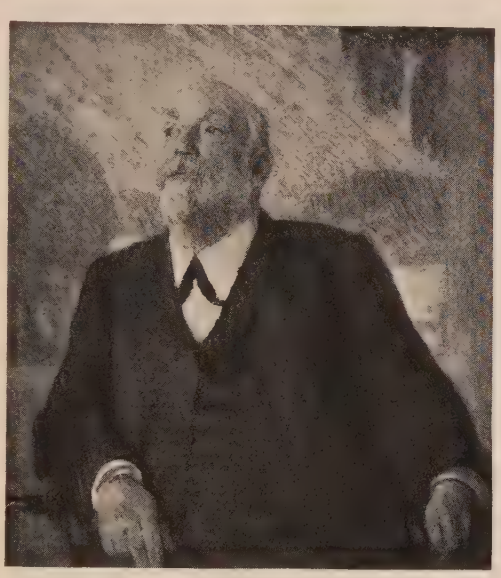
Ships Returning After the Battle of Svolder. Illustration for Snorre's Sagas of the Norse Kings, by Erik Werenskiold

pierces unforgettably the memory of the beholder. Behind him, lightly sketched, is a winter landscape with mountains of cold, pure snow, the country of the sparsely peopled expanses which gave birth to the author of Brand—the country of his own clear, frosty thought. Many other portraits by Werenskiold might be enumerated, such as those of Edvard Grieg, Fridtjof Nansen, Christian Sinding, and the bold likeness of his friend Fredrik Collett, produced in 1894 and now in the Swedish National Museum.

Together with other Norwegian painters, Egedius, Munthe, and several more, Werenskiold has provided the illustrations for Snorre's Sagas of the Norse Kings. Among Werenskiold's contributions are many that are magnificent, as regards both narration and execution. The nature of Norway and her rustic manners are joined in a representation which has the most striking truthfulness. Erik Werenskiold's talent has always possessed mobility. In his art one discerns constant struggle and exertion of energy. During his entire life he has been in process of development, has made experiments, has changed his theories and his technique. Just at the time in his Munich period when he had found his classic manner he broke sharply and suddenly

with his previous acquirements, went to Paris, where he became a professed naturalist, and a few years later returned home as a devoted apostle of genuine open-air coloring.

Yet the essential and decisive reversal in his art is that by which he made a conscious transition from the draughtsman's procedure to the painter's. When his eyes were really opened to the technique of color division as practised by the impressionists, to their sense of tone and totality in pictorial effect, he vigorously set about revitalizing and strengthening his own work in the same direction. He now interested himself in the surface effects of a picture almost as much as in its theme, made experiments with palette knife and with brush, built up the painting with his knife or knitted it together by means of short strokes of the brush, in brief, tried the most varied methods of attaining his dream, namely pictures in which values predominate, which have compactness and weight and still have atmosphere. The change may be dated from the portrait of Head Master Knudsen, done in 1903, a painting no less remarkable for psychological power than for color.



Portrait of Head Master Knudsen, by Erik Werenskiold

Werenskiold is still the man of ardent and onesided convictions, always wholly committed, heart and soul, to his altering points of view. Herein lies his youthfulness, which he still preserves despite his silver hair. If a nature like his loses its pliancy, its day is done; it becomes barren, doctri-

naire, rancorous. Erik Werenskiold is just the contrary of all these things, a consoling exemplar of rugged youth, a master who still strives with himself and has faith in his striving, a critical mind which withal has retained its receptivity and capacity for consecration. Beyond question he is the greatest moral force which remains to our art life from the sturdy generation to which he belongs.

To these leaders among the open-air naturalists, Werenskiold, Thaulow, and Krohg, is to be added as the fourth in the four-leafed clover, Gerhard Munthe, Norway's most distinguished landscapist in this period and in a later period the imaginative renewer and reviver of decorative art in the Old Norse spirit. Gerhard Munthe was born at Elverum in 1849. His father was a district physician in this heavily wooded region of eastern Norway. From the distinctive Eastland country in Österdalen and Trysil, Gerhard Munthe carried away his earliest impressions, of broad, tranquil farmsteads and their simple, self-reliant population. He is fond of the spacious freeholds, with their unrestricted situation on the slopes, their balconies and storehouses and ample barns and outbuildings grouped about the farmyard, with a wide compass of cultivated ground in front and a mixed wood of spruce and deciduous trees at the rear. He is quite at home on a farm of this sort. He has wandered through the overgrown garden, has followed the haymakers to the most distant fields, and has helped to round up the horses in the enclosures. He is familiar with the agricultural implements, counts the watchdog his friend, knows minutely the appearance of everything in the living-rooms and the blue-painted kitchen, and has seen the hidden treasures of old variegated finery in the gaily-painted chests in the stabur.

In 1874 Gerhard Munthe went to Düsseldorf, where he associated a great deal with his older relative, Ludvig Munthe, without really being his pupil. Yet he was much influenced by Ludvig Munthe's masterly, mature facility in coloring and by his commanding personality as a man of

the world. The art of Andreas Achenbach also left a deep impress upon him.

In 1877 Gerhard Munthe left Düsseldorf and, following his kinsman's advice, settled in Munich for the purpose of painting on his own initiative. There are lovely things from Munthe's Munich period, done in dark warm tones, softly harmonized pictures upon simple, realistic themes. Yet it went with him as with the others: he became fearful of remaining too long. It was altogether too easy to paint in Munich. He became apprehensive of the routine, and followed the example of his comrades in returning home for good in 1883. He understood that the path to self-expression lay through the naturalistic method of working in the open. His first attempt was the Summer Scene from Eidsvold, which was shown at the Autumn Exposition of the same year.

At home it was impossible for him to avoid being drawn into the battle between the artists and the public, and Munthe was as active as any one in preaching by word and deed the virtues of open-air painting and naturalism. To that group in which Eilif Peterssen was the most tactful, the noble and winning personality, in which Krohg was the element of uncompromising force, Werenskiold of persevering energy, and Thaulow of good spirits, Gerhard Munthe contributed the brilliant and bizarre fancy. It was he who cracked the saving jokes, and who, on the whole, was the waggish fellow. He has a comfortable way of talking, all his own. He likes to talk, and the steady flow of his conversation sparkles with happy thoughts, flashes of wit, and paradoxes. And Munthe's art, like his manner, has a surprising dual quality.

Out from a fundamental natural simplicity, the soil in which good, everyday characteristics thrive, there springs in capricious opulence a growth of marvellous imaginings. In this placid mind, with its strong love of home, its fidelity to childhood impressions, its delight in all that is comfortable and cosy and unsophisticated, there dwells a devil of ingenuity who is both refined and coquettish, and who oc-

Evening in Eggedal, by Gerhard Munthe. In the National Gallery

casionally is permitted to disport himself at will. There is a suggestion behind it all of dark spacious garrets of the imagination whose wonderful furniture and goblin inhabitants neither the artist himself nor any one else can fully comprehend, but which yet provide sustenance for his art. It was not, however, till a late period that Munthe's

A Farm Garden, by Gerhard Munthe. In the National Gallery

talent for the fantastic actually emerged. He began as a landscape painter pure and simple, and he remained sincerely devoted to the naturalistic view.

The first important evidence of the transformation in Munthe's art was the large scene from Vik in Stange which he painted in 1884 and which under the title of Haymaking now hangs in the National Gallery. It made a great impression by its sparkling effect of light when it was shown at the Exposition in the autumn of that year. In the National Gallery he is further represented by a smaller canvas, painted in 1888, and entitled Evening in Eggedal. This picture, reproduced here, gives a wide view of summer nature in Norway across meadows and fields and stabur and dwellings toward the blue mountains out of which the river winds like a gleaming ribbon of silver in the twilight. Munthe's masterpiece in landscape, however, is one from the year 1889 called A Farm Garden, which is also repro-

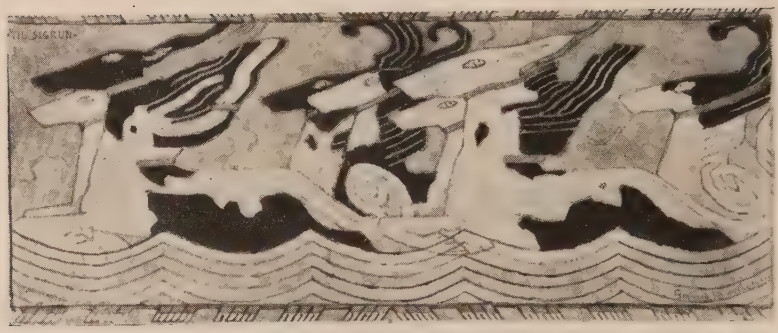
Daughters of the Northern Lights or the Suitors, by Gerhard Munthe. In the National Gallery

duced here. Evening is coming on, and the grey, two-storied farmhouse, filling up the entire background, shows in dark relief against the sky. A man stands leaning in through an open window and talking to some one inside. Under the immense morel-tree in the unkempt, disordered garden is a white mare with sleepily lowered head. There is nothing more in the picture, but that is enough. The hour and the season, the country and the particular region in it, the circumstances of human life and an animal type are all represented in this summer evening from Hedemarken, so vividly has the artist seen and felt and rendered his theme.

Among Munthe's gifts there was room for still other possibilities than those that are exemplified in his naturalistic landscapes. In his recollections of childhood the impressions from nature were woven together with impressions from survivals of the ancient inheritance of rustic culture. He had a feeling for the Norwegian character of the arts and

Odin. Illustration for Snorre's Sagas of the Norse Kings. By Gerhard Munthe

crafts of the farmer. Sagas which he had read in early youth, tales and songs, jingles and verses from the servants' room and the kitchen, the rhythms of antique lays, the picturesque refrains of ballads had in the course of time spun a tangled and variegated web in his imagination which must be disengaged. Splendid colors in the dresses of girls, in the flower-designs upon old chests, upon pied cupboards and ale tankards and naïve, venerable tapestries had fastened themselves in his memory and there lingered to demand renewed life in Norwegian art. Upon such impressions and reminiscences Munthe's decorative art is built. His fantasies on Norse popular tales—The Daughters of the Northern Lights or the Suitors, Hel's Horse, "Trollebotten," The Sagacious Bird, Black Apples—belong to a group of themes in which the arbitrary chances of a world of fable predominate. Both in the drawings for the tales and in the splendid frieze illustrating the old popular ballad of Aasmund Frægdagjæver we are in touch with a primitive Norse set of ideas. Over these pictures there passes a gusty breath from glaciers and from a sea that is black as ink. Bears rustle through the leaves, wolves patter about,



The Horses of the Waves. Vignette, by Gerhard Munthe

and ominous night birds flap their wings. Rusty iron gates creak upon their hinges, blood courses beneath closed doors and drips from mirky vaults. And the rout of trolls, loathsome and lumpish, undergo their metamorphoses. Yet amid all of this devilry there is a dash of bucolic humor and animal comedy; amid all that is sinister there is something that is idyllic and childlike in charm. In the entire series of pictures, moreover, the colors are positively jubilant, strong and pure and refreshing to the eye.

Munthe's greatest achievement, nevertheless, is the group of drawings for Snorre. From the fabled world of the tales he has made his way to the solid ground of history. He has had recourse to the unearthed art relics of the bronze age. He has proceeded with the determination of reaching what is most fundamentally Norwegian in tradition and temperament; and his intuitive and self-willed intelligence has actually found the way. He has solved his problem with the sureness of genius. It is not merely somnabulistic certainty. Much wide-awake reflection and thorough study precede his results. This fact Munthe has made evident to us in a few thoughtful and brilliant pages on the subject of illustrating our primitive past. With regard to the best of his drawings for Snorre one has the impression that they could not have been done otherwise.

Munthe understood, as Egedius also understood, that without archaizing nothing was to be accomplished. All attempts at naturalism would inevitably glance off from the

remoteness and the stony solidity of style in the text. Therefore he has also wisely avoided so far as possible the historical events themselves. Seldom has he drawn scenes in which figures appear; and in the exceptional cases his manner is broad, decorative. On the other hand, he has woven about each saga and particularly about the enigmatical Skaldic verses an ornamentation of freely invented friezes and vignettes which serve as an accompaniment to the text. Against this decorative background, in which dragons snort and spear-points are being sharpened, in which arrows darken the sky and blood flows in streams, the events stand out in larger and ruder proportions.

VI.

OTHER PAINTERS OF THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES

VIRTUALLY all of the painters in the older generation of naturalists were products of an urban culture. Collett, Thaulow, Krohg, Werenskiold, Munthe, Diriks, Glöersen and others were sons of men in the official class or of men who had received an academic training. For their own part, they had perhaps finished a Latin school or taken some examination or other at the University. The only farmer's son among them was Skredsvig. The more remarkable it is that this man of country origin permitted himself to a greater extent than other painters in the group to be overwhelmed by French influence. The grey keynote that he acquired in Paris about 1880 he has retained throughout life. Christian Skredsvig was born at Modum in 1854 of a family in straitened circumstances. In early youth, however, he received assistance toward developing his natural aptitudes. At the age of fifteen he became a pupil of Eckersberg in Christiania; later, in 1875, he went to Munich, where he remained three years. Skredsvig has a lighter and more diaphanous coloring than other young Norwegian painters who learned the elements in German schools. The Munich brown which many of them had a great deal of trouble in getting rid of has never given him any difficulty.

In 1879 Skredsvig came to Paris, where he continued his studies and associated much with the Swedish artists known as the "Opponents." It is amusingly characteristic of the Modum boy's stay in Paris that it was a heavy snowfall that first engaged his interest there. As it happens, one of his

earliest French pictures, done in 1879, is entitled Carting Snow Along the Seine. Yet it was not until he exhibited Ferme à Venoix at the Salon of 1881 that he attracted general attention. He received that year, at the same time as Kröyer, one of the gold medals of the Salon; the painting was bought by the French government, and until the outbreak of the war hung in the Museum at Rheims.

It was natural that Skredsvig, poetical and idyllic of temperament, should become fond of Corot and Millet. The soft grey keynote in his color is probably owing in large part to Corot. Early in his career he made a specialty of painting animals, preferably in landscapes, together with the herdsmen. One of his pictures from this period is October Morning in Grez, now in the National Gallery. The canvas gives rather a French effect by reason of its flat French landscape beneath a milky sky, the huge Norman horses, and the boy on horseback meeting the shepherd girl in the midst of her flock, the boy in his wide, blue blouse and the girl in her Millet capuchon. Not the least considerable part of the French impression is due to the pale grey Salon tone used in painting the picture.

Skredsvig's masterpiece is called Ballade. It was executed after his return from France, and is now in a private gallery near Christiania. The artist once saw three of the sturdy horses of Northern France standing saddled outside a gate on a grey, cold, windy day in autumn, and was struck by their lonely, foresaken appearance. He recalled the ballad refrain about the riders who went forth to battle and whose coursers came home bloody and with emptied saddles; and he gave expression to his sentiments in this narrative painting with the animals deserted in storm and mire on the highway as a theme.

When Skredsvig returned to Norway in 1884 after his French apprenticeship and his foreign triumphs, it was not long before the rustic lyricist in him dominated the Paris artist. Now that he was sure of himself, he carried his art back to the soil from which he sprang, to the memories of his childhood, and to rural life. One of his best pictures

in the National Gallery is that entitled Pladsen, presenting the early home of the poet Vinje. He has also painted Vinje as a Shepherd Boy, and the poetic picture, The Willow Whistle, reproduced herewith.

Still Skredsvig's ambition has turned, too, toward the larger historical compositions, the great canvases with narrative themes abounding in figures or with symbolic content.

"Pladsen," Birthplace of the Poet Vinje, by Christian Skredsvig. In the National Gallery

In The Son of Man he depicts, in agreement with von Uhde and Tolstoy, the return of the Savior in our own time as a lay preacher and miracle-worker of the laboring classes, who wanders about from one region to the other performing good deeds and supernatural acts. This very spacious painting has fine picturesque details and is obviously the fruit of ardent and sincere feeling; the total effect, nevertheless, is rather thin.

In Valdrisvisa Skredsvig's warmhearted, imaginative lyric note resounds full and rich. Valdrisvisa is a series of

The Willow Whistle, by Christian Skredsvig. Privately owned in Christiania

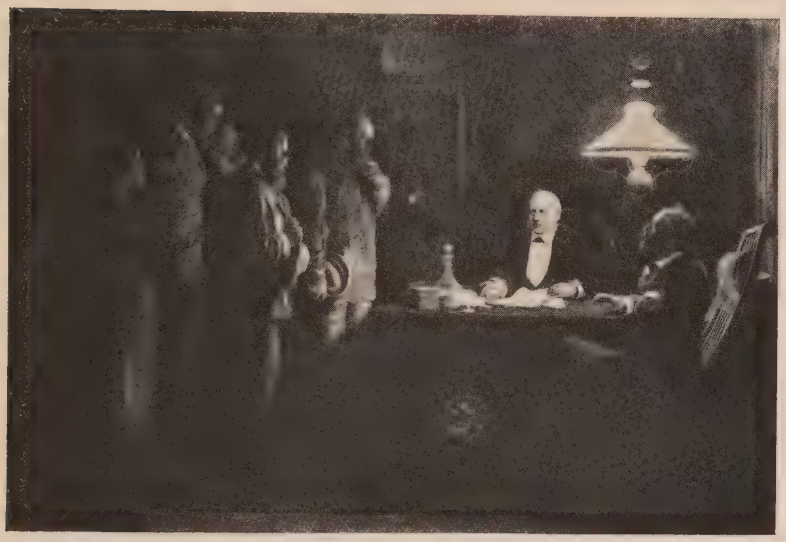
aquarelles which he composed after his removal in 1894 to Eggedal, where he married a farmer's daughter and built himself a home. Here he painted the evening calm on

From the water-color series "Valdrisvisa," by Christian Skredsvig. In the National Gallery

slopes and mountain ridges, the cries and calls of the sæter girl, and the dairy-maid's life among her cattle in barn and field and meadow. In these scenes Skredsvig gives free play to his copious gifts by flashes of capriciously changing fancy in which there is a touch of the marvellous, of innocent jocosity, and kindness of heart—the whole upon a ground of gentle melancholy. Just so is the man himself when, in a circle of comrades, he lets himself go and unbends, sings his Eggedal ditties, flings himself from sadness into joviality, and permits all of the chords in his nervous, sensitive spirit to vibrate. It should be mentioned, finally, that Skredsvig in later years has gained a considerable reputation as an author in his native land. His books, *The Miller's Son* and *Even's Homecoming,* possess an originality and a naïve freshness of contents and language that have won the admiration of many.

An artist who belongs to the same generation of painters as Werenskiold and the others of the Munich school, but who has followed curious paths of his own, is Theodor Kittelsen. Theodor Kittelsen was born at Kragerö in 1857. His father died comparatively young, and Theodor had to contend with poverty and hardship throughout his entire early youth; but eventually he came to Munich, where he found it possible to spend three and a half years during the most fruitful period in the experience of the Norwegians at the capital of Bavaria. He studied at the Academy under Löfftz and Lindenschmidt. Later he went to Paris on a stipend, but was not content to remain there; and the next time he left home it was to return to the congenial atmosphere of Munich. This last stay covered four and a half years.

Thereafter he made his permanent residence in Norway. Characteristically enough, Kittelsen began as a markedly realistic genre painter with a leaning toward social subjects. That was during the years when the ideas born of Björnson's and Ibsen's social dramas were producing their strongest ferment in the minds of men, and the problems of society were insistently demanding a place in Art. A Strike is the



Strike, by Theodor Kittelsen

title of Kittelsen's first large figure composition. Before Christian Krohg or any one else, Kittelsen here takes up a theme from the life of the laboring classes and places the contrasting social forces in sharp opposition to each other. A deputation of workingmen has brought forward its demands and stands respectfully awaiting the decision of the two employers in their comfortable office. The light from a large hanging-lamp falls brightly upon the masters of industry and upon the green covering of the table, and just glances upon the group of employees, who lose themselves in the farther darkness. The seriousness of the situation is evident. The argumentative calm of one of the employers and the ill-boding nonchalance of the other hardly indicate that the strike will have an outcome satisfactory to the workers. The picture is rather blackly painted, yet clearly composed and handled in such a way as to give a powerful characterization of the types. Meanwhile it was in an entirely different field that Kittelsen was to make his reputation.

Theodor Kittelsen is by no means an ordinary painter, but an extra-canonical artist, a peculiar dual nature, humorist

and lyrist, yet at bottom a visionary. It was in Munich that he drew the imaginative series of illustrations for the Homeric poem, *The War of the Frogs and the Mice,* a masterpiece of animal comedy, much more amusing than *Grandville.* In a later series of animal caricatures which he published under the title, *Have Animals Souls?* the satire is more caustic, although still comparatively innocent. There are pages here so diverting or so grotesque that their creator may with full justice be designated as the Oberländer of the North. Not until one comes to the illustrations for the popular tales, however, does one learn to know Kittelsen the humorist in all his ingenuity. It was Werenskiold who first discovered Kittelsen's gifts for drawing subjects of this kind, and secured his co-operation in illustrating Asbjörnsen and Moe's Tales for Children. Their collaboration, covering the period 1883-1887, began in Munich and was continued in Norway, notably during a sojourn at Taatö near Kragerö, where each of the two produced his most admirable drawings. It was an ideal combination of efforts, in which Werenskiold contributed his solid, penetrating realism and fine draughtsmanship and Kittelsen his fabulous imagination and gift for expression.

Veslefrik Meets the Beggar Who Asks Him for a Penny. Drawing by Theodor Kittelsen

Kittelsen is by and large the illustrator of tales par

A Forest Path, by Theodor Kittelsen. Privately owned

excellence among all of those who have done such work either in Norway or in other countries. He has delineated the entire race of Norwegian trolls, those of the mountain and those of the woods, the nixy and the water-troll, in fact, all the goblins and demons of the land. How ingeniously realistic is the drawing of the beggar whom Veslefrik the Fiddler met on the mountainside and who asked him for a penny in God's name! Altogether this man appears to recognize no bounds whatever to the possibilities of representation. He can depict the hen mourning and weeping in

the churchyard, the fox preaching in ruff and cassock, and the rabbit that laughed till he split his mouth from ear to ear.

Besides being the master of grotesque humor and fantasy, Kittelsen is notwithstanding probably the most sensitive and the most lyrical nature poet in Norwegian art. For a period of about two years he lived on one of the lonely Lofoten Islands in a lighthouse among the breakers, companioned by gulls and cormorants. It was here, in the course of luminous summer nights and dark winter days that he reached maturity as a landscape artist and poet. He has collected his impressions from these days of isolation in the lighthouses of Röst and Skomvær under the title, From Lofoten, a series of aquarelles published in 1890.

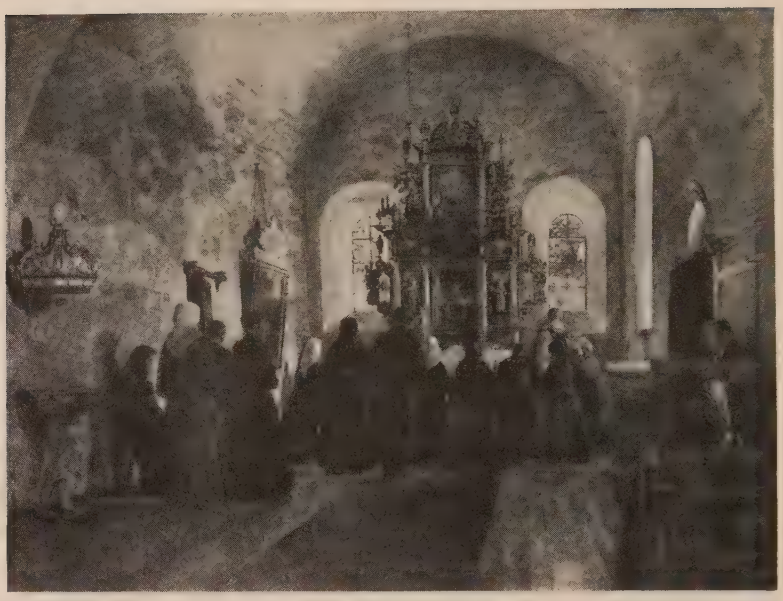
Three years later, in 1893, at the great Exposition in Christiania, in addition to his caricatures, his rabble of trolls, and the wild scenes from Lofoten, he was able to show fourteen excellent aquarelles from his childhood home, Jomfruland. The drawings were at once bought by Olaf Schou, during those years our sole Norwegian Mæcenas, and by him presented to the National Gallery. The Jomfruland series is the maturest fruit of Kittelsen's talent. By extremely few and simple means—pencil and water colors—he has perpetuated a sequence of distinct and authentic landscape moods, almost all of which are captivating by reason of their pristine sentiment and naive execution. Kittelsen died in 1913.

Harriet Backer, born at Holmestrand in 1845, may doubtless without contradiction be called the master among the feminine painters of Norway. Her specialty is interiors, and no artist in our country has managed to render colors within doors more delicately, more voluminously, or more thoroughly harmonized by force of personality. The manner in which she can paint light, as it sifts into the living-room of a farmhouse, flows over the worn surface of a table, is shattered against a faded wall, glances upon a face, flames in a red jacket, and finally in the corners of the room sinks away in shadows saturated with color, is not excelled by any

Paris Interior With Young Woman Playing the Piano, by Harriet Backer. In the National Gallery

other painter in the land. In 1874 Harriet Backer found herself in Munich, where she spent four happy years in the society of the most gifted generation of painters that has gone forth from Norway. Here she met at the very outset Eilif Peterssen, Heyerdahl, Werenskiold and Munthe, Skredsvig and Kitty Kielland.

In Munich Fröken Backer painted several significant pictures, among others a sixteenth century Bavarian peasant interior showing a lacewoman in the costume of the period sitting bowed in melancholy thought. This painting, called Solitude, was exhibited at the Salon of 1880, received an honorable mention, and may be found reproduced in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* of that year. As it happened, Fröken Backer had left Munich in 1878 in order to make use of a Norwegian government stipend in Paris. Here Bonnat became her teacher, and when she showed him as an example



Interior from Stange Church, by Harriet Backer. In the National Gallery

of her work the Bavarian interior with the lacewoman he pronounced her a born painter who would some day do honor to her native land.

Bonnat's judgment was justified in the event. Fröken Backer is in fact the one among the feminine artists of Norway who is most truly a born painter, and even in the ranks of her masculine colleagues she maintains a high standing. There are few things in Norwegian art that have such a degree of coherence in color and at the same time show such delicate sentiment and powerful handling as distinguish the best of her interiors, as witness the Brittany Interior in Rasmus Meyer's collection at Bergen or the Peasant Interior in the gallery at Trondhjem or, to continue, the beautiful picture, done in 1888, of a young lady with a piece of embroidery in her hands sitting in a Paris interior with chairs upholstered in blue and blue curtains at a window filled with flowers. The last named canvas is now in a private gallery in Christiania.

Peat-bog at Jæderen, by Kitty Kielland. In the National Gallery

Harriet Backer lived in Paris ten years, ten years of glorious study, by her own testimony. In 1889 she returned to Norway in order to paint nature in Norway and studies on Norwegian subjects. During recent times she has spent the winter in Christiania and has occupied her summers in various parts of Norway, industriously engaged in painting interiors of Norwegian farmhouses and churches. In later years she has been specially attracted to old picturesque church interiors. The grey plastered vault of an ancient stone church, the greenish light of a summer day without, shining through the windows of the choir, the dark figures of the little congregation distributed over the floor spaces

The White House by the Water, by Kitty Kielland. Privately owned

or kneeling at the altar, it is all seen with a vital sense for pictorial effect and reproduced with untiring care and truthfulness in which there is no manner of sacrifice to dryness and pettiness. Harriet Backer has also been a good and persevering instructor of younger generations of Norwegian painters, almost all of whom owe to her the foundation of their training.

Kitty Kielland, a sister of Alexander Kielland, was born at Stavanger in 1843. In 1873 she came to Karlsruhe as a pupil of Gude, but two years later she removed to Munich and joined that group of talented painters and good comrades to which Harriet Backer also belonged. Here Kitty Kielland produced as a beginning her first still life, yet as early as the spring of 1876 she returned home in order to paint nature in Norway. In her own country she found at once her special field. The early studies from the peat-bogs of Jæderen with their black, swampy earth spreading for miles beneath lofty, marching skies have the character and individuality of true art. One of her pictures from Jæderen with a theme of this sort, Peat-bog, now in the National Gallery, is weighted with melancholy and

majestic loneliness. Never since that time has Kitty Kielland struck so deep a minor note. Still she has often come back to the peat-bogs of Jæderen and recorded other moods. Kitty Kielland died in 1914.

Another able portrayer of the nature of Jæderen is Nicolai Ulfsten, who was born in 1854 and died in 1885. He, too, was a pupil of Gude; later he studied one winter in Paris, and in 1879 made a journey by way of Trieste and Venice to Egypt. It was the desert sands and the blazing sunlight which drew him thither. Among his paintings are A Street Scene in Cairo and A Halt in the Desert, both of which are now in the Bergen Galley. His eyes, however, could not endure the blinding sunshine, and he had to turn his course homeward. On his arrival in his own country he settled down in Jæderen. Here he worked intensely, producing several large pictures the themes of which are drawn from the life of fisherfolk and from the natural features of the region. Later he removed to Christiania, but only to die of consumption at the early age of thirty-one. Ulfsten has depicted the fisherman of Jæderen in sea-boots and south-wester, in his boat or ashore, fishing for roach in the waters of Stavanger, seeking shelter in the smooth anchorage of a harbor of refuge, or arresting his walk along the beach at the sudden discovery of a dead body washed into the shallows by the last storm.

Karl Edvard Diriks was born in Christiania, 1855. After taking the examination preliminary to matriculation at the University Diriks went abroad to study architecture; in the course of his work he visited Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, and eventually the Bauakademie in Berlin. Here he saw much of the group to which Krohg and Klinger belonged, and at length he decided to forsake architecture in favor of painting. For a time he studied in Weimar, but returned later to Christiania, where he made his home and continued painting till 1882. In that year he went to Paris, and fell under the influence of the impressionists. He has made two trips of some duration to Spain, Southern France, and Italy, and since the late nineties has resided permanently in Paris.

Pier in a Storm, by Edvard Diriks. Owned in Bergen

In spite of his long sojourn abroad there is in reality nothing of the European cast about Diriks' art. On the contrary, he has in recent years attracted attention among foreigners as a peculiarly Norwegian type, as regards both his personality and his art. Nor is it possible to detect in his paintings any evidence of his architectural beginnings. It is just the architectonically constructive or draughting element that is lacking in his landscape art. For that matter, the subjects he chooses by preference, such as storm, sleet, wind, fog, are not adapted to the stricter methods of design.

Diriks is a decided impressionist, and his work as a whole stands or falls according to the intensity with which he is able to express a mood through color. In his earlier years he was closely associated with the youthful Thaulow; in certain respects he was also influenced by Krohg. It has always been his chief aim to bring pervading atmosphere and light into his canvases. Beyond that, Diriks has become more and more a painter of the weather, particularly of bad weather. Atrocious winter weather drifts and storms and howls and whines through his pictures. There is everlasting slush and mud and mire on roads and piers, and fog that lies wallowing above crashing drift ice in the harbor. It is the

From Vestre Aker, by Edvard Diriks

beloved, inhospitable winter of our own Norwegian coast that speaks to us through this art, and therefore we love it.

Diriks' pictures have of late years attracted considerable attention in Europe, especially in the radical art circles of Paris. It is probably just the brutal strength in his paintings that has appealed to the refined Parisians because it carries proof of real temperament. And therefore Frenchmen have honored Diriks—the painter of the wind, they call him—much more than have his own countrymen. Of recent times, during which Diriks has lived continuously in Paris, he has of course treated French themes, themes of a wholly different and lighter character, as witness, for example, the large sunny canvas, Isle de France, in the National Gallery.

Intimately allied with the naturalist Werenskiold and the landscapist Munthe we find Jacob Glöersen, the painter of the forests in the Eastland. The son of a clergyman in Telemarken, he was born at Vinje in 1852. He, too, first visited the schools of Munich; but at an early age he came to the conviction that the right thing was to keep in immediate touch with nature and to follow it alone. These principles he faithfully persevered in throughout life. The sum of

Isle de France, by Edvard Diriks. In the National Gallery

his aesthetic tenets may be formulated in a single sentence: One should paint nature as it is; yet there are things in nature that are not worth painting. Hunter, lover of the open, and tenacious pedestrian as he was, he lived for the most part in the woods and among the mountains and so became the portrayer of the spruce forest and of winter in the inland regions of eastern Norway. His pictures bear titles such as Winter, Hauling Timber, The Snow Storm, A Thaw. The fine picture, Hunting Woodcocks, is to be found in the National Gallery. Glöersen's art is so unaffected and sober that his paintings at times narrowly escape photographic dryness. Even so they carry the appeal of truth and sincerity. Moreover, if he lets himself go and uses the broad brush, he shows a fresh and flowing style equalled by few. Still his stroke can be suave and careful. Nothing else is so soft as motionless air filled with falling snow. This Glöersen has painted. Jacob Glöersen died in 1912.

Fredrik Kolstö was born at Haugesund in 1860. At the age of seventeen he came to Munich, and there painted in 1880 his first genre picture, A Norwegian Fisherman's Home. He reached maturity so early that, after his return to Norway the following spring, he was able during the subsequent summer to finish the large painting which in its way still remains his masterpiece, A Stril at the Bergen Fishmarket. By its realism and bold, broad, palette knife technique the picture created a sensation at the Exhibition of the same year, and contributed considerably to the current talk about a school of daubing. After a sojourn in Paris in 1885 he painted a Studio Interior, now in the gallery at Trondhjem, which probably is the best work he has done. It is a thoroughly impressionistic canvas, executed with the extreme decomposing technique used by the pointillists.

VII

THE INTERMEDIATE GENERATION

THE group of painters who received their initiation during the stress and struggle of the eighties has been called the Intermediate Generation. Between the generation of the seventies, which returned home from Munich and Paris, and the generation of the nineties, which again sallied forth, this time to Copenhagen and Italy, there is the younger company of naturalists who went through their apprenticeship at home in Christiania, mostly under Thaulow and Krohg. Almost all of the painters in this class are to a greater or lesser degree to be counted as colorists. Their weakness lies throughout in draughtsmanship, their limitation in an imperfectly developed sense of style. On the other hand, freshness and immediacy of conception, a natural vision for what is pictorial, and boldness of treatment have been their strength. Certain among these colorists have used to advantage the impressionistic method of color division and attained great things in rendering the force of light. The sunshine of the pupils often caused the paintings of their masters to pale by comparison at the exhibitions. Just as frequently, however, they took delight in dull and mournful harmonies in grey and blunt colors.

The lives of the poor and the homes of the lowly have a conspicuous place in their art. When it comes to landscapes, too, they avoid all ostentatious beauty. With the democratic thinking of the time they are in close sympathy, and the pessimism of the eighties throws its shadow over their cheerfulness. The full measure of opposition and contempt that fell to their share goaded them to bitterness and

a desire to offend. Still a beneficial sense of standing without the pale of society and of being free Bohemians sustained their longing for independence. On the whole, they were most successful in maintaining themselves artistically so long as naturalism still awaited recognition. The wave of political and intellectual radicalism that swept over the country bore them up. When the reaction came, the weaker characters among them were washed into back eddies and remained floating there. Others of their number, more adaptable and fitted to survive, shaped a fresh course at the breaking of the new day.

Among the intermediate men Wentzel is the most important and the first who assumed a leading position. Nils Gustav Wentzel was born in Christiania in 1859. He made his debut as a painter with a picture from his father's carpenter shop, which the principal connoisseurs of Kunstforeningen judged to be too realistic and therefore refused to show at the exhibitions of the society. It was the rejection of this work that drew attention to the young painter and made him known, for the refusal of his picture precipitated open warfare between the artists and the reactionary directors of the society. And it was on this occasion that the artists in 1882 instituted a systematic strike against Kunstforeningen, which lasted about two years and resulted in victory for the artists.

Wentzel's masterpiece, The Breakfast, now in the National Gallery, is from the same year, 1882. The picture is the most skilfully painted and the most authentic example of milieu portraiture in Norwegian art. With a keenness of vision that captures all details the artist gives us a glimpse of a workingman's simple home in its morning negligé. The room with its lilac-grey wallpaper, the woman in her nightdress cutting bread, the boy gulping coffee from a cup while holding a piece of bread and butter in his hand, the breakfast table without a cloth, the sooty copper kettle and the flowered dishes—it is all there and it is all presented with brilliant verisimilitude. Further, the interior revealing the trundle bed packed with bedclothes, the photographs on the

The Breakfast, by Nils Gustav Wentzel, 1882. In the National Gallery

wall, the skirt tossed over the stove, and the view of the side room with its painted shade through which the morning sunlight falls coldly—the whole is reproduced with intense love of the theme and with vivid delight in the material itself. The coloring, as well, shows an admirable mastery of the subject.

Three years later Wentzel painted a new, a larger, Breakfast Table, which also is in the National Gallery. The artist had in the meantime been abroad, had visited Paris, and had seen the impressionists. He had developed in technique and had strengthened his perception of color. Everything which in his first Breakfast Table was pettily conceived or pedantically executed because the painter was blinded through staring at details, is here spacious, broad, picturesque. As a whole it is one of the most vigorously painted canvases in Norwegian art of the eighties. A workingman's little family is assembled about the breakfast table on a winter morning beneath a lighted lamp. The characterization of the figures is excellent, the story is told with truth and sincerity, and the small fairhaired girl kneeling

The Confirmation Party, by Nils Gustav Wentzel. In the National Gallery

half-dressed on a chair, clad in a red skirt and a white chemise, is a fascinating piece of painting. The great value of the picture lies, however, in the dexterity with which the twofold light is managed, the conflict between the warm orange tones from the lamplight and the cold blue shadows and reflections from the morning light that sifts in at the window behind the lowered shade on which is pictured Our Savior's Church. It is excellent painting by a young master, rich with promise for the future.

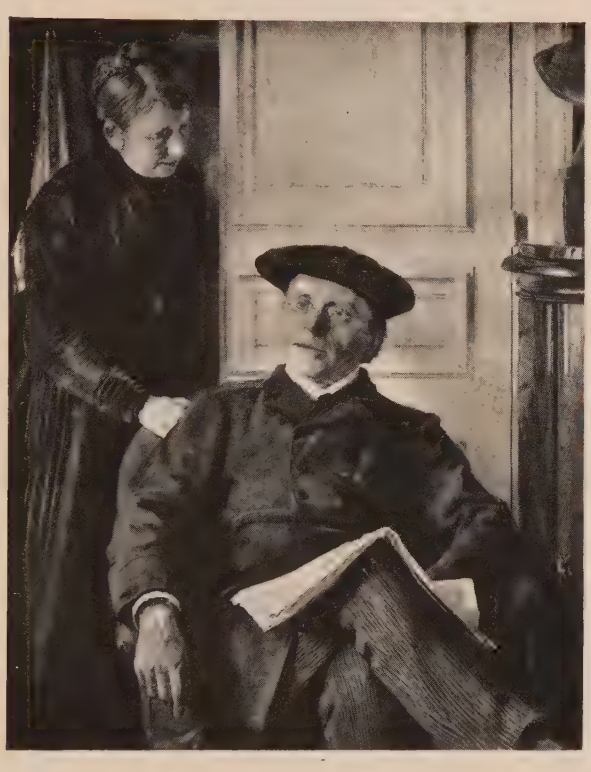
Unfortunately it cannot be said that Wentzel has fulfilled this promise in his later production. He has painted several good interiors from the living-rooms of farmhouses with country people about the table, and the like. He has also painted figures in the open, as in the large picture called Rural Dance in Sætersdal. Yet not even the best of these paintings approach his breakfast pieces in pictorial quality. Still less valuable are his many hastily executed, roughly

handled landscapes, particularly winter scenes. The narrow circumstances of art in Norway compelled him to descend to production in mass. For a time his work even degenerated into inexcusable daubing, altogether unworthy of his great native talent. Meanwhile the canvases by which he is represented in the National Gallery, the two breakfast pictures and the splendidly told, sedulously treated figure composition, The Confirmation Party, dating from 1887, besides two or three other capable performances from his earlier period, will always assure an honorable place for Nils Gustav Wentzel in the history of Norwegian painting.

At Wentzel's side stands Eyolf Soot, who was born in 1859. His mother, Birgitte Lie, was a sister of Erika Nissen, and was herself a gifted pianist. Eyolf Soot spent his early boyhood in America, but after the death of his father the family returned to Norway. He received his first training in Christiania; later he studied under Krohg's teacher Gussow in Berlin. Soot has also been in Paris, where he worked in Bonnat's atelier.

Soot's production has not been abundant; but he has brought out certain exceptionally solid things. The little picture from the year 1886, which he has called The Bridal Procession, in which one does not see the procession at all but only the reflection of it in the observant faces of two children on a balcony, who follow the absorbing pageantry with their eyes, is painted in brilliant sunshine and still despite the light effect has a fine greyish tone. The reputation that he gained by this small work Soot has farther increased by two or three other sunlight scenes, and especially by the excellent portrait of Jonas Lie and his wife and the large figure composition entitled Welcome, both of which are now in the National Gallery.

Soot's contribution, though not very copious, gives the impression of being the result of a tremendous exertion of energy by means of which all that is frolicsome and restless in his temperament has been subjugated to a will that is determined to see things soberly. Nevertheless, the unquiet spirit crackles and sparkles through the pigments. Soot



Jonas Lie and His Wife, by Eyolf Soot. In the National Gallery

has the blood of the Lies in his veins. His mother and Jonas Lie were cousins, and it would almost seem as if the half-tamed, runaway, visionary temperament that gives to Jonas Lie's style its polychromatic, impressionistic vitality is discoverable once more in the coloring of Soot. His themes may be simple enough, and may even have an everyday cast. A door opens, and a youthful peasant couple steps into the room and bids the aged mother-in-law good-day—the wife first, the husband after her. They shake hands in the slow, measured fashion of country people. Yet the way in which the incident is narrated in color is positively ebullient; and through the open door, bordered by the dark shadow tones of the balcony, we catch a glimpse, behind the two who are coming in, of a lush landscape in summer green lying bathed

in glittering sunshine and of two diminutive men walking far down in the fields. The contrast gives an excellent effect.

The Jonas Lie portrait is also good; it presents very naturally an episode from daily life. The novelist is sitting with his legs crossed, reading a paper before a white lacquered door in his apartments in Paris. His wife comes in and bends over him to ask a question about something or other. He lowers the paper and lifts his head in an interrogating attitude, yet with an absent gaze behind his eye-glasses. The long, sinewy, nervous hand rests idly on the arm of the chair. The whole presents a picture of a man who lives his own individual life of imagination and thought, far from the world. The coloring is strong and animated, impressionistically decomposed in a manner hitherto unknown in Norwegian painting, handled with a sensitive and as it were quivering touch. Soot's more recent production unfortunately cannot be said to have fulfilled the great promise of his youthful works in the National Gallery.

In the first rank of the younger company of naturalists who followed upon the master group of the eighties headed by Krohg, Halfdan Ström took a place at his initial appearance. Ström was born in Christiania in 1863. At an early age he journeyed to Munich, where he worked about half a year at the Academy, but soon returned to Christiania and continued painting on his own score. He was still under twenty when he showed his first picture, and from 1886 he went on exhibiting each year at the Autumn Exposition until he set out for Paris in 1892 in order to prepare his ground anew under the direction of Roll. Like Wentzel, Ström began by practising the principles of naturalistic painting upon his immediate surroundings. In the corners of small workshops, in the doorways of cramped living-rooms, in third-class cafés, and in narrow streets inhabited by workingmen he set up his easel; and he drew his themes from the veriest reality. Examples are his Tailor's Shop, dated 1886, A Shoemaker's Shop, 1887, and In the Restaurant, 1888.

Furthermore, when he spent the summer in the country, unlike the others he did not scour the open for beautiful sub-

jects. Rather he insinuated himself into the men's quarters during the midday hour of rest, into the rank, close air where men with heavy limbs sprawled upon the beds, sleeping and puffing and snoring. He delighted in turning his artist's eye toward an interior of this kind, illuminated by the cold blue light filtering in from the north through small muddied window panes. Such surroundings had for him a certain mood and a finely adjusted beauty of color. A case in point is his Midday Rest, done in 1890, and now in the Gallery in Venice.

Ström's principal work from this earlier period is nevertheless The Restaurant, now in the National Gallery. When this canvas, with its life-size figures from the café of the Workingmen's Society, was shown at the Autumn Exposition of 1888, it was received with decided ill-will. The press and the public were as one in rejecting art of so low an order and on themes so commonplace. The selfsame picture was exhibited at the International Exposition in Munich of 1901, was there awarded a gold medal, and now occupies a place of honor in the National Gallery. The painting deserves nothing less. It is one of the most promising and most mature works from the hand of a young artist that has ever appeared in Norway. The characterization of the figures is superb, whether one looks at the big, clumsy waitress, the flirtatious cavalier leaning over the counter with his top hat pushed back on his head, or the grey, starveling boy who lolls on a stool in the foreground, munching a thick slice of bread and butter. The coloring of the picture is excellently managed by means of deep grey, brownish, and yellow tones. The piece shows such maturity as a pictorial achievement that it is difficult to believe that it could have been done unless the artist had previously seen Manet and the other modern Frenchmen. Yet it was not until the following summer that Ström was enabled to make his first little journey to Paris on the stipend of 250 kroner, his sole perquisite from the picture.

Things of this sort Ström painted preferably during his youth. He was no parlor naturalist. Cold, grey, pessimis-

tic were his canvases, with a touch of blue frost in the coloring, with the merciless light of common day upon narrow circumstances and daily toil. There was in Ström the metal of a socialistic painter. He had just the right acridity in the pigments and never the slightest concession to lukewarm bourgeois notions of the beautiful, the attractive. Nevertheless, Ström did not become a socialistic painter.

In the Restaurant, by Halfdan Ström. In the National Gallery

Under the Pines, by Halfdan Ström. In the National Gallery

Apparently missing among his gifts was that stiff steel spring that pushes a work to the very end, and makes of the artist's life one single, inflexible effort directed by consciousness of a fixed purpose.

He left Norway, came under the influence of French Salon art, and in 1892 made use of a larger stipend in studying under the guidance of Roll. This French artist stamped an ineradicable impression upon Ström, not least through his personality. Roll, too, had begun as a socialistic painter. His Strike in a Mine is a celebrated picture from the eighties, bearing the stamp of Zola's social view of art; but in time Roll's work became lighter and more insouciant, even approaching a noisy expression of the joy of life. Open air, sunshine, green meadows and spring foliage, nude women, laughing nymphs, and desirous fauns dance over his canvases. His method also changes, and becomes broad, light, superficial.

These qualities were in part communicated to Ström's art, and they altered its character. Thereto must be added

personal experiences—wedded happiness and family life. His production showed a sudden reversal, and became an actual flight from poverty and the proletarian world and the shabby restaurants. Now it grew to be rather a glorification of woman and of home. Sunshine and summer and children, maturity and motherliness in a beautiful woman —these are the constantly recurring themes for a period of years. Technically, too, his pictures are changed, his brush has taken on a dashing and sweeping stroke, now and then approaching superficiality, or he leans toward soft, subdued, refined harmonies like those cultivated by Thaulow.

Ström's best painting from this time is without much doubt The Young Mother, which was bought for the Luxembourg, an intuitive seizing upon the subconscious, vegetative soul life of woman in the office of motherhood, executed with tender feeling for the subject. Ström's later work, in which there is a large number of portraits to order, has been of inconstant value. Occasionally it has tended toward softness and blandness. Yet suddenly he takes a fresh grip and by great expense of energy produces a larger and more serious performance which once more brings his original and ample talents into notice. Such is the piece entitled Under the Pines, done in 1908, and now in the National Gallery.

Since 1911 Ström has been actively associated with Krohg as a professor at the little Academy of Painting which the government finally has allowed to our art life and which is being conducted with very humble means in Christiania. Ström has undoubtedly given much of his strength to this teaching service, in which he is truly zealous. Furthermore, a good part of his time has been taken up with various positions of public trust in our art life, which his intermediate station between the parties has frequently assigned to him. Thus for several years he has been reëlected as a member of the board of directors in the Society of Artists, of the juries at the annual exhibitions, and of the purchasing committee of the National Gallery.

Among the painters belonging to this group of naturalists

The Pavilion After Snowfall, by Jörgen Sörensen. In the National Gallery

may be enumerated also Jörgen Sörensen, Sven Jörgensen, Kalle Löchen, Signe Scheel, Marie Tannæs, Jacob Bratland, and Gudmund Stenersen. The most gifted of the landscapists who followed the banner of open-air naturalism and gathered about Thaulow at Modum was Jörgen Sörensen, who was born in Christiania in 1861. His production has been fluent, he has painted many things, and always after nature. His most important picture, called February, 2° Centigrade, Vestre Aker, done in 1887, now hangs in the National Gallery. The title may appear affected, but is in reality very appropriate as an indication of the character of the piece, with such fineness have the shadings in the mood of this winter day been observed and with such precision and truth have they been reproduced. In just this manner the frozen roadway crunches under foot; just so a leafless tree delineates itself against the sky in the clear and delicate atmosphere of winter, and just so palely falls the sunshine with blue shadows upon patches of snow and upon

yellow tussocks along the road skirting the parsonage of Vestre Aker on a beautiful day in February when light frost gives a tang to the air. Here naturalism has reached the goal. It is impossible to go farther than this in the actual imitation of nature and in expressive sincerity.

Related to this picture, but lighter and more brilliant, is the other winter scene by Jörgen Sörensen in the possession of the National Gallery, The Pavilion after Snowfall. The old Empire summer house is lying like a golden Greek temple beneath snow and sunshine in the middle of the garden of an old country seat in the environs of Christiania. The contrast between the antique architectural forms and the half impressionistic, modern style of painting has a charm of its own; and the coloring is diaphanous and light as in an early Sisley or Pissarro.

Jörgen Sörensen has also executed with true feeling summer landscapes from the Eastland on a small scale, watercourses with grist mills, and the like. As a painter of winter scenes he stands out as the best pupil of Thaulow, and sometimes excels his master in sincerity and strength of tone. Now and then his talent approaches the vein of Gerhard Munthe in the green summer pieces. After an individual and personal fashion he combines the qualities of these two masters. The artistic life of Jörgen Sörensen, however, was not of long duration. He was a cripple, his health was frail, and he soon succumbed. Edvard Munch, a friend of his youth, has painted his portrait. The large soulful eyes speak impressively from the open countenance with its gentle and sensitive features. The portrait may be seen in the National Gallery. Jörgen Sörensen died in 1894, and in his death Norwegian painting suffered a real loss.

Sven Jörgensen was born in Drammen in 1861, and during his early years studied both in Munich and in Paris. Before and also after his stay abroad he has lived at Slagen, a fishing village near Tönsberg on the Christiania fjord. Among the fishermen and farmers living there in humble circumstances he found abundant material for his simple

Unemployed, by Sven Jörgensen. In the National Gallery

and intimate treatment of life. His pictures bear titles such as Unemployed, The Widow, Religious Devotion, The Son, Departure from Home, and others of the kind. Quite evidently, the titles are like Tidemand's. The pictures decidedly are not. Sven Jörgensen's view of life is by no means gay; nor is it bitter. A gentle resignation speaks through his art. Even when he portrays an unemployed man sitting in the midst of his family with idle hands and dully gazing eyes, there is no really didactic tendency in the painting. And he has been able to picture the widow and her children, gathered about a dish of herrings and potatoes, with such warm sympathy and such equipoise of mind that a tinge of good fortune actually seems to illumine the brave struggle against poverty that is being waged in the crowded cottage.

Sven Jörgensen's art is unpretending as his themes. No creative delight in the material itself casts a gleam about it, as in the case of Wentzel. Still his unostentatious and

indigent orchestration is by no means lacking in color quality. On the contrary, it is almost always expressive, homogeneous with the subject, and a vehicle of the mood. In linear construction Jörgensen's pictures are the strongest that have come from this group of painters. They are not merely casual, more or less engaging excerpts, but well planned and built up from within.

Among the youthful naturalists of the epoch none was more notorious for a kind of pettifoggery than Kalle Löchen, who was born in 1865. Canvases such as After a Sleepless Night and From My Window irritated the better part of the public and incensed the press, both by their themes and by their dashing, reckless handling. Yet his best pictures approached Munch's in simplicity and refinement of coloring.

An artist with true and fine gifts for color, though with a limited technique, is Signe Scheel. Behind her heavily laboring brush, which seduously heaps up treasures of shading, one discerns a delicate and shy womanliness. In 1896 she showed her first picture of importance, entitled Behold, I am the Handmaid of the Lord, in which there are traces of cross influences from old Italian art and French impressionism. Her best picture, however, has for its subject a farmyard with the whitish-grey wall of a house shining in the sunlight and shifting into a multiplicity of halftones in the shadows. Her persevering attention to the wealth of tone gives to this piece unusual materiality and power. She has also made interesting studies of lamplight which betray her enthusiasm for Rembrandt, an enthusiasm that nevertheless makes no diminution of her originality.

Marie Tannæs stands close to Signe Scheel, and divides with her the honor of being the most significant of the many feminine painters who associated themselves with the open-air movement in the eighties. She has been an industrious and very productive landscapist; and her landscapes, for the most part upon autumnal themes, are executed with a broad and juicy brush.

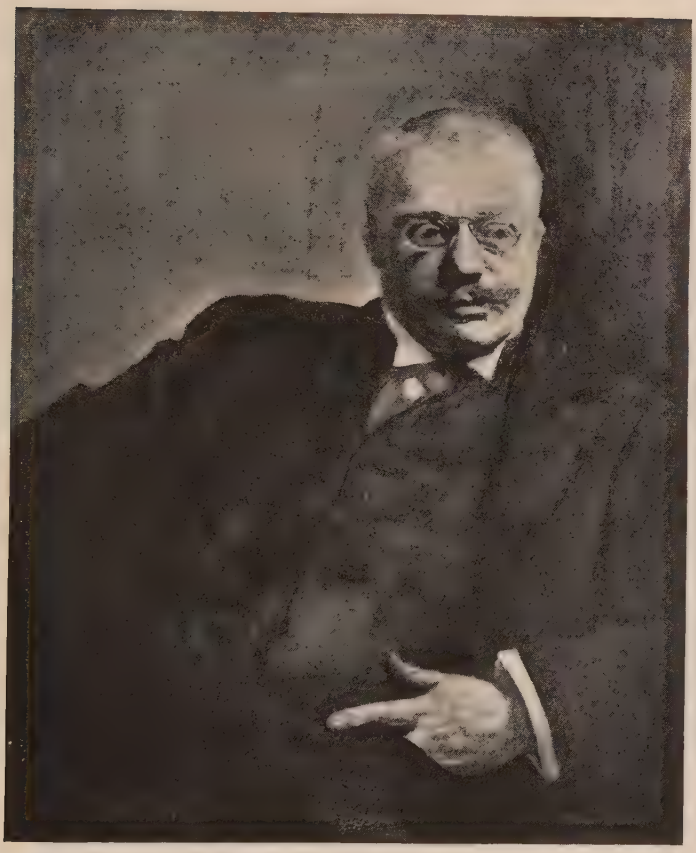
Jacob Bratland painted his most important picture in 1888, under the title After a Night of Watching, showing a father and mother at the sickbed of their child. This work was awarded a second-class medal at the Universal Exposition. In the National Gallery hangs a painting of his called Sunday, done in 1891, a well told and naturally treated country idyll representing a young boy and a girl instituting an acquaintance of a Sunday morning on the green adjoining the church.

Gudmund Stenersen also is among those who made their debut in the late eighties, but who still belong to the naturalistic group. His best things originated in the region of Jæderen. Here he got his theme for the large canvas, instinct with feeling, that presents young men and women resting about a bonfire on St. John's Eve and listening to the notes of a violoncello, each wrapped in his own thoughts, beneath the flickering, fantastic firelight. There is a kind of Protean variety about Stenersen's art. He is most successful with pen and ink, in which cases his technique approaches that of Werenskiold.

The most gifted among the young figure painters who about 1890 took up rural life for renewed treatment is August Eiebakke, who was born in 1867. He studied during one winter under Zahrtmann in Copenhagen, an experience that came to have decisive importance for his subsequent development. Later he continued his training in Paris, and thereafter through a longer sojourn in Italy. In the National Gallery is to be found his most notable work, from the year 1891, entitled Making Preparations or The Arrival of Visitors. With excellent power of characterization and brilliant technique he portrays here the main living-room in a country home, in the foreground a table decked with linen upon which a young girl is placing the best that the house affords, while the guests wait in the background. As regards material the picture is one of the most skillfully painted in Norwegian art. In addition the figures indicate close observation of rustic manners and usages. It is the last word in imitation of reality.

Making Preparations, by August Eiebakke. In the National Gallery

It may well be said that in Eiebakke's Making Preparations the illusionism of the eighties finds its last pregnant expression. Even in the large, pale Summer Night's Landscape with which Oda Krohg made her debut in 1886 there is a new and more lyric mood, a mild echo of Edvard Munch's color poetry. There is something remarkably delicate and tender and occult about this picture of the flesh-colored house sleeping in the bosom of the blue summer night. A young woman's longing for the poetic and the mystical here declares itself. Oda Krohg, the wife of the painter, Professor Christian Krohg, was born in Christiania in 1860. She is not a painter by vocation, but something of a brilliant dilettante in taste and force of emotion. She spent a number of years in Paris, where she was occupied with a sort of colored work upon leather in the form of book-bindings for the Parisian art market. In 1900 she resumed painting and produced a very good portrait of the author Gunnar Heiberg, done in lamplight with great breadth and power. This work was one of the chief can-



Portrait of the Author Gunnar Heiberg, by Oda Krohg. In the National Museum, Stockholm

vases at the Norwegian exhibition in Stockholm in 1903, and was bought for the Swedish National Museum.

That departure from the naturalistic and realistic style which most strikingly marks the nineties also had a strong effect on the lyrical painter of Nordland, Thorolf Holmboe. Holmboe was born in Helgeland in 1866, and in 1886 went to Berlin, where he became the last pupil of Gude; later he visited Italy, and for a considerable time lived in Paris. His studies under Gude were of decisive influence upon his development, particularly as a marine painter. Holmboe's earlier sea-pieces were of an altogether realistic character.

The Aker River, by Thorolf Holmboe. In the National Gallery

No sooner, however, did the conventional decorative movement in art, which during the nineties spread from England throughout Europe, reach us than he took part in it. Moreover, in sympathy with the new romantic-lyrical poetry that came into vogue at the same time, especially in the verse of Vilhelm Krag, Holmboe drew farther and farther away from realism and open-air painting. The soft evening moods of the enthusiast, with simplified lines and decorative contrasts in color now became characteristic of his painting.

In recent years, however, he has abandoned these literary moods. More resolutely and directly he attacks the artistic problems that reality brings before him. His palette has gained thereby in richness and force of expression. The National Gallery has a good picture of his from this period in a view of the Aker River at Vaterland

with misty spring moonlight upon the wilderness of roofs and the gleaming course of the river. Holmboe is a very prolific artist. He has also been active as an illustrator. In sketches for covers and title pages, for book-bindings and tapestries he has demonstrated an inexhaustible and fluent gift for decorative composition.

Lars Jorde, too, who was born in 1865, is most properly to be placed in this transitional period. His Christmas Festival, with the brilliantly illuminated farmhouse and the sleighs waiting in the moonlight, now hangs in the National Gallery. He associated himself with the group which went to Denmark and Italy, and there he received lasting impressions from foreign and from ancient art. Since that time he has lived at Lillehammer, and has dedicated his brush to the portrayal of nature in the Uplands of Norway, winter and spring, now in the spirit of Collett and now in the vein of younger contemporaries.

VIII

MUNCH

IN the foregoing consideration of later Norwegian painting one name has been purposely omitted because it cannot be classified in any school or in any close group of comrades, but stands out strong and solitary in the current of events—the name of Edvard Munch. Edvard Munch, Norway's greatest painter, is descended from an aristocratic family of purely Norwegian blood, a family that originated in a mountain province and which throughout the nineteenth century has left its impress upon the intellectual life of the land. One man of genius the house has produced before Edvard Munch, namely his uncle, the historian Peter Andreas Munch, the author of the History of the Norwegian People.

Edvard Munch's father was a district physician at Löiten in Hedemarken, and here the son was born in 1863. Although Munch is thus well on his way toward sixty, he is nevertheless the most prominent figure, indeed the central figure, among younger Norwegian painters. His name marks the great point of division in the art of his country, the turning point from realism and illusionism in painting to a wholly personal interpretation and to an artistic execution that in power and beauty is without contemporary parallel in the Scandinavian kingdoms. Munch's art took its departure from the naturalism of the eighties, to begin with, and he stood rather near Krohg and Heyerdahl. Yet even in the early phases of his production there is a more spiritual element than in the work of the naturalists. Greater lightness of body in the coloring, greater charm and inspiration in pic-

torial treatment, and first and last a more soulful quality are the marks of his manner.

Even Munch's purely realistic portraits of a remote date, such as the wonderful likeness of Hans Jæger, show an intuitive perception of personality and an unexampled ability in concentrating characteristics and making them expressive of mood. As the anarchistic reformer of society sits there, for the moment flagging and disappointed, bitter and poor and freezing in a cold back room, with hat and coat on and with a glass before him, the picture presents not only Hans Jæger himself in an hour of disillusion, but the whole sum of pessimism and contempt for humanity that marked the Bohemians of the eighties. As regards pure painting, Munch's portrait of himself from the year 1895 is probably not on a par with the Jæger portrait; the coloring is thinner in its blue uniformity. Yet what spiritual exaltation shines out from the canvas! This proud and lonely man, standing before our eyes as in a vision, illumined by the sheen of mystical footlights and wrapped in blue shadows, is the magician who has produced Edvard Munch's remarkable, painful and yet irradiating art.

Morning, by Edvard Munch

It was in 1883 that Munch showed his first picture, entitled The Sick Child. This painting, now universally recognized as one of the masterpieces in Norwegian art, so sensitive in conception, so powerful in handling, so exuberant in pictorial effect, and so sublimely simple in theme as it is, did not at the time of its appearance gain general acceptation, even among

Portrait of Hans Jæger, by Edvard Munch. In the National Gallery

artists. It came into being during the period of the indurated worship of reality that stamped the eighties. The picture, moreover, was a veritable gauntlet cast in the face of photographic realism; it was sheer feeling, enveloped in a veil of lovely color. It gave little hint of the stuffs in the clothing, little account of day and hour; it was on the whole not much of a corner of actuality, to use the phrase of the time, but a

Portrait of Himself, by Edvard Munch. In the National Gallery

vital creation of temperament. Out from a warmly tinted twilight gleams the pale profile of a child, framed in golden red hair. At one side appears more faintly the mother, bowed in weeping against the invalid's chair. The lines of the composition are inimitably joined into harmony in the picture, where two beings that have been closely united are

The Sick Child, by Edvard Munch. In the National Gallery

now tenderly drawn apart from each other. The wings of death cast their shadow over this picture.

Another painting from Munch's youth, during which he himself often went through hard sieges of illness, also carries us into the sick room; this work, entitled Spring, dated 1889, now has a place in the National Gallery. As an example of plain and firm composition the piece is without parallel; in thoroughgoing coloristic construction it is perfect; as a presentation from life and as a rendering of mood it is impressive. The first warm day of spring has come. The chair in which the sick young girl rests has been moved to the open window, and there she is sitting languidly relaxed among the pillows, sensing the stream of air that wafts over

Spring, by Edvard Munch. In the National Gallery

The Girls on the Bridge, by Edvard Munch. In the National Gallery

her. A breeze freighted with the redolent odors of earth fills at the moment the light curtain so that it swells into the semblance of a sail. As if in gratitude for this boon the glance of the convalescent turns toward the bent old mother, who with her knitting has taken a seat near at hand and follows intently the expression on the features of the invalid. No word is spoken, but the silence is charged with quivering hopes, and the spring sun floods the ensemble of colors. It is life upon luminous wings that hovers over this picture.

As a landscapist Munch is in the first instance the portrayer of the Northern summer night. No one has equaled him in catching the mystical quality of limpid summer nights,

The Island, by Edvard Munch. Privately owned in Christiania

with crowns of mighty trees above slumbering white houses and the pallid, veiled tones along the shallow beaches. Yet against this soft background he frequently masses the resounding splendor of pure colors from the dresses of young girls or women into the very foreground of the picture. It is characteristic of Munch's art that it often veers from the suave and lyrical to the most intense energy of coloristic expression, which occasionally does not stop short even of brutality. He is typically Norwegian both in his lyricism and in his violence, both in his morbid dreaminess and in his wide-awake, alertly sentient perception of reality.

In the summer of 1888 Munch made his first stay at Aasgaardstrand, a little fishing village on the Christiania fjord, whose beautiful natural features have provided subjects for more than one Norwegian painter. Here he received the inspiration for several pictures marked by intense feeling,

such as his lovely Starry Night, now owned by Fridtjof Nansen, and The Girls on the Bridge, in the National Gallery.

In 1892, as it happened, Edvard Munch was invited by the Art Society of Berlin to exhibit there. Munch came, the paintings were hung in the Arkitektenhaus, the exhibition opened, and was immediately closed. The public were enormously scandalized, the papers were filled with articles for and against the Norwegian anarchistic artist, and the Art Society, after a stormy session, split into two factions which ever since have been irreconcilably opposed to each other. Under the leadership of Liebermann 130 artists left the Society and formed a new association with exhibitions of their own, thereafter known as the Secessionists. Munch presently opened a private exhibition, and his fame soon spread abroad. The collection went the rounds of various German cities, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Hamburg, and Munich, and subse-

Death Enters the Room, by Edvard Munch. In the National Gallery

The Kiss. Wood-cut by Edvard Munch

quently to Copenhagen and Stockholm. Everywhere it caused offence, strongly tinctured nevertheless with admiration. In Berlin Munch and Strindberg met. Later Obstfelder and Vigeland joined them. It was a fruitful concurrence of talent, which no doubt had inspiring results for each and all of these intellectuals. Munch's paintings from this period have without exception erotic themes, and bear titles such as Jealousy, The Vampire—a woman kissing a man's neck and swathing him in her hair, Woman's Love and its variant The Madonna, as this masterly presentation of the moment of conception has later been called.

Universal and international in scope as these speculative works are, they have gained for Munch, throughout the centres of culture and especially in Germany, a group of adherents who fanatically embrace his ideas and worship his art. His exhibits have gone to all of the larger cities, including Vienna, Prague, and Paris. He has made proselytes everywhere. Moreover, in later years—before the war—economic success has attended artistic success. In the Linde

History. Mural Painting in the University of Christiania, by Edvard Munch

Collection at Lübeck, one of the most exclusive collections of modern art in Germany, hang works by him, paintings, etchings, wood-engravings in great number and side by side with the paintings of Manet, Whistler, Degas, and Böcklin, and in the same rooms with the largest representation of Rodin outside of France.

Munch experienced a prolific period upon settling down in the little town of Kragerö on the shores of Skagerak; not without reason this period might be counted the high-water mark in his entire production. Here he executed vigorous and juicy landscapes, and here he continued his series of life-sized standing portraits of men. Here, finally, he conceived the ideas for his University decorations and painted his tentative studies for them. In these mural pictures ornamenting the great auditorium at the University of Christiania he symbolizes with unexampled coloristic power the arts and natural sciences in the plainest and most unassuming manner by means of simple scenes from Norwegian life and nature.

Only the main outlines of Munch's production as a painter have been drawn here. As a graphic artist, too, he has turned out a mass of things. He has drawn portraits in black and white of a large number of artists and literary men, men like Malarmé, Strindberg, Gunnar Heiberg, Helge Rode, Sigbjörn Obstfelder, Tor Hedberg, Jens Thiis, and others. Further, there are erotic themes and subjects from child life and animal life in the glorious and abundant output of litho-

graphs, wood-engravings, and etchings that have come from his hand.

Edvard Munch is undoubtedly the most pictorially gifted of all of the painters that have seen the light of day in Norway. Moreover, in his art there has appeared more and more an individual, self-evolved personality, a personality that enfolds, besides the brilliantly endowed painter, also something of the brooding thinker and much of the poet. His art is a disclosure of temperament, which carries the effect of a philosophy of life.

IX

THE PRESENT GENERATION OF PAINTERS

THE youths who grew up in the pettifogging atmosphere of the eighties were neither robust nor pugnacious. In many respects they were a disillusioned generation of young doubters and dreamers. Upon the worship of brutal reality that distinguished the eighties there followed a reaction toward dreaming and neo-romanticism that was wholly consistent and necessary. This reaction, which for that matter was only the reflection of a general European movement away from naturalism and the illusions of actuality, was largely determined among us by influences emanating from Denmark. Through the mediation of the Danes our young artists were led to Italy and to the old masters of the galleries. From these sources they derived their soft, warm, velvet tone; there they whetted their sense of line and of composition. In view of the transitory character of the tendency in our country, it could not fail to have a beneficial effect upon our art life. It brought results in culture, in knowledge, and in aptitude of which there was real need. Our neo-naturalistic art was in process of being barbarized; foreign culture was a positive necessity. Fortunately, however, for our subsequent development, this Danish-Italian spirit, which in the long run inevitably must have remained strange and exotic to us, did not acquire a lasting hold upon our painters. When their eyes were opened to really modern French art and its abounding color values, the best among them promptly turned to the right about and the others soon followed.

In this movement, meanwhile, there are two personalities

Mari Clasen, by Halfdan Egedius. Privately owned in Christiania

that take a place apart—Egedius and Sohlberg, the first because he died too early to share in the general retreat to impressionism, the other because his nature and his endowments lean altogether in the opposite direction and because on the whole he has never followed the stream.

Halfdan Egedius, who was born in 1877, was something of the child prodigy. At a very early age, in his first work, he gave evidence of promise; but just as promise was giving way to assurance of the reality and power of his gifts, and to a well-founded expectation of decisive results, death carried him off before he had completed his twenty-second year. Egedius sounded his prelude upon the finest chords in Werenskiold's art, upon the illustrations to the Tales and

upon the Telemarken idylls with their horses, and young boys, and girls in oscillating belled skirts. In concert with these themes he created through increasing independence and character a series of pictures from Telemarken and Vaage, in which the delicate notes of summer night vibrate and which are often so simple and charming in their poetic content that they recall the open-hearted refrains of popular ballads. His Midsummer Landscape in the National Gallery, with the morel-tree, the white horse, and the boy in a red jacket is just such a harmonious and fervent piece of work.

That Egedius toward the close of his brief life as an artist had gone far in developing his manner from the idyllic to the monumental is evidenced, for example, by his portrait of Mari Clasen. This young farmer's wife from Kviteseid in Telemarken has a style and poise like de Tornabuoni of Florence in Ghirlandajo's frescoes in the Santa Maria

Fiddle and Dance, by Halfdan Egedius. In the National Gallery

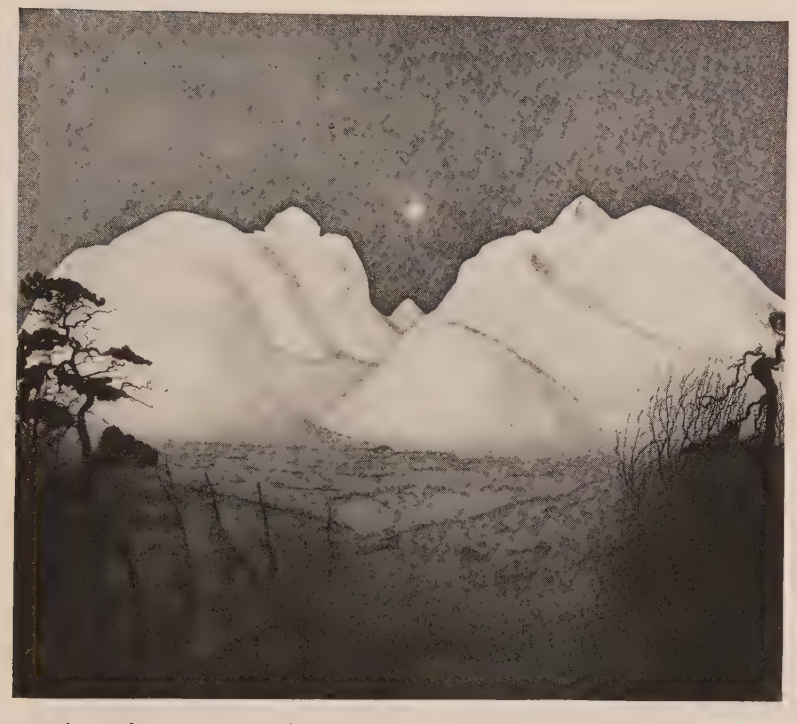
Landscape, by Halfdan Egedius. In the National Gallery

Novella! And for his illustrations to Snorre the youthful painter took up constructively the thread of Werenskiold's and Munthe's conventional drawing and carried the problems of composition farther toward solution in fixed forms than any other Norwegian artist before him.

Harald Sohlberg, who was born in Christiania in 1869, as artist and as man is a peculiarly brusque and isolated figure in our annals. He made his debut together with Egedius in 1894, and already at that time struck the chords upon which he has played imperturbably ever since. His art is an extremely individual combination of conventional and naturalistic qualities. His point of departure is fidelity to nature, a primitive and persistent cultivation of detail after the manner of the draughtsman. In thus striving to attain the utmost in one direction, in draughtsmanship, he necessarily suffers a curtailment, a species of indigence in the other direction Sohlberg's art abandons sedulously and purposely the beaten paths of modern ideas of coloring, he renounces the illusive properties of pigments, he renounces stroke and atmospheric effect. In compensation he gains a glow as of enamels and a depth of precious stones by means of his thin, smoothly-

laid color, inimitably his own. There is a magical force of light in the blue-green vault of the heavens in his Summer Night, with its deserted gala table for two, its flowers and open veranda door. Sohlberg's principal work, however, is the picture of Rondane, or as he calls it himself, A Winter Night in the Mountains. Beyond question it is one of the most monumental canvases in the entire range of Norwegian art, although it is painted with an extremely minute execution that in fact defies all modern notions of technique. One has no longer the impression of painting, but rather of a new combination of the arts—of melodious architecture or of frozen poetry. And still it is just the color effect that is conclusive; this tone overwhelms the visual nerves with almost painful intensity. Strictly speaking, the picture has but one tint, blue. Yet with cold and untiring passion this one pigment is worked up into the most dazzling blue, sharp as ice-needles, verging on empty white, and on the other side shaded down into deep green opaque notes that border on absolute darkness. It is a coloring quite subversive of all our preconceived ideas of oil painting—a coloring that has little of the lusciousness and glow of oil painting, but has rather the delicate, frangible hardness and brilliance of enamel.

Röros in Winter, by Harald Sohlberg. In the National Gallery



Winter in the Mountains Rondane, by Harald Sohlberg. In the National Gallery

Harald Sohlberg is an isolated phenomenon in our art. He is unlike everybody else and subscribes to the tenets of no school. It would be difficult, however, to find a more absolute contrast to him than are the two painters of his own generation who have become to a marked degree representative of a studied colorism learned in the schools of Europe—Thorvald Erichsen and Oluf Wold-Torne. They belong like him to the new romantic group of the nineties which studied in Denmark and worshipped Italia. The solid foundations of their technique were laid in Copenhagen under Zahrtmann, and there they began to acquire that artistic culture which they later developed by frequent trips to Italy and France. Both began with a reaction against the strident impressionism of the eighties and at first painted in subdued, cello-like tones, but later they received fresh impulses from modern French art, and their admiration in

particular for Cézanne stimulated and kept alive in them that sense of color which is after all the essence of their talent.

Thorvald Erichsen, a native of Trondhjem, born in 1868, has brought into Norwegian art an element of good taste and elevation which has to some extent been lacking. His Landscape from Kviteseid, painted in 1900, with its firm and powerful masses and cubes, is nothing less than epoch-making in our modern painting, an abrupt transition from a hardly more than mechanical imitation of nature to a consciously creative art. The following year he progresses still farther on the same path in the mellow interior with the harmonious brown darkness that frames the gush of light and color through the window, or in the amazing Forest Interior of 1901, a symphony in blues and greens where the light flashes from the flecks of sunshine like lesser planets in their element. One may search long and studiously among works of modern art to find a more sovereign example of true painting; and in fact hardly discover it till he stands before one of

Landscape from Kviteseid, by Thorvald Erichsen. In the National Gallery

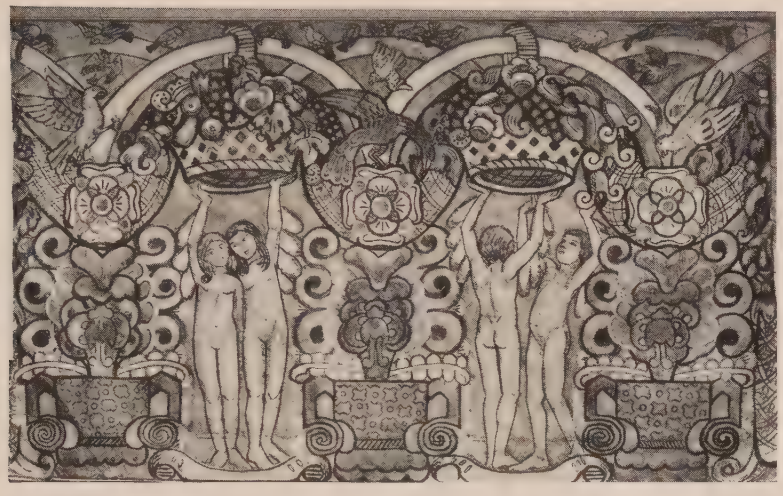
Interior, by Thorvald Erichsen. In the National Gallery

Cézanne's most inspired landscapes. Exaggerations and odious comparisons aside, the truth is that something of what Cézanne has been for universal art Erichsen has attempted to be for Norwegian art. He is an artist of the first water, with a remarkably fine eye for color and an individual, copious, unfettered mastery of brush-technique. Few or none of our younger men have contributed more than he toward raising the level of artistic culture among us. I am thinking now not of ideas and sentiments, which other painters with particular gifts and with temperaments of a different order may have expressed still more intensely; I am thinking of the concentrated, methodical seeking for the right thing, no less fruitful for others than for himself, with which he has cultivated his individual means of expression. Notwithstanding his unusual intelligence and education, Erichsen has not published a line. He has wrought only through his palette. Yet in his own field he has been a model husbandman of the artistic resources that lie within his domain. His goal has always been the emancipation of painting from the "subject," that is, from imitative dependence upon actuality. It has been his purpose to make composition, color, tone, and stroke stand out more strongly than the subject, than the

Flower Piece, by Oluf Wold-Torne. Privately owned

scene which may chance to be the point of departure and reference for a given piece of work. He has never overstepped his proper bounds. He never became a cubist; nor surely has he ever made a stroke of the brush without keeping his eye on the object. His work, nevertheless, represents a stage in the development of art toward its final emancipation in cubism. In the National Gallery, Erichsen's paintings occupy the greater part of the long wall in the "Young Men's Room." They adjoin, and with their bright, shimmering, mother-of-pearl tone harmonize admirably with those of his friend and closest comrade, the painter of still life and flower pieces, Oluf Wold-Torne, who was born in 1867 and died untimely in 1919.

The two men, Erichsen and Torne, belong together as regards age and development; in their art, as well, they show a marked relationship and have followed much the same paths. Torne, too, during his youth served a Danish apprenticeship at Zahrtmann's school in Copenhagen. Beyond that, however, he has built upon the foundation laid by the native leaders, Werenskiold and Munthe. Yet these circumstances are not sufficient to account for the distinctive place he holds in Norwegian art, as one of the few who have gained a following important enough to be named a school. No one was more eager for knowledge or more enthusiastic in the worship of good art, past and present, than was Torne. In his early years he went with the Danes to Italy and there received ineradicable impressions from Florence, Siena, and

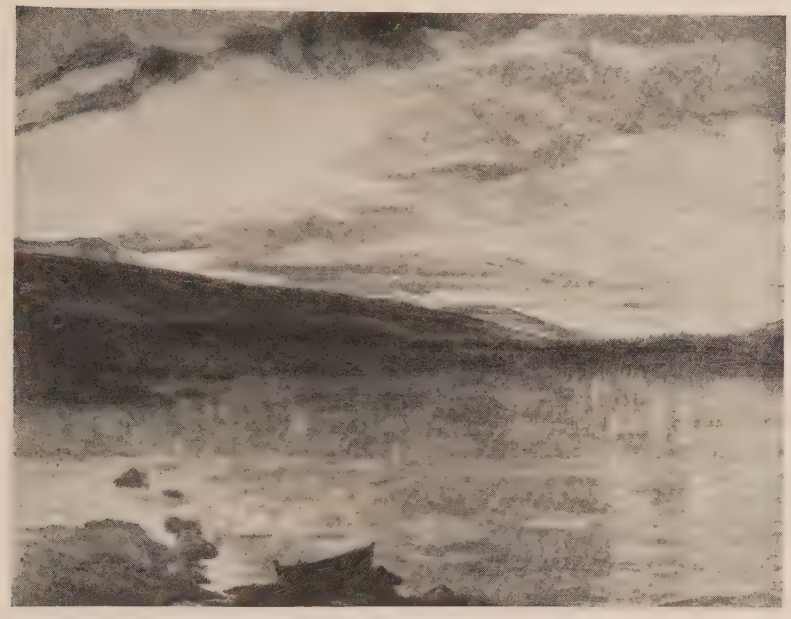


Decorative Composition, by Oluf Wold-Torne. In the National Gallery

the ancients. Like several others among the painters of the nineties he began as a sort of pre-Raphaelite. Later, under French tuition and discipline, he learned to express himself in more modern terminology; above all, he attained a clearer and fuller mastery of color. Like Erichsen, he became an impressionist of the older order, yet with emphatic reminiscences of Cézanne and Van Gogh. The charm of Renoir was more foreign to his somewhat awkward hand; in his tender heart, nevertheless, he may have given the highest place of all to that painter of flowers and of the joy of life.

Torne made his debut in 1893; and in 1894 he exhibited his first mature work, a somewhat pre-Raphaelite portrait of his wife. On his return to Norway, however, he associated himself wholly with the national movement and its tendencies toward the lyrical cult of nature; and so he painted, among other things, the inspired picture of The Young Stallion tossing his whinnied challenge out across the barren uplands, a canvas which now is in the collection of Rasmus Meyer at Bergen. During this period he had much in common with Egedius. Torne's special field, meanwhile, was the painting of flowers and of interiors. The quietly withdrawn life of the home, with wife and children, flowers and apples

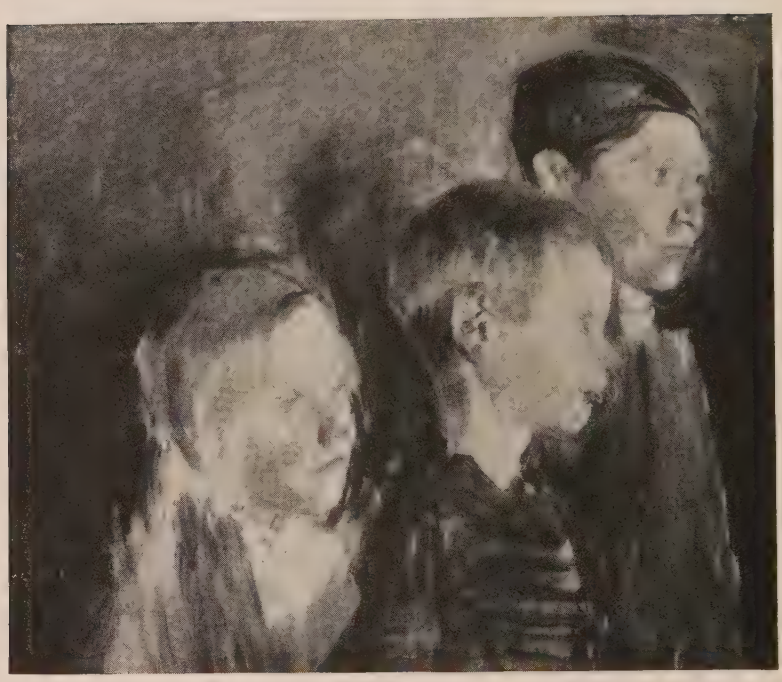
and all beloved household things finds its exponent in him; within this limited sphere he gives expression to his dreams of artistic felicities in a gamut of tender and powerful colors and in shimmering, pearly gradations. Torne's was no facile art that rapidly reached its goal; it has been well said of him that he wrestled like a very Jacob with his subjects. His form is heavy, his stroke lacks grace; in countless layers the pigments lie spread upon the canvas. Yet he never gives up the battle; and in his best pictures the hues gleam with a peculiar volume and compactness which in intimate richness of shading are, after their own fashion, without parallel in Norwegian art, celebrated as that art is for its treatment of color. Torne's endowments were, however, like those of Munthe and to a certain degree also those of Werenskiold, twofold. He practised naturalistic painting with a predominant emphasis on values and, in addition, had a strong leaning toward ornamental and decorative handling of surface effects. He did not possess Munthe's lush imagination and gift for fine fabling; but at the bottom of his heart there lay a deep desire to utter his thoughts freely, to sing his feelings in art forms which should be at once rhythmically disciplined and more unfettered by the realities of life than the laborious painting in oils. Torne's decorative production came to be voluminous, and his gifts proved to be more unmistakable in this field than in the domain of pure painting. He has turned out a multitude of designs and drawings for book illustrations, tapestries, embroideries, and strictly decorative aquarelles in which figures and ornamentation appear in clustered groupings. Toward the last he was occupied also with painting on glass and with mural decorations. While painting in oils was difficult for him, decoration was easy. He had only to give full play to his pristine fancy and to rely on his sure sense of balance and his naturally fresh feeling for color; the compositions poured forth of their own accord, vigorous, firm and compact, rhythmical and storied, the product of youthful imagination and confident command of the resources of style. His decorative art deals with children and angels and climbing flowers. The happy religious



Sjödal Lake, by Kristen Holbö. In the National Gallery

faith that was the motive power in his life and his art find ready egress here. In this realm of trustfulness and innocence his childlike mind came into calm reliance and peace. As a teacher of decorative art and composition at the School of Arts and Crafts in Christiania, Torne exerted a great and telling influence on younger men of the guild; and so he is to be reckoned among the small number of Norwegian artists who succeeded in forming a school. There was in him much of the stuff of which a William Morris is made.

His most distinguished pupil and follower is Fröjdis Haavardsholm, a young woman of generous creative talent and a strong personality, who, in the decorative field, has become the inheritor of his renown and at the present time is the leader of the decorative artists in Norway. To the same group as Torne and Erichsen belongs another pupil of Zahrtmann, the landscape painter Kristen Holbö, of Vaage, an unspoiled and imaginative country artist who, in the presentation of forest and mountain scenes from his home parish, has occasionally done excellent things. Further, Wil-



Three Children's Heads, by Ludvig Karsten. Privately owned

helm Wetlesen, who under Italian influences for a time tended strongly toward the pre-Raphaelites but who in recent years has arrived at more native and restrained means of utterance; August Jacobsen, who at first took his motifs from nature in Jæderen, on the west coast of Norway, and later from winter scenery in the upland interior; and Otto Hennig, who discovered points of contact with his romantic feeling for nature in older Norwegian art, in Dahl and Fearnley. Sigmund Sinding, Otto Sinding's son, has put his best efforts into pictures of children, of interiors, and of quiet, melancholy landscapes; while Hans Ödegaard in a gloomy series of paintings relates personal narratives from the dark, dirty, forlorn, seamy side of life in the capital. More recently, through the influence of the younger generation, notably Deberitz, his art has gained in composition and in richness of coloring. Severin Grande belongs also to the group which began similarly with phases of Bohemian life in barren

Consumptive Woman, by Ludvig Karsten. In the National Gallery

ateliers; but as time passed, he has taken on a more modern yet less individual manner. The same judgment applies to Otto Johansen, an impulsive character of marked receptivity, who after sundry divagations has cast anchor in the extremes of French expressionism.

Far above these men of middling gifts rises an artist of great pictorial talent, Ludvig Karsten, born in 1876, who is justly regarded as Munch's successor, as the outstanding personality in modern Norwegian painting. Karsten's indebtedness to Munch has by no means spoiled his individ-

Knut Hamsun, by Henrik Lund. Privately owned

uality. His originality is strong and undeniable, and he has more formal training than most of his contemporaries; the time of study he spent in Munich resulted in a solid foundation of technical ability which most of the younger artists may well envy him. A picture such as that of the Three Children's Heads, owned by Johan Anker, is painted with a living sense of reality and a sweeping virtuosity which no other Norwegian artist can equal. And when in the National Gallery we stand before Karsten's big picture of the Con-

Portrait of the Author Hans Jæger, by Henrik Lund. Privately owned

sumptive Old Woman, who appears so simple and genuine in her homespun dress, it is possible that reminiscences of certain works by Munch which have suggested the composition may occur to us, but coloristically the picture holds its own in defiance of Munch. Indeed it is possible that Karsten's coloristic gift is more vigorous and robust than that of Munch; but Munch's mastery does not depend on color alone—it is a part of his own commanding personality.

Side by side with Karsten stands Henrik Lund as the most prolific and interesting talent of the neo-impressionistic camp. The influence of Munch in his earlier years was fructified by

The Author Gunnar Heiberg and Others in a Garden, by Henrik Lund. Privately Owned in Bergen

his admiration for Krohg's art of the eighties and by the impetus received from Manet. Henrik Lund is first and foremost a portrait painter. The keynote of his art is his shrewd psychological insight and his gift for salient characterization. None can equal him in catching a fleeting expression and transferring it to canvas—a glance, a half smile, a feature that reveals and yet conceals personality. He handles the brush with dexterous and virile strength which makes him one of the few real virtuosos of Norwegian painting. His coloring, which formerly had a soft and gracious cast with a prevalence of powdered grey, has in recent years developed into bold and striking effects.

To the same circle of modern colorists belongs Arne Kavli, who was born in 1878. He began as a painter of Jæderen in a heavy dark coloring with austere and restrained drawing—a typical neo-romanticist with decided leanings to the

In the Attic, by Bernhard Folkestad. In the National Gallery

gallery. Later he has turned to the right about and is now the very opposite of his former self. He has developed into a graceful and subtle impressionist of a decidedly modern type with a palette that is the last word in brightness and airiness. In addition to being a painter of taste, Kavli is also a talented caricaturist with a caustic wit.

Torstein Torsteinson, born in 1876, began in the nineties with a style learned in the school of the famous painter of nuances, Whistler. Later, under the influence partly of Munch and partly of modern French art, he has found the form best suited to him in a light, flowing color, combined with powerful draughtsmanship, and revealing in his best pictures a considerable amount of character as well as a trained artistic taste.

Closely related to the foregoing painters, we have Bernhard Folkestad, born in 1879. He is a temperamental artist with a gift for decorative effect who, in a bright and vivid coloring, paints preferably still life, flowers, fruit, or scenes from the chicken-yard, whose pied inhabitants he has observed closely. Among his most important works is a monu-

Two Young Girls, by Sören Onsager. In the National Gallery

mental still life of vegetables in which a red and a green cabbage are prominent. This painting, which was his debut, was immediately bought by the National Gallery. As an interpreter of the nature of the Westland, Nicolai Astrup, born in 1880 in Jölster, in western Norway, has found a special field well suited to his imaginative nature lyricism. He may well be said to have broken new ground for Norwegian landscape painting. A. C. Svarstad, born in 1869, has also found a special field, though a very different one, in the city picture. In pale grey or slightly archaistically colored paintings from the South and from the North he has combined coloristic subtlety with a certain amount of involuntary naïvité. Svarstad has also painted psychologically interesting portraits, especially of women. Among the painters of this younger generation should also be mentioned Sören Onsager,

Gudrun, by Henrik Sörensen. Privately owned in Gothenburg

whose favorite subject is the nude human body. With exquisite delicacy of feeling he paints especially very young girls with a peculiar subdued, restrained coloring which shows the impress of his Danish-French training under Zahrtmann and Gaugin.

The youngest Norwegian artists belong to the so-called expressionistic cult, and most of them have after their schooling at home continued their study in Paris, generally in the famous atelier of Matisse. There some of them have

Fishermen in the Mediterranean, by Axel Revold. Privately owned

acquired a well-grounded and broad artistic culture and a sense of composition and drawing, neither of which are very common here at home. This fact has undoubtedly attracted less attention than it should, inasmuch as the public has chiefly noted the unusual palette affected by the group, combined of clear, strong pigments in decorative juxtaposition. In 1914, in the secessionist exhibition known as *De fjorten* at the Centennial Exposition at Christiania, these young painters made an impressive showing. There is no doubt that the group contains several unusual and original talents with a very creditable production behind them. Among them are Henrik Sörensen, Jean Heiberg, Per Deberitz, Rudolf Thygesen, and Axel Revold. My personal belief is that it is in this direction we must look in the future for the most valuable contributions to Norwegian pictorial art.

X

SCULPTURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE history of Norwegian sculpture in the nineteenth century is not a very eventful or brilliant saga. It is a history in which there are no high seas and no dashing breakers; it deals with a continuous, quiet struggle in which defeats are many and victories few. It recounts how a small number of isolated men fought to secure the rights of nativity, even beneath the low skies of Norway, for an art that had its origin in remote, sunny lands, and which more than any other art requires sunshine, wealth, harmonious conditions—a superabundance of the joy of life and of sensuous ease. Poverty, winter weather, and pietism, however, are stubborn opponents. Nor can it be denied, unfortunately, that among the protagonists of the plastic arts in Norway there were not many who were endowed with that richness of talent which conquers all opposition and soon or late builds enduring reputations.

Industry and conscientiousness, fidelity toward their exalted summons, a desire for learning, a love for their great exemplars, and a resigned courage in the arduous battle of life—these are the virtues, nevertheless, which have distinguished the Norwegian sculptors, almost without exception. Some among them, moreover, possessed native gifts which, had they not been repressed by force of circumstances, would have brought about a more considerable and a more fruitful production than that which now remains to us. Yet there is to be found in this small group, in the personality of Middelthun, an individual talent of the purest ray, refined through culture into added serenity. The cultural climate of

his own land, however, was too harsh for his delicate and soulful nature, and his talent never reached its full measure of vigor and luxuriance.

Another among them, Sinding, an active and fearless spirit, has bravely attacked the most difficult problems and in supple sympathy with contemporaneous French sculpture has executed a series of works which have borne the master's fame far beyond the confines of his native country. His artistic individuality, nevertheless, is not of those that are bound to their own soil; impatient over all the tribulations which a Norwegian sculptor must contend with, he has chosen Denmark as his second home.

The only one of the number who has given substance to an art that with unfailing power reflects a deep and vehemently marked personality still stands beneath an ascendent star. And his achievements are already numerous enough and weighty enough to give an impression of the profound philosophy of life expressed through his art. This man is Vigeland. For the rest we meet but few whose endowments have attained such a height or developed so distinctive a quality that they deserve to be named unusual. Most of them bear the scars of the overpowering conditions under which they have labored. At an earlier or later period their artistic strength has been crippled.

It was not merely that with the larger number the natural craving for encouragement and for favoring fortune was altogether too infrequently satisfied. Even that mutual sympathy of artist for artist, which from time to time has served to unite our painters and to hearten them in seasons of trial, is not discoverable among the scattered and isolated figures in the small company of our embattled sculptors. The battle they have waged has been, in almost every single case, not only a depressing battle on behalf of art, but too often also a bitter struggle for bread. Hardly one of them has escaped the occasional lack of the bare necessaries of existence.

On the other hand, it is just their calm courage and their fidelity to a once accepted calling that lend significance to

their warfare and cast a gleam of greatness over even the lowliest of that little band who ventured upon the field of sculpture among a people which had so few of the requisite qualifications to understand and to feel the need of their art. In the light of these facts alien and compatriot alike must view their life and their work.

As a decorative adjunct to architecture and to the more dignified of the handicrafts plastic art has an ancient footing in Norway. The abundant examples of carving from our Romanesque timber churches in various parts of the land bear sufficient witness to the early development of plastic gifts among the people. Furthermore, amid the large quantity of foreign things adorning the medieval Norwegian stone churches, one can find a considerable number of sculptures, particularly an array of portrait-like heads and masks in the cathedral at Trondhjem, which may be assumed to be the accomplishment of native craftsmen.

On the submergence of our political independence, however, the national traditions were broken also in this sphere, and art life, no less than culture in its other phases, sank back during subsequent centuries into a wretched state. Yet the old prepossession and the old talent for artistic wood-carving continued to be transplanted among the rural population in several localities, and notably during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries reached a respectable height. It must be ascribed solely to the neglected condition in which Norway found herself under Danish rule that the generous and prevalent gift for wood-carving among the country folk failed to assume nobler shapes in sculpture of an essentially Norwegian character.

The only one of the rustic wood-carvers of Norway who managed to lift himself to the status of a really trained artist, an artist of no mean rank, was Magnus Berg, who later became a painter and a carver. His technically finished work in ivory is rated with the best performances of the baroque age. Yet the nation was robbed of his vigorous resources, too, since he placed them at the service of the king of Den-

mark, spent the greater part of his days in Copenhagen, and died there in 1739.

Of rustic birth, like Magnus Berg, was also Hans Michelsen, the first Norwegian sculptor in the period following upon the separation from Denmark, and for a long time the only one. Michelsen was born in 1789 in the neighborhood of Trondhjem, where he lived first as a farmer and later as a soldier until, at the age of twenty-six, following urgent advice, he journeyed to Stockholm in order to employ his unusual talent for wood-carving in efforts to become a sculptor. It is certain that Michelsen's gifts aroused the highest public expectations. Perhaps these expectations took shape in the anticipatory dream that he might at some future time grow to be an artist whose reputation would throw a reflected splendor over his culturally indigent native land, a glory like that which Sergel had brought to Sweden and Thorvaldsen to Denmark. Evidence of such a hope appears in the government support which Michelsen received, even during his apprenticeship in Stockholm, and which fell to his lot for a series of years while he sought farther training in Thorvaldsen's workshop in Rome. Yet when Michelsen returned home, after a decade of study abroad, he was presently made to feel keenly to what a degree it was the vanity of the nation and not its love of art that had held up his hands through this long period of preparation. As matters stood at the time, economic exigencies and intellectual limitations combined to render sculpture superfluous in our country. The prospect of finding employment in the decoration of the palace at Christiania, which was then being erected, had lured Michelsen to Norway from Rome. Even the very building operations, however, came to a standstill for seven years by reason of the lack of funds; the mere thought of adorning the edifice was necessarily still more remote. Some attempts were made to find a place for the unemployed sculptor as a teacher at the School of Design in Christiania, but even here there was no need for his services. No recourse appeared open to him.

Consequently, in 1828, he found his way back to Stock-

holm, where he had spent several happy years as an apprentice and where in former days, at all events, he had enjoyed the patronage of men of substance. On his arrival, as misfortune would have it, he learned that his old benefactor Peder Anker, secretary of state, was dead and that he was himself quite forgotten. In order to gain his daily bread he was compelled to work as a marble-cutter in the ateliers of Swedish sculptors. His spare hours he devoted to carrying out his own designs. It was not until 1833 that he was able to summon his energies for the outstanding achievement of his life. In Rome he had seen Thorvaldsen's figures of the apostles take form, and they must evidently have left a deep impression upon him. Still they cannot have fully satisfied his ideals, since he felt impelled to try his luck with the same subjects.

The figures of the Apostles, executed for the cathedral at Trondhjem, are characterized throughout by the contemporary tendency toward the antique and toward abstract idealism, and show no evidence whatever of an effort to adapt the style of the statues to that of their architectural background. They are a series of normal figures, most properly to be described as drapery figures, in which the artist by means of unnecessarily abundant folds in the antique garb has managed to attain a certain pompous and dignified effect. Yet not one of them carries the stamp of personal feeling or expresses any positive individuality.

The apostles, nevertheless, found general approval in Norway as well as in Stockholm, and they even opened for their creator the doors of the Swedish Academy of Art. Despite this success Michelsen was unable to gain a permanent position in Stockholm. After several years of the most miserable existence, he came to the conviction, in 1841, that there was no other egress from his unhappy situation than to give up all notions of sustaining himself by his art, and accordingly he returned to his native heath and resumed his labor in the fields and his wood-carving.

Some years later the poet Johan Sebastian Welhaven set on foot a subscription for the purpose of placing a commis-

sion with the aging artist. Once more Hans Michelsen took up his chisel, and finished a bust of Holberg, which is to be seen in the library of the University of Christiania. In 1850 he was entrusted with the execution of four Statues of Old Norse Kings, designed for Oscarshal. These works, however, demonstrate all too plainly that only pitiful remnants were left of the talent upon which Thorvaldsen had passed so favorable a verdict thirty years before. Finally, in 1859, provision was made to free the septuagenarian artist from the most carking financial cares by proposing on his behalf a small government pension. Before the grant could be arranged, however, Hans Michelsen died.

It was not until 1850, when King Oscar I ordered the building and the adornment of his little summer palace, Oscarshal, that the artists of Norway received their first official commission. On this occasion we meet a new sculptor, Christopher Borch, who was charged with the composition of a brace of reliefs upon motives from Fridthjof's Saga and a series of decorative heads intended to represent personalities from medieval Norway. Borch was born in Drammen in 1817. Equipped with experience in carpentry and wood-carving he had for a time sought higher training at the Academy of Art in Copenhagen, until eventually he decided to become a sculptor and entered Bissen's atelier.

While Michelsen reflected in his art the classicism of Thorvaldsen, Borch represented that national romanticism which in subsequent years colored intellectual life with fresh idealism. The best feature in his art is just the pure-hearted and simple enthusiasm with which he seized upon the patriotic and religious ideals of the period. Only too often, nevertheless, his works lost their pristine energy and ardent feeling as they took shape beneath his hand. He was most successful in two statues with Biblical themes, The Daughter of Jephthah, and David and Shulamite. Yet none of his productions possesses personality and vigor of form. There is a smooth and patent commonness about everything that he has done.

Borch's circumstances and his artistic career, it might well

be said, fell in pleasant places as compared with the lives and fortunes of two contemporary sculptors, Hans Hansen and Hans Budal. Hansen, after some years of study in Copenhagen and a longer sojourn in Rome, passed his latter days in Christiania, where, finding practically no means of livelihood, he secluded himself in shyness and poverty, and died at the early age of thirty-seven. Budal, like most of the other Norwegian sculptors, was of rustic origin and to begin with a wood-carver. From Jerichau's atelier in Copenhagen he proceeded in 1861 to Rome, and there he remained ten years, continuously struggling with the most abject want. At the Scandinavian Exposition in Stockholm in 1866 he exhibited a Christ Upon the Cross and two genre figures, which in all their simplicity gave telling evidence of his artistic abilities. His bust of Karl XV is in the National Gallery. The last years of his life he spent at home, poor and forgotten. He died in 1879.

Nor did the two succeeding artists, Glosimodt and Fladager, both country boys and wood-carvers, ever manage to reach the sunny side. Glosimodt, a pupil of the Academy of Art in Copenhagen, passed the better part of his time in the Danish capital. Little by little he gave over his activities as a sculptor in favor of his increasing capacity for beautiful carving in ivory and box-wood. The busts of Tidemand and Gude in the National Gallery are by Glosimodt. A man of more adaptable talent was Fladager, who likewise received his artistic schooling in Copenhagen, and later in Rome. Among his works may be mentioned, in addition to certain busts, the Baptismal Angel in Our Saviour's Church in Christiania, and his David, strongly touched by the influence of Thorvaldsen and yet rather fine, which now is in the National Gallery.

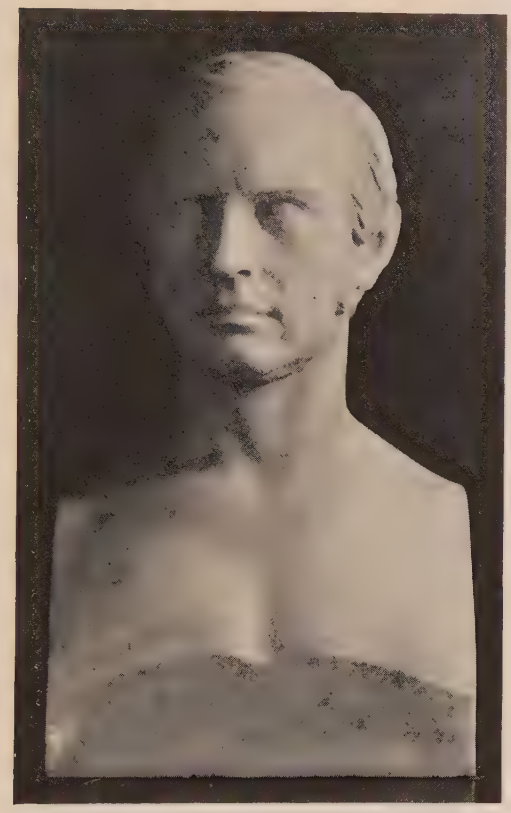
In the person of Middelthun we meet at last a sculptor of the purest talent, a talent with which are associated both intelligence and nobility of soul. Though many causes combined to narrow the range of his art, it still comprises works that belong with the most magnificent things produced in Norway. Julius Middelthun was born at Kongsberg in

1820 as the son of a coin engraver. The younger man practised the trade of goldsmith until he was enabled to enter Bissen's atelier in Copenhagen. His stay in the Danish city continued through an entire decade. Under the guidance of Bissen and the inspiration of the exalted idealism in the art of Thorvaldsen he grew to be what he was in very deed: an artist in whose endeavors the most honest observation of reality is united with a distinguished and clarified perception of beauty. Above all else he cultivated and held in honor a thoroughly elaborated form.

Upon the Copenhagen period there followed for Middelthun an extremely significant sojourn of eight years in Rome, during which he acquired a deep and intense understanding of the spirit and the eloquent forms of antiquity. Yet from this time, as from the time he studied in Copenhagen, we have very few examples of his power. An insatiable receptivity and an exaggerated humility in the presence of great models appear to have overmastered him and to have restricted his productiveness. After his return to Norway Middelthun became somewhat more prolific; still he never became really fluent in expression. His sedulously reflective sense of form prevented him from ever being wholly satisfied with his results. It seemed as if a profound respect for his art had conspired with a natural timorousness to deter him from laying his boaster aside and facing courageously a finished piece of work.

Middelthun's art leaves the collective impression that he was first and foremost a splendid portraitist. His synthetical imagination was much less developed than his psychological instinct and his penetrating sense of form—which are the qualities best fitted for the demands of portraiture. Nevertheless, it was not in the first instance his feeling for the outwardly characteristic that made him a prominent artist in this field. Almost all of his portraits are the fruit of a certain intuitive grasp of the personality of the subject. To cause the soul to gleam through the features of a face was his steadfast purpose.

Thoroughly permeated with such an admiring intent is



Bust of the Poet Welhaven, by Julius Middelthun. In the Students' Union, Christiania

Middelthun's soulful bronze bust of Halfdan Kjerulf in the pretty little square in Christiania that bears the composer's name. Before producing this work Middelthun executed, about 1860, the two marble busts of Wergeland and Welhaven that now have a place in the assembly room of the Students' Union in Christiania. In the bust of Wergeland Middelthun has tried to seize the ecstatic enthusiasm, the high-spirited confidence of Wergeland's nature. He has succeeded only in part. Quite lacking in the bust are that power and that force one expects to find in the author of *The Creation, Man, and the Messiah.* In the bust of Welhaven, on the other hand, Middelthun has penetrated to the very

heart of personality. It is evident that the artist has felt an intimate spiritual kinship with certain phases of Welhaven's creative, poetic genius. His representation reveals a soul freed from earthly dross. Yet on those features there still remain palpitating traces of the conflicts that have raged within. The attitude is firm, severe; the eye steady, compelling; the brow smooth, commanding. That calm clarity of reason which Welhaven strove throughout life to attain is now visible in his countenance. Only about the full and broadly modelled lips there still remain the quivering evidences of a vehement spirit, the signs of an irascible love of battle, the tokens of a venomous wit. Yet out of the depths of his being shines the light of his eyes, manly and quiet, proud and gentle, as of one who discerns beyond the profoundest sadness the precious meanings of life.

The last large task that Middelthun had to fulfill was the execution of a monument to Professor Anton Martin Schweigaard on the University grounds. It was unveiled in 1883. In reality Middelthun's talent was perhaps of too intimate a character to adapt itself readily to monumental sculpture. For him the bust was a much more suitable vehicle of portraiture than the monumental statue. Nevertheless, even if the Schweigaard statue is not quite happy, it is still free from the common, bombastic monumental effect; it is restrained and beautifully conceived. More than that, the real value of the statue is in the head itself, in the open, trustworthy countenance with its clean-cut features, its warm, clear glance, and its wise half-smile. Among Middelthun's other works mention should be made of the brilliant bust of Wessel* in the National Gallery and the excellent marble bust of the Eidsvold man,† Jacob Aall, in the same place. Middelthun died at Christiania in 1886, sixty-six years of age. Neither during his life nor after his death has his talent been estimated at its intrinsic value.

*Johan Herman Wessel, a satirical poet, born in Norway but resident in Copenhagen, who died in 1785. His best known work is the witty comedy, *Love Sans Stockings.*

†A member of the contituent assembly in Eidsvold at the time when Norway severed her political connection with Denmark in 1814.

Of an artistic nature wholly different from that of Middelthun was Brynjulf Bergslien, his junior by ten years. In Bergslien's native endowments the governing characteristic was a jaunty and festive breadth of mind. His capacity for work was fluent and vigorous, his form full and supple, and at times bold. It is not to be denied, however, that the multifarious and casual production to order, which his active and easy nature led him into, came in the course of time to exert a destructive influence upon his artistic discrimination, and sank his later performances down to a level of smooth insipidity where the distance between the good and the bad is extremely short. None the less, in the palmy days of his talent Bergslien gave to Christiania the best, the most festive, the most effective monumental statue we possess.

Brynjulf Bergslien was born in Voss in 1830, and belongs to a country family with highly developed artistic leanings. Bergslien became a pupil of Bissen in Copenhagen, and in that capacity he was entrusted with the task of rendering Thorvaldsen's Jason and his Hope in marble for the Thorvaldsen Museum. Bergslien remained in Copenhagen eight years, and, like all of the older Norwegian sculptors, he owed much to the tuition of Danish masters. After a subsequent stay in Rome he returned to Norway, where he lived thenceforth. It was in the design for an equestrian monument to Carl Johan in 1868 that Bergslien's talent first reached complete maturity; on this occasion he carried off the prize in a competition with a Norwegian, a Swedish, and a French sculptor. The French marshal, chosen king, is presented in the act of acknowledging the plaudits of his people, bearing himself royally upon a mettlesome, caracoling charger. The silhouette of the monument serves effectually its adorning purpose in its elevated position on the terrace of the spacious palace yard; the horse particularly is energetically modelled, and with feeling for decorative effect.

Two years after this successful work Bergslien was commissioned to execute the statue of Henrik Wergeland for the Students' Park in Christiania. In this case, however, his talents failed him to an almost astounding degree. Here, where

the problem was not only that of attaining an external decorative quality but of giving a characteristic representation of the personality of a man of genius, Bergslien disclosed the limitations of his art. It is very difficult to find in this theatrical figure the least trace of Wergeland's proud and ardently poetic soul.

It was unfortunate, therefore, that it did not fall to Bergslien's lot to create the statue which more than any other was suited to his gifts and for which he had made an excellent model, now in the National Gallery—the monument to the founder of the city of Christiania, Christian IV. There is authority and magnificent poise about this royal father of his country who points out with his riding whip the future location of the capital city, and there is humor in the characterization of his corpulent figure. Still Bergslien's design, which had breadth and freshness of form, was rejected as too realistic, in favor of one far less significant. Bergslien has produced, in addition, a number of decorative pieces, and in the course of years a quantity of busts to order, of which those of the singing master Behrens and of Sven Foyn probably are the best.

Bergslien's successful competitor in the design for the statue of Christian IV was Carl Jacobsen, who, like the earlier Norwegian sculptors, received his artistic training in Denmark. Jacobsen turned out to be an upright artist, who always gave industriously and conscientiously what there was in him to give. As a portrait sculptor he became very popular, but it is especially the two public monuments he produced which must be taken as the measure of his powers. The bust of Wessel, erected in heroic proportions in front of the building of the Norwegian Society in Christiania, is the least considerable of them, and is inferior to Middelthun's statue of Wessel. More notable is his statue of Christian IV on the market-place in Christiania; it was unveiled in 1880. This is a carefully executed, but not particularly original, historical costume-figure; a comparison will hardly demonstrate its superiority to Bergslien's model.

In all of the artists who have been mentioned above there

are traces, in a greater or lesser number of their works, of the lingering echoes of Danish classicism, an influence to be expected since they had all spent their apprentice years in Danish ateliers. Not until the seventies did a new company of artists appear who had received their first schooling on their native soil, and whose understanding of their function had little or nothing in common with the classical or romantic idealism of the older generation. The realistic and naturalistic view of art which for a long time had been manifesting itself in Europe, and more especially in France, now began to win a foothold in Norway as well. After a fiery struggle in the eighties between the champions of the older and the newer conceptions, the men of the younger generation, with their realistic vision, become the true representatives of our national art life. Though the cleavage between the old and the new is less noticeable in sculpture than in painting, a change is clearly discernible; and from this time forth it is no longer in the direction of the plastic traditions of Denmark, but in the direction of modern German and, still more, modern French sculpture that the coming artists turn their eyes.

Stephan Sinding, Mathias Skeibrok, and Sören Lexow-Hansen all began as pupils of Middelthun; later, however, each of them followed a path of his own, and none of them came to adhere very closely to the tendencies of their first master.

Stephan Sinding, who was born at Röros in 1846, belongs to an artistically gifted family. After a period of study under Wolf in Berlin, and after having shown a statue at the Universal Exposition in Paris in 1878, Sinding attacked in Rome the great group which made him famous: A Barbarian Woman Carrying Her Son Off the Battlefield, now in the Glyptothek at Copenhagen and in the National Gallery at Christiania. It is a gruesome, sanguinary mood from the time of the migration of the peoples that the artist has sought to express in this violently agitated group, the old Hunnish woman and the son whom she is dragging away from the field of battle. While the detailed treatment of form does not

Barbarian Woman Carrying Her Son off the Battlefield, by Stephan Sinding. In the National Gallery

measure up to the level of the energetic linear construction of the composition, the Barbarian Group is nevertheless an extremely effective piece of work on the part of a man of notable plastic talent. The Barbarian Woman is really

Sinding's masterpiece. Never since has his production attained such a height.

As early as the first years of the eighties Sinding established himself in Copenhagen, where he found an ardent admirer and a generous Mœcenas, who gave him several large commissions. His works are therefore in the main to be looked for in the Glyptothek at Copenhagen, a collection assembled and sustained by the Danish brewer, Carl Jacobsen. After having composed a rather extensive decorative frieze for the Glyptothek, Sinding summoned his forces about a series of groups which, like the Barbarian Woman, draw their themes from the greatest and most elemental emotions. The mother burying her son, the man embracing a woman, the mother nursing her child, the widow grieving at her husband's death—these are the subjects of The Barbarian Group, Two Human Beings, The Captive Mother, and A Woman Beside Her Husband's Body. An artist who sets himself tasks so exacting as these wants neither courage nor high confidence in his own powers. Motives the most deserving of artistic consecration—love and death—Sinding has made the object of his supreme endeavors. One cannot escape the impression, however, that he has approached his problems with somewhat conspicuous temerity. There is no suggestion that he has had any fear for the results. Notwithstanding all that is effective and striking in the subjects, or in the composition of these groups, they are not among the works of art that seize our deepest feelings. Perhaps it is because the purpose is too manifest, and also because the treatment of the form is as a rule too fugitive, either altogether too bulging or altogether too smooth, seldom penetrating and sharp.

Best in linear power, yet noticeably affected, is The Captive Mother, a young and shapely woman, who with hands bound at her back is kneeling on the ground and offering her breasts to the hungry lips of her child. The theme is old and well known from the art of Rubens. Two Human Beings presents a nude man and a nude woman meeting in embraces and kisses. At the time when Two Human Beings appeared

there was to be found in Norwegian painting but one picture with an erotic subject, and that one picture was Tidemand's Courtship. At that time there was to be found in Norwegian sculpture but one nude female figure, and that one was Borch's Shulamite. These two facts are patent evidence that Sinding's Two Human Beings represented a daring achievement; and it will always be to Sinding's greatest artistic credit that he had the impulse and the will to give an exposition of love which hid behind no pretext, which sought justification in no mythological or paradisaical title.

Two Human Beings, on its first appearance, was received with varying emotions. Even those who originally felt admiration for the daring idea embodied in the group must now, on seeing it after the lapse of years cast in bronze in the National Gallery, recognize its obvious weaknesses. It is an embrace which is intended to be seen and marvelled at as the plastic solution of a new and difficult problem, a solution that seems to be the result of painstaking deliberation, a solution in which the first fine rapture of the artist appears to have cooled considerably during the process of execution. Besides, the group is less vigorous on its formal side than the earlier groups. From the point of view of composition the stooping attitude has a labored and rather clumsy effect, the proportions of the figures are doubtful, and the treatment of surfaces has neither sharpness nor marked character.

The decrease in energy of form is unfortunately still more noticeable in later works by Sinding. The portrait statues of Björnson and Ibsen which have been placed before the National Theatre bear only too unmistakable witness of the falling off in his art, and they should in kindness be mentioned with the utmost brevity. It is difficult to understand how the creator of The Barbarian Woman could possibly produce anything so empty and so lacking in taste as these caricatures of the two poets, in which even the portrait likeness has been missed completely. More recent works by Sinding belong rather to Denmark and Germany than to Norway.

Mathias Skeibrok was born in Lister in 1851. After spending some time in Jerichau's atelier in Copenhagen, he

came to Paris in 1876 upon a government allowance, and remained there four years. At the Universal Exposition of 1878 he exhibited his first larger piece, Ragnar Lodbrok in the Serpents' Den, which is now to be seen in the National Gallery. There are indications that when the artist began this work he had some sort of concept of a Northern Prometheus, the embodiment of strength and power writhing under restraining bonds. The necessary anatomical studies, however, proved to be so arduous for the youthful and conscientious sculptor that they robbed him of much of the vitality which should have gone into the execution itself. The result came to be a very muscular figure of a man, who writhes in pain and yet whose anguish cannot touch us deeply because our emotional reaction is constantly disturbed by fresh discoveries of protruding muscles.

During these earlier years of his career Skeibrok executed a series of half-size statuettes, principally upon historical themes, such as Tjostolf Aalesen, Snorre, and The Outlaw. More profoundly treated than these historical subjects are Skeibrok's plain and simple representations of episodes from daily life, the two genre statuettes: Mother is Watching, and Weary. The last-named work is by and large the foremost fruit of Skeibrok's talent, intensely conceived and carefully finished. It is a very unassuming representation of a young country girl overpowered by weariness. Relaxed in sleep the youthful, half-dressed woman is resting with her arm over the back of a chair and her head inclined heavily upon her shoulder. The figure is to be found in several Norwegian collections, among them the National Gallery, and also in private galleries.

Until a short time before his death in 1896 Skeibrok was occupied for a series of years with the largest artistic problem of his career, the decoration of the great pediment of the University main building. The composition shows Athene endowing with soul the man to whom Prometheus has given body. An allegory of this kind was certainly not suited to Skeibrok's temperament, nor did such spacious and decorative work accord well with his talents.

Vala Rising from the Sea, by Sören Lexow-Hansen. In the National Gallery

Skeibrok's production as a portraitist was very comprehensive. He executed busts of a large number of our most prominent celebrities, such as Edvard Grieg and Björnson, Johan Sverdrup and Sören Jaabæk, Ernst Sars and Doctor Danielsen, Laura Gundersen and Johanne Reimers, and many others. Skeibrok's busts are serious pieces of work, but usually dry and hard as to form. The best among them is without question the heroic, powerfully formed portrait head of Eilert Sundt, which adorns a public square in Christiania. One side of Skeibrok's winning personality, which brought him many friends, but which was totally dissociated from his activities as a sculptor, was his vigorous humor and his original gifts as a raconteur.

The most finely equipped of the three artists who received their first training in Middelthun's atelier was perhaps Sören Lexow-Hansen, who was born at Eker in 1845. Unfortunately, however, he appears to have inherited from his master not only a deep reverence for art but also a certain shrinking attitude toward production and

a lack of self-confidence. After Lexow-Hansen by his Vala had given evidence of considerable powers, he created nothing whatever, so far as public knowledge may determine. The gravity and might of Eddic poetry rest upon the aged seeress Vala as she steps forth from the fogs of the North Sea, attenuated and forbidding, and bears witness to what she knows, that the world which consumes itself in strife and petty obstinacy shall perish, gods and men alike. Lexow-Hansen died in 1919.

To what a degree Norwegian sculpture in general, during the years when Norwegian painting was at its zenith, wanted strength to carry out a monumental task and lacked completely the ability, particularly so far as the younger sculptors were concerned, to shape so much as a human figure, we have distressing proof in the competitions for two public memorials. One of these—for the statue of Holberg in Bergen—resulted, and with absolute justice, in the awarding of the commission to a foreign artist. The other—for the monument to Tordenskiold in Christiania—was a positive scandal to Norwegian sculpture, manifesting itself in a group of ludicrous models totally destitute of talent, while the painter Axel Ender, whose model was superior to all the others, even technically, carried off the prize and the commission. His notably effective and decorative statue was erected in 1901.

On the whole, with a few exceptions, there is not much to be said for the younger Norwegian sculptors. Of those who arose in the artistically stirring period of the eighties, when the naturalists were fighting out their battle with the epigoni of romanticism and with a stiff-necked public, Fjelde went to America, where he worked and died. Utne went to Berlin, where he became a decorator and remained for several years, until he returned home to take part in the adornment of the National Theatre, while the most gifted of them, Halfdan Hertzberg, a practising physician, who threw himself enthusiastically into the struggle for naturalism and exhibited a few things indicating both personality and talent, died before his powers were much more than half developed.

Among those who have lived at home there is Anders Svor, who has followed his art honestly and seriously under difficult conditions and who, particularly in the statue of a nude young girl, has produced a piece of work deserving of mention for its sincerity; and finally, there is Jo Visdal, who perhaps more than any of the others has made himself representative of this generation of naturalists through his portrait busts. A notable example is his thoughtfully studied and characteristic bust of old Head Master Knudsen, by which Visdal gained deserved recognition.

Between the art of Gustav Vigeland and contemporary sculpture in Norway there is a great gulf. More than that, the entire production of Norwegian sculpture, viewed in perspective, has subordinate value as compared with his genius. Gustav Vigeland was born near Mandal in 1869. Never in Norwegian art have imagination and a sense of form been united to such a degree as in his work. Yet that which more than all else gives to his artistic achievements their imperishable quality is the strong individuality and the wealth of ideas expressed in them. Very seldom have art and life been more intimately joined. As confessions of the joy and the anguish of living his sculpture has overflowed all the bounds of artistic objectivity.

In reality Vigeland cannot be said to be the disciple of any particular master. He has had no regular and systematic artistic schooling. He has made brief visits to Bergslien's and Skeibrok's ateliers and spent a year in Bissen's workshop in Copenhagen, yet not in the capacity of an actual pupil. On the whole, Middelthun alone among Northern sculptors appears to have had a positive influence upon his development. The distance betwen the two, however, and their dissimilarities as to temperament and talent are sufficiently obvious. Vigeland has learned more through travel than by any other means. He has traveled much, seen much, and ruminated more than most artists. Vigeland came to maturity during the naturalistic and impressionistic periods in Norwegian painting. Nevertheless he undoubtedly feels himself to be in opposition to the older generation. Only

with Munch does he show a certain relationship. On the whole, Vigeland stands and will always stand apart.

Vigeland's art is first and above all an unfolding of imagination. The art of the eighties and of the immediately succeeding period was in the main concerned with realities. Its aim was objectivity; it sought after environment and local color. Vigeland's aim is the uncompromisingly personal, regardless of enviroment; still he seeks in the personal always the universal, that which is, and changes not. None the less, Vigeland owes something to the naturalists, something of distinct value. He is himself a naturalist as to form, and his ability in composition stands on the shoulders of impressionism and from this point of vantage discovers new plastic possibilities. A relief composed on such lines as his Hell—the chief work from Vigeland's youth—would have been inconceivable before the days of impressionism. With its powerful perspective effects, its foreshortening and cross-cutting and the picturesque play of shining projections and deep shadows, this relief is almost infinitely removed from the classic relief style and is predicated upon the impressionistic movement.

Although a long series of youthful works precede this gigantic relief, which comprises some two hundred figures, it would seem as if most of those early pieces, among them the life-size group Accursed, in the National Gallery, the reliefs entitled The Judgment Day, The Horse of Death, The Drunkards, and various minor groups, were only preparatory studies by means of which the creator of Hell made experiments and improved his manual dexterity. In this work he rids himself of the speculation of his youth, of his Westland pietism, and of the bitter moods engendered by years of struggle. After he has finished it, his production becomes more serene, more contemplative, more unassuming in the choice of subjects, more heartfelt in character, more noble as to form. The Hell was first executed in 1894 and was entirely remodeled after a journey to Italy in 1897. The relief, in bronze, is to be found in the National Gallery.

That hell which Vigeland depicts in this work is not so

much the place of torment after death as it is a modern pessimist's emotional and affecting poem about life itself and sins against life. This hell has to do with the fetters of sense, with the froth of the passions, with self-surrender and suicide. In a giddy maelstrom the victims of all forces inimical to life circle around the very principle of evil—Satan enthroned, firm as the rock upon which he sits. It is a raging surf of billowing humanity that tosses at his feet, bodies intertwined with each other, clinging to each other with unslaked desire, with hate, with satiety. They foam up about his limbs in a combing wave of clasped arms, of bowed necks, of beseeching glances. Over the bridge of good intentions tumble ever renewed throngs down into an engulfing sea of vices. And behind the prince of darkness, in the dry, sultry air that fills this domain of egotism, hover unceasingly the yearning multitudes driven on by unsatisfied desires, until the rabble is lost beyond the hill of the suicides, where dead men and men still living dangle in their nooses upon the gallows. Above these rolling waves of doomed humanity that lap his feet, sits the Evil One upon his rocky throne, insensible to it all, petrified in the horror of complete realization of self. For him there is no submission, no redemption. He is himself supreme, the most evil among the evil, unchangeable, eternal. He rests his jaws in his hands and sinks back upon himself, sharing with none the joy of his sufferings.

Into Vigeland's conception of beauty naturalism has poured the beneficent drop of gall. As in the case of Donatello and of Rembrandt, what men call the hideous appears in the function of a subordinate element of his art. No one has more passionately sought after what is characteristic, shunned what is bland, despised smoothness, distrusted softness. His figure style betrays hatred of all rococo forms in past and present art.

Vigeland's earlier figures possess the most extreme slenderness and an accentuated boniness of structure which frequently even verges on attenuation. He takes delight in the wealth of surfaces upon a cranium; he is attracted to hollow temples, to angular jaws. His plastic ideal, at any rate in

this period of his youth, was the man with narrow hips, sharp shoulders, and prominent sinews, and the woman with a masculine leanness of outline. His figures are always nude. Costumes and attributive devices are practically unknown in his art. Moreover, since action is to his mind the most significant thing—action expressive of deed, of thought, of soul —the bony framework is for him the most important feature of the human body.

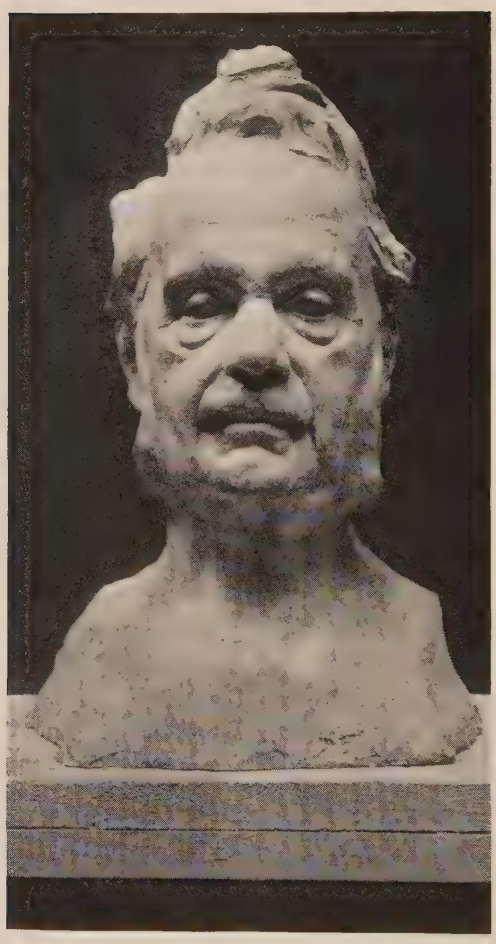
Love has a large place in Vigeland's productions. The mystery of sex, the struggle between sex and thought are the profoundest motives in his imaginative art. Upon these themes he has created a long series of plastic poems, groups of men and women to which he has given no other title than Man and Woman.

At first all of these groups were less than half size, and designed to be cast in bronze; more recently several of them have been elaborated to full life size in the same material. Some of these groups are to be found in Thiel's Gallery in Stockholm; one alone, A Man Holding a Woman Upon His Knees, is in our National Gallery.

These compositions deal with life in its mutual relations. Some are instinct with the joy of submission, and others with the discord that sunders lovers: on the one hand, the kiss, the embrace, the child as the tie that binds; on the other hand, the doubt, the jealousy, the moodiness that divide and isolate. They deal with the ecstasies of love and with the rebellion of reason against the senses, with tender emotions and agonizing inward conflicts, with the renunciation of life itself in boundless longing for spiritual peace.

For beyond the veil of shifting sensuous moods this art discerns the illimitable, the eternal. The loves of these men and women vibrate above a metaphysical sounding-board of doubts and premonitions that attune even gaiety itself to a minor key. All that is joyous, all that is sorrowful in their human lot takes on a higher potency at the thought of death, and so their fear of the unknown lends to each momentary feeling a deep passionateness.

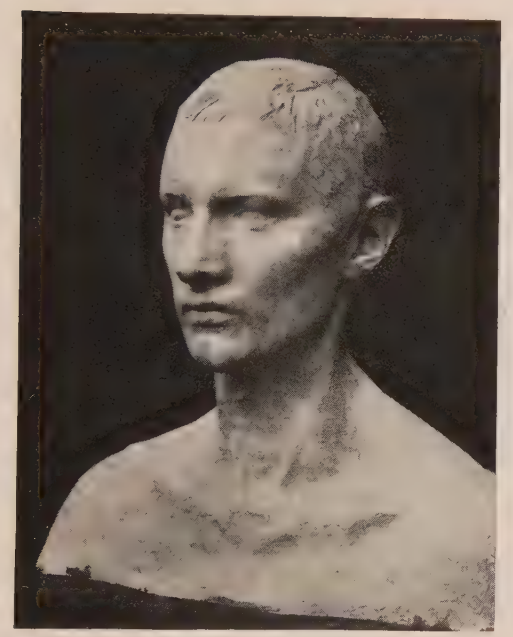
Vigeland's imaginative art is not the whole of his art. In



Bust of Professor Sophus Bugge, by Gustav Vigeland. In the National Gallery

the course of the years he has produced a large number of busts, which together constitute a veritable portrait gallery of prominent Norwegians. A majority of the men who have distinguished themselves above the ordinary run by their talent in art, science, or politics he has modelled from life. To enumerate them all, from Ibsen and Björnson to Nansen and Johannes Steen, would require too much space.

With the touch of genius he seizes the predominant character in a face, and with poetic force builds up about it a soul,



Bust of the Painter Emmanuel Vigeland, by Gustav Vigeland. In the National Gallery

a personality. His portrait art, although completely naturalistic as to form, is principally marked by intuitive psychological power. The tempo of the nerves, the hotness or sluggishness of the blood, the firmness or softness of the will—all that which others merely suspect or glimpse vaguely in a face, and which is the core of personality, the brilliant portraitist calls forth from the conformation of a head or the lines of a facial mask and draws it to his heart in sympathy or thrusts it aside with aversion.

In Vigeland's case the work has almost without exception been based upon sympathy with the subject. In hardly a single instance has he executed a portrait bust to order. He has himself chosen his sitters. Witness the head of Björnson, in the National Gallery, seized in a moment of extreme vigor, self-confidently poised upon a neck as strong as a bull's, sparkling with intellect and will. Witness further the head of Sophus Bugge, the thinker, with its remarkably inward

and absent expression; his glance is introspective, but like a forge raised above the workshop of his thought, the hair lifts itself in the semblance of an aspiring flame above his lofty brow. Or, look at Ibsen's marmoreal head, like a jutting cliff, the very image of concentration upon an inmost self; and Garborg's brooding physiognomy with its haggard features and affecting, sorrowful eyes. Further, note the vivacious face of Gunnar Heiberg, with wit and sensibility playing about the mouth and eyes, and with self-confidence written upon the forehead. And finally, observe the excellent bust of the sculptor's young brother, Emmanuel Vigeland, clean and noble of outline as a Greek ivy-crowned head, and with youthfulness and warmth in his lips. The greater number of these busts are now in the National Gallery, in very deed a series of portraits which, in a twofold sense, our people may be proud of.

During the years that have passed since the opening of the new century Vigeland has been chiefly occupied with monumental problems: the monument to Abel, erected in 1908; the statue of Wergeland, set up at Christianssand in 1908; the statues of Nordraak and of Camilla Collett, both dating from 1911. Throughout the last seven or eight years the artist has been working upon the masterpiece of his life, The Fountain.

The monument to the mathematician Nils Henrik Abel has taken shape as an apotheosis of the inspired, creative mind in its half unconscious soaring. Borne aloft by dimly perceived forces, hardly realized by himself, the young hero of thought flies through space, his countenance resplendent with understanding, his vision piercing the fog, and his nude body rising in triumphant assurance that the goal is near. Formal objections might be made against the aesthetic effectiveness of the group in its present setting, delineated freely as it is upon the open sky and lacking as the silhouette is in the proper repose, and one might have to admit that the colossal design gives evidence both of the difficulty of the problem and the youthfulness of the artist. Nevertheless, no one with any appreciation of quality in art can remain

insensible to the brilliant thought and the daring composition which distinguish the monument. In Vigeland's production the Abel group stands as a milestone between his early period with its storm and stress and the period of thorough maturity. In certain respects it denotes a completion; in other respects, a fresh beginning.

While Vigeland's passionate art was before touched by a dry, hectic heat, as of a consuming fire, rather than characterized by the superabundance of a mature mind, there has come over his work in later years increased plenitude and repose. The feverishness and the mirky vision of youth have given way to harmony and love of beauty in the grown man. What was painful in his art has been overcome by what is pleasing. In agreement with this changed view of life, his figure style has undergone a transformation. His earlier style was marked by a palpable aversion from amplitude of form. Already in the first years of the new century, however, a foreshadowing departure is to be noted in his figure style. In 1905 I pointed out, in a written discussion of the matter, that later works and studies indicated that the typical manner of his youth was taking on new features, that it was developing into something stronger and fuller, that his style throughout was becoming more vigorously rounded than before.

This maturing process began with The Fountain. In the Abel group the artist's one-sided tendency toward naturalistic methods of fashioning his subjects reaches its extreme limit. The impressionistic, picturesque treatment of surface and the inchoate, restless forms yield in recent works to a more beautiful, ripe, and classical style.

As yet, it is true, The Fountain, upon which Vigeland has been working with untiring Titanic creative energy these many years, is a good way from completion, and in so far lies outside the scope of this review. So much, none the less, can assuredly be said on the basis of such studies and finished portions as he has permitted outsiders to see, that the work will be Vigeland's masterpiece and a unique achievement in the history of modern sculpture. It will be a mighty synthesis of his art and his philosophy of life, a bronze hymn of life,

Detail for Fountain, by Gustav Vigeland

infinitely rich and changing as life itself, so expressed in art that thought may grasp it. Here are men, women, and children—nude, appearing singly and in groups, resting, struggling, yearning, loving, sorrowing; now passionately moved, storm-driven and tossed about by emotions, now

Detail for Fountain, by Gustav Vigeland

sunk in musing and in dreams. Man and woman meet each other beneath the crowns of these fabled trees, the throng of the unborn floats like a cloud, like a presage through the leaves, and against the trunk leans heavily one who is weary

Detail for Fountain, by Gustav Vigeland

of days. This is life itself, from the time it wells forth till it sinks away. In another tree death bides his hour, crouched among the boughs.

Yet what is the idea of this work without its wealth of forms! What are descriptive words in comparison to the varying rhythms of line, the beautiful, living, bodily contours. It is in this work, still inaccessible to the public, that, so far as I may judge from what I have seen, the great transformation in Vigeland's style has taken place, the transformation that has been mentioned above and which also has manifested itself in a few other original works, contemporaneous with

Torso of a Woman, by Gustav Vigeland. In the National Gallery

The Fountain, that of late years have come from his workshop. The most significant of these pieces are the group in marble, Mother and Child, recently acquired by the Art Museum in Copenhagen, and the splendid Torso of a Woman, also in marble, which is reproduced here from the

original in the Norwegian National Gallery. Both of these works are based upon older studies on a smaller scale. In this torso of a woman with a pure and proud countenance, almost as severe as that of a goddess, and with a body captivatingly young and beautiful as that of any daughter of earth, and in this youthful mother kneeling with her little boy in her arms —a piece wherein the contrast between the woman's soft, mature body and the boy's thin, angular, undeveloped form

Young Man, by Ingebrigt Vik. In the National Gallery

resolves itself into the most melodious play of lines—in both of these Vigeland's art has reached the height of its growth.

The younger Norwegian sculptors, with a very few exceptions, cannot be said to have cast fresh glory upon their art and their country. A series of public competitions for various larger commissions, and notably the hopeless effort to pro-

vide a satisfactory design for an Eidsvold monument, have given distressing evidence of the lack of capacity to deal with monumental problems. As a consoling exception one man emerges above the common level, Ingebrigt Vik.

Born in Hardanger in 1867, he is no longer to be reckoned among the very young; nevertheless, it is only in recent years, after a persistent struggle, that his art has broken a way to real success. For a considerable time external circumstances compelled him to employ his powers in pure handicraft as a modeller of decorations or in those purlieus of art, wood-carving and ivory-carving. However, after several winters at the Academy of Art in Copenhagen, after some years of study in Paris—under the guidance of Injalbert in 1902 and under his own initiative from 1907 to 1910, and after a journey to Italy in 1906, he unfolded his talents freely and maturely in a series of nude statues in marble and bronze. For the most part it is the undeveloped forms of very young girls, the gently rounded shapes of children, and the slender, lithe figures of youths which have especially attracted him. In works such as the two marble statues of a sitting and a standing nude young girl, now in the National Gallery, and still more in the lovely bronze statue of a Narcissus-like youth, signed 1913 and also to be found in the National Gallery, he reveals a sense for calm, classical beauty that is unique in Norwegian art; he reveals as well a tender solicitude for the most refined graduations in form which marks Vik as one of the most prominent men in later Norwegian art.

INDEX TO ARTISTS

PAGE

Aagaard, C. F., 1833-1895 313
Aarsleff, Carl, 1852-1918 414
Abildgaard, N. A., 1743-1809 ..... 22, 113, 241-243, 393
Achen, Georg, 1860-1912 346
Acke, J. A. G., 1859– 170
Adelcrantz, Karl Fredrik, 1716-1796 ..... 84, 85, 86, 110
Ahlgren, Olof, 1876– 221
Als, Peder, 1726-1776 241
Ancher, Fru Anna, 1859– 328-330
Ancher, Michael, 1849– 326, 327-330, 515
Anderberg, Axel, 1860– 225, 226
Andersen, Valdemar, 1875– 389
Ankarcrona, Gustav, 1869– 201-202
Arbo, N. P., 1831-1892 473-475
Arborelius, Olof, 1842-1915 141
Arenius, Olof, 1701-1766 85
Arosenius, Ivar, 1878-1909 205-206
Askevold, Anders, 1855-1900 472
Astrup, Nicolai, 1880– 610
Aumont, Louis, 1805-1879 263
Baade, Knud, 1808-1879 448
Bache, Otto, 1839– 315-316
Backer, Harriet, 1845– 485, 488, 527, 550-554
Bærentzen, Emilius, 1799-1868 263
Bærentzen, Thomas, 1869– 415
Balke, Peder, 1804-1887 470
Bauer, John, 1882-1918 ..... 18, 204
Baumann, Povl, 1878– 431
Beck, David, 1621-1656 66
Behm, Vilhelm, 1859– 172-173
Benckert, Elis, 1881-1913 234
Bendz, Vilhelm, 1804-1832 ..... 256, 257, 258, 260
Bentsen, Ivar, 1876– 431
Berg, Axel, 1856– 430
Berg, Magnus, 1666-1739 ..... 27, 438-439, 615-616

PAGE

Berg, Yngve, 1887– 206
Bergh, Edvard, 1828-1880 ..... 16, 135-136, 173
Bergh, Richard, 1858-1919 173-175
Bergslien, Brynjulf, 1830-1898 ..... 33, 623-624, 632
Bergslien, Knut, 1827-1908 473
Bergström, Alfred, 1869– 173
Bergström, Sigge, 1880– 204
Bindesböll, M. G., 1800-1856 ..... 424-426, 429
Bindesböll, Thorvald, 1846-1908 ..... 24, 370
Birger, Hugo, 1854-1887 166
Bissen, H. V., 1798-1868 ..... 408-412, 413, 618, 620, 623
Bissen, Rud., 1846-1911 318
Bissen, Vilhelm, 1836-1913 ..... 412, 413
Bjerg, Johs., 1886– 418
Bjerre, Niels, 1864– 353
Björck, Oscar, 1860– 170-172
Blache, Christian, 1838-1920 318
Bloch, Carl, 1834-1890 ..... 286-288, 316
Blom, Fredrik, 1781-1853 116
Blommér, Nils Johan, 1816-1853 ..... 16, 125
Boberg, Anna, 1864– 19, 202
Boberg, Ferdinand, 1860– 19, 186, 228-230
Bodom, Erik, 1829-1879 472
Boklund, Johan Kristofer, 1817-1880 132
Bonnesen, Carl, 1868– 415
Borch, Christopher, 1817-1896 ..... 618-619, 628
Borch, Leuning, 1853-1910 430
Borch, Martin, 1852– 430
Börjeson, John, 1836-1910 207-208
Bouchardon, Jacques-Philippe, 1711-1753 77
Bourdon, Sébastien, 1616-1671 66
Böyesen, Rostrup, 1882– 391
Brandstrup, Ludvig, 1861– 414, 415
Brasen, Hans Ole, 1849– 335
Bratland, Jacob, 1859-1906 ..... 485, 571, 575
Breda, Karl Fredrik von, 1759-1818 ..... 15, 104-105
Brendekilde, Hans Andersen, 1857– 353
Brendstrup, Thorald, 1812-1883 282
Brummer, Carl, 1864– 430
Budal, Hans, 1830-1879 619

PAGE
Bundgaard, Anders, 1864– 415
Buntzen, Heinrich, 1803-1892 282
Byström, Johan Niklas, 1783-1848 ..... 116-119, 122
Calmeyer, Jacob, 1802-1884 452
Cappelen, August, 1827-1852 ..... 29, 32, 455, 466-468, 470
Carlberg, Johan Eberhard, 1683-1773 ..... 85, 86
Carlsen, Schlichting, 1852– 335
Carstens, Jakob Asmus, 1754-1798 ..... 21, 245, 393, 394, 399
Cederström, Gustaf, 1845– 149-150
Christensen, Christen, 1806-1845 406
Christensen, Godfred, 1845– 317
Christiansen, Poul, 1855– 387, 388
Christiansen, R., 1863– 353
Clason, Isac Gustav, 1856– 19, 227
Clausen, Ludvig, 1851-1904 430
Clement, Gad, 1867– 382-383
Clemmensen, A. L., 1852– 430
Collett, Fredrik, 1839-1913 ..... 30, 465, 482-483, 532, 542
Conradsen, Harald, 1817-1905 406
Dahl, Johan Christian Claussön, 1788-1857 .....
21, 28, 439, 439-448, 450, 452, 454, 455, 464, 472, 479, 481, 604
Dahl, Mikael, 1666-1743 84
Dahl, Siegwald, 1827-1902 472
Dahlbergh, Erik, 1625-1703 ..... 64, 66, 67
Dahlerup, Vilhelm, 1836-1907 428
Dalgas, Carlo, 1820-1850 310
Dall, Hans, 1862-1920 357
Dalsgaard, Christen, 1824-1907 ..... 22, 295-298, 299, 409
Deberitz, Per, 1880– 32, 604, 612
Desmarées, Georg, 1697-1776 84
Desprez, Jean-Louis, 1737-1804 ..... 110, 114
Diriks, Karl Edvard, 1855– 30, 542, 555-557
Dorph, Anton, 1831-1914 301
Dorph, Bertha, 1875– 382
Dorph, N. V., 1862– 351-352
Dreyer, Dankvart, 1816-1852 ..... 311, 312
D'Uncker, Karl, 1828-1866 128
Eckersberg, Christoffer Vilhelm, 1783-1853 ..... 21, 22, 24, 241, 245
246, 247-269, 280, 281, 282, 283, 294, 314, 389, 406, 450, 453
Eckersberg, Johan Fredrik, 1822-1870 ..... 470-471, 473, 542

PAGE
Eddelien, Heinrich, 1803-1852 ..... 256, 267
Edström, David, 1873– 215, 216
Egedius, Halfdan, 1877-1899 ..... 31, 532, 540, 593-595, 601
Ehrenstrahl, David Klöcker von, 1629-1698 .....
..... 15, 21, 69, 70, 71-72, 83, 84, 162
Ehrensvärd, Karl August, 1745-1800 ..... 102, 103, 113
Eiebakke, August, 1867– 575-576
Eigtved, Nikolai, 1701-1754 ..... 421, 422
Ekenæs, Jan, 1847-1920 485
Ekström, Per, 1844– 157-158
Eldh, Carl J., 1873– 214-215
Elgström, Ossian, 1883– 18, 203
Ender, Axel, 1853-1920 631
Engelsted, Malthe, 1852 343
Engström, Albert, 1869– 18, 205-206
Engström, Leander, 1886– 18, 205
Erdmann, Axel, 1873– 203
Erichsen, Edv., 1876– 415
Erichsen, Thorvald, 1868– 31, 597-600, 601, 603
Erichsen, Vigilius, 1722-1782 241
Ericson, Sigfrid, 1879– 235
Eriksson, Christian, 1858– 19, 175, 211-213, 232
Eugen, Prince, 1865– .....
17, 19, 155, 156, 157, 170, 171, 179-182, 184, 186, 226, 230, 234
Evens, Otto, 1826-1895 413
Exner, Julius, 1825-1910 ..... 22, 297, 298-300
Fagerlin, Ferdinand, 1825-1907 ..... 16, 128-129
Fahlcrantz, Karl Johan, 1774-1861 ..... 120, 121, 445
Fearnley, Thomas, 1802-1841 ..... 29, 32, 445-448, 452, 454, 604
Fenger, Ludvig, 1833-1905 429
Find, Ludvig, 1869– 383-384
Fisker, Kay, 1893– 431
Fjæstad, Gustav, 1868– 17, 202
Fjelde, Jakob, 1859-1896 631
Fladager, Ole, 1832-1871 619
Flintoe, Johan, 1786-1870 449-450
Fogelberg, Bengt Erland, 1786-1854 ..... 118, 119
Folkestad, Bernhard, 1879– 31, 609-610
Forsberg, Nils, 1842– 148-149
Foss, Harald, 1843– 312

PAGE
Freund, Herman Ernst, 1786-1840.....25, 263, 290, 403-406
Frich, I. C., 1810-1858.....311, 448-449
Friis, Hans, 1839-1892..... 313
Frisch, I. D., 1835-1867..... 311
Fritz, A., 1828-1906..... 313
Fritzsch, Claudius Ditlev, 1763-1841..... 246
Frölich, Lorens, 1820-1908.....283-286, 371
Frydensberg, Carl, 1872–..... 357
Gauguin, Jean, 1881–..... 418
Gebauer, Christian David, 1777-1831..... 246
Gerle, Aron, 1860–..... 196
Gertner, Johan Vilhelm, 1818-1871..... 282
Giersing, Harald, 1881–.....24, 391
Gjörwell, Karl Kristofer, 1766-1837..... 116
Glöersen, Jacob, 1852-1912.....485, 542, 557-559
Glosimodt, Olaf, 1821-1897..... 619
Görbitz, Johan, 1782-1853.....451-452
Göthe, Erik Gustav, 1779-1838.....119-120
Gottschalck, Albert, 1866-1906..... 357
Grande, Severin, 1869–..... 604
Grönvold, Bernt, 1859–..... 485
Grönvold, Marcus, 1845 485
Grünewald, Isaac, 1889–.....18, 205
Grut, Torben, 1871–..... 235
Gude, Hans, 1825-1903.....
.....27, 29, 454-466, 479, 480, 482, 483, 484, 619
Gurlitt, Louis, 1812-1897..... 283
Haavardsholm, Fröjdis, 1896–..... 603
Hagborg, August, 1852-1921.....157, 166
Hall, Peter Adolf, 1739-1793.....15, 94, 95
Hallström, Gunnar, 1875– 202-203
Hammer, H. I., 1815-1882..... 293
Hammershöi, Svend, 1873– 385-386
Hammershöi, Vilh., 1864-1916.....23, 346-349
Hansen, Axel, 1853–..... 414
Hansen, Chr., 1803-1883..... 427
Hansen, Chr. Fr., 1756-1845..... 423
Hansen, Constantin, 1804-1880.....
.....21, 256, 263, 264-266, 290, 363, 371, 406
Hansen, Elise Constantin, 1858–..... 373

PAGE

Hansen, Hans, 1727-1803 246
Hansen, Hans, 1821-1858 619
Hansen, Hans Nik., 1853– 335
Hansen, Heinrich, 1821-1890 312
Hansen, Henning, 1880– 431
Hansen, Niels, 1880– 391
Hansen, Peter, 1868– 23, 388, 389
Hansen, Theophilus, 1813-1891 427
Hansen-Jacobsen, Niels, 1861– 25, 415-416
Hårleman, Karl, 1700-1753 ..... 48, 76, 80, 162
Harsdorff, Caspar Frederik, 1735-1799 ..... 422-423, 424
Hartmann, Oluf, 1879-1910 382
Haslund, Otto, 1842-1917 ..... 342, 343
Hasselberg, Per, 1850-1894 ..... 166, 208-210
Hasselriis, Louis, 1844-1912 413
Haupt, Georg, 1741-1784 ..... 83, 96, 101
Häusser, Elias David, 1685-1745 421
Hedberg, Erik, 1868– 201
Heiberg, Jean, 1884– 32, 612
Hellqvist, Carl Gustaf, 1851-1890 150
Helsted, Axel, 1847-1907 ..... 343, 344
Hennig, Otto, 1871– 604
Hennigs, Gösta von, 1866– 198
Henning, Gerhard, 1880– 221
Henningsen, Erik, 1855– 344
Henningsen, Frants, 1850-1908 344
Herholdt, Johan Daniel, 1818-1902 427-428
Hertervig, Lars, 1830-1902 ..... 27, 468-470
Hertzberg, Halfdan, 1857-1890 631
Hertzog, F. G., 1821-1892 ..... 411, 413
Hesselbom, Otto, 1848-1913 ..... 17, 202
Hetsch, Gustav Frederik, 1788-1864 ..... 423-424, 426
Heyerdahl, Hans, 1857-1913 ..30, 485, 486, 491-496, 527, 551, 580
Hilker, G. Christian, 1807-1875 ..... 265, 406
Hill, Carl, 1849-1911 157
Hilleström, Per, the Elder, 1732-1816 ..... 101, 102
Hjortzberg, Olle, 1872– 202, 230, 235
Höckert, Johan Fredrik, 1826-1866 ..... 16-17, 136-138
Holbech, Niels Peter, 1804-1889 263
Holbö, Kristen, 1869– 603

PAGE
Holm, Chr., 1804-1846 282
Holm, Hans J., 1835-1916 ..... 25, 429
Holm, Harald, 1866– 387
Holmboe, Thorolf, 1866– 31, 465, 577-579
Holmgren, Herman, 1842-1914 224
Holsöe, Carl, 1863– 345, 346
Holten, Sofie, 1858– 335
Holten, Fru Susette, 1863– 373
Hörberg, Per, 1746-1816 101
Hornemann, Christian, 1765-1844 246
Hullgren, Oscar, 1869– 202
Hunæus, Andreas Herman, 1814-1866 263
Hygom, Louis, 1879– 431
Ilsted, Peter, 1861– 346
Ingemann, Bernhard, 1869– 430
Ingwersen, Jens, 1871– 430
Irminger, V., 1850– 343-344
Isaachsen, Olaf, 1835-1893 ..... 473, 475-476
Jacobsen, August, 1868– 604
Jacobsen, Carl Ludvig, 1835– 624
Jacobsson, Ernst, 1839-1905 224
Jansen, Luplau, 1869- 357
Jansson, Eugen, 1862-1915 ..... 17, 175, 182-184
Jardin, Nicolas Henri, 1720-1799 422
Jarl, Viggo, 1879– 415
Jensen, Alb., 1847-1913 428
Jensen, C. A., 1792-1870 ..... 255, 256, 259, 453
Jensen, J. L., 1800-1856 282
Jensen, Karl, 1851– 346
Jerichau, Harald, 1851-1878 291
Jerichau, Jens Adolph, 1816-1883 ..... 406-408, 409, 619, 629
Jerichau-Baumann, Fru Elizabeth, 1819-1881 280
Jernberg, August, 1826-1896 ..... 16, 129-130
Jerndahl, Aron, 1858– 214
Jerndorff, August, 1846-1906 ..... 340, 341-342
Jespersen, Henrik, 1853– 357
Jessen, Tycho, 1870-1921 384
Johansen, Otto, 1886– 605
Johansen, Viggo, 1851– 25, 330, 331-333
Johansson, Aron, 1860– 225

PAGE

Johnsson, Ivar, 1885– 221
Jónsson, Einar, 1874– 25
Jorde, Lars, 1865– 579
Jörgensen, Aksel, 1883– 24, 391
Jörgensen, Emil, 1858– 430
Jörgensen, Eugen, 1858-1910 430
Jörgensen, Sven, 1861– 485, 571, 572-574
Jörgensen, Thorvald, 1867– 430
Josephson, Ernst, 1851-1906 ..... 17, 151-157, 158, 166, 210
Josephsson, Erik, 1864– 224
Juel, Jens, 1745-1802 ..... 22, 243-245
Jürgensen, Fritz, 1818-1863 312
Kabell, Ludvig, 1853– 342
Kallstenius, Gottfrid, 1861– 172, 173
Kampmann, Hack, 1856-1920 430
Karsten, Ludvig, 1876– 32, 605, 607
Kavli, Arne, 1878– 31, 608-609
Kielland, Kitty, 1843-1914 ..... 465, 485, 527, 551, 554-555
Kittelsen, Theodor, 1857-1913 ..... 485, 546-550
Kjærschou, Frederik, 1805-1891 282
Kjeldrup, A. E., 1826-1869 283
Klein, Vilhelm, 1835-1913 428
Klint, P. V. Jensen, 1853– 431
Knudsen, Hans, 1865– 356
Köbke, Christen, 1810-1848 .....
..... 21, 22, 24, 25, 255, 256, 258-260, 264, 406, 453
Koch, F., 1857-1905 430
Koch, V., 1852-1902 430
Kölle, Anton, 1827-1872 311
Kolstö, Fredrik, 1860– 485, 559
Krafft, David von, 1655-1724 ..... 83, 85
Krafft, Per, the Elder, 1724-1793 98
Krafft, Per, the Younger, 1777-1863 105
Krafft, Frederik, 1823-1854 311
Kragh, Johannes, 1870– 372
Kratzenstein-Stub, Christian Gottlieb, 1783-1816 246
Kreuger, Nils, 1858– 17, 173, 175, 177-179, 215
Krohg, Christian, 1852 ..... 30, 507-508,
512-523, 527, 534, 535, 542, 547, 555, 556, 560, 570, 580, 608
Krohg, Oda, 1860– 570-577

PAGE
Krohg, Per, 1889– 32
Kronberg, Julius, 1850-1921 ..... 78, 146-148, 216
Kröyer, Peter Severin, 1851-1909 .....
..... 22, 23, 314, 315, 321-327, 414, 515, 543
Küchler, Albert, 1803-1886 ..... 256, 266-267
Kyhn, Knud, 1880– 391
Kyhn, Vilhelm, 1819-1903 ..... 25, 307-309
La Cour, Janus, 1837-1909 313-314
Lafrensen, Nils, the Younger, 1737-1807 ..... 15, 92-94
Lallerstedt, Erik, 1864– 228
Larchevêque, Pierre Hubert, 1721-1778 ..... 80, 106-107
Larsen, Emanuel, 1823-1859 311
Larsen, Johannes, 1867 ..... 23, 386, 387
Larsen, Jörgen, 1851-1910 414
Larsen, Knud, 1865– 357
Larsen Stevns, Niels, 1864– 373
Larson, Marcus, 1825-1864 130-132
Larsson, Carl, 1853-1919 ..... 17, 55, 158-165, 166, 167, 222, 226
Larsson, Gottfrid, 1875– 221
Lauréus, Alexander, 1783-1823 120-121
Lehmann, Edvard, 1815-1892 282
Levy, Frederik, 1851– 430
Lexow-Hansen, Sören, 1845-1919 ..... 625, 630-631
Liljefors, Bruno, 1860– 17, 185-188
Lilljekvist, Fredrik, 1863– 227
Lindberg, Adolf, 1839-1916 221
Lindberg, Erik, 1873– 200, 201
Lindgren, Gustaf, 1863 227
Lindman, Axel, 1848– 172
Lindström, Rikard, 1882 203
Löchen, Kalle, 1865-1893 ..... 571, 574
Locher, Carl, 1851-1915 318
Lorentzen, Christian August, 1749-1828 ..... 245-246, 261
Lund, Henrik, 1879– 32, 607-608
Lund, I. L., 1777-1867 255
Lund, Jens, 1873– 418
Lundberg, Gustav, 1695-1786 ..... 15, 87-89, 99
Lundberg, Teodor, 1852– 208
Lundbye, Johan Thomas, 1818-1848 .....
..... 25, 302-304, 308, 309, 310, 333

PAGE
Lundgren, Egron, 1815-1875 ..... 16, 135
Madsen, Viggo, 1885– 391
Magdahl-Nielsen, 1862– 430
Malling, Peder, 1781-1865 423
Malmsten, Carl, 1888– 234
Malmström, August, 1829-1901 ..... 16, 138-140
Månsson, Filip, 1864– 232
Marstrand, Vilhelm, 1810-1873 .....
.....21, 22, 256, 269, 270-279, 280, 286, 289, 315, 316
Martin, Elias, 1739-1818 ..... 15, 101-103
Martin, Johan Fredrik, 1755-1816 103
Masreliez, Louis Adrien, 1748-1810 ..... 79, 114-115
Melbye, Anton, 1818-1875 280-281
Melbye, Vilhelm, 1824-1882 281
Meldahl, Ferdinand, 1827-1908 428
Meyer, Ernst, 1797-1861 267-268
Meytens, Martin, the Elder, 1648-1736 84
Meytens, Martin van, the Younger, 1675-1770 84
Michelsen, Hans, 1789-1859 616-618
Middelthun, Julius, 1820-1886 ..33, 613, 619-622, 624, 625, 630, 632
Milles, Carl, 1875– 19, 215-220, 230, 234
Möhl, Kristian, 1876– 385-386
Molin, Johan Peter, 1814-1873 ..... 133, 135
Möller, Carl, 1857– 224
Möller, I. P., 1783-1854 255
Mols, Niels P., 1859– 353
Monies, David, 1812-1894 282
Mörner, Hjalmar, 1794-1837 122
Mortensen, Carl, 1861– 415
Müller, Adam, 1811-1844 ..... 256, 267
Müller, Morten, 1828-1911 471-472
Munch, Edvard, 1863– 13, 27, 30, 31-32, 34, 451,
514-515, 529, 572, 574, 576, 580-591, 605, 606, 607, 609, 633
Munch, Jacob, 1776-1839 ..... 450-451, 452
Munthe, Gerhard, 1849– .....
...27, 30, 480, 485, 507, 532, 534-541, 551, 572, 595, 600, 602
Munthe, Ludvig, 1841-1896 .....29, 478-480, 534, 542, 557
Munthe-Siberg, Anna, 1854– 142
Naur, Albert, 1889– 391
Nerman, Einar, 1888– 204

PAGE
Neumann, Carl, 1833-1891 281
Nielsen, Amaldus, 1838– 29, 479, 480-483
Nielsen, Anne Marie Carl, 1863– 415
Nielsen, Ejnar, 1872– 23, 380-382
Nielsen, Kai, 1882– 25, 417-418
Niss, Thorvald, 1842-1905 ..... 317-318, 319
Nordenberg, Bengt, 1822-1902 128
Nordström, Karl, 1855– 17, 158, 175, 176-177, 215
Norlind, Ernst, 1877– 203
Nörregaard, Asta, 1853– 485
Norrman, Herman, 1864-1906 184
Norstedt, Reinhold, 1843-1911 141-142
Notke, Berndt, 1440-1517 ..... 54, 55
Nyrop, Martin, 1849-1921 ..... 25, 26, 431-434
Nyström, Axel, the Elder, 1793-1868 ..... 121, 132
Ödegaard, Hans, 1876– 604
Olrik, H., 1830-1890 288
Onsager, Sören, 1878– 31, 610
Östberg, Ragnar, 1866– 19, 168, 232-234
Österman, Bernhard, 1870– 198-201
Österman, Emil, 1870– 198-201
Ottesen, O. D., 1816-1892 312
Palm, Gustaf Vilhelm, 1810-1890 ..... 124, 158
Palmstedt, Erik, 1741-1803 85
Pasch, Lorens, the Younger, 1733-1805 99
Pauelsen, Erik, 1749-1790 245
Pauli, Georg, 1855– 166, 167-169, 196, 226, 234
Pauli, Hanna, 1864– 169-170
Paulsen, Julius, 1860– 25, 349-351
Pedersen, Viggo, 1854– 364, 371-372
Pedersen, Vilhelm, 1820-1859 311
Pedersen-Dan, 1859– 415
Pederson, Ole, 1856-1898 357
Percy, Arthur C: son, 1886– 205
Peters, Carl, 1822-1899 ..... 411, 413
Petersen, Anna, 1845-1910 335
Petersen, Carl, 1874– 431
Petersen, Ove, 1830-1892 428
Petersen, Rud., 1871– 357
Petersen, Thorolf, 1858– 357

PAGE

Petersen, Vilhelm, 1830-1913 429
Peterson, Ludvig, 1853– 228
Peterssen, Eilif, 1852– 30, 465, 485, 486-491, 493, 535, 551
Pettersson, Axel, 1868– 221
Petzholdt, Frederik, 1805-1838 ..... 256, 266
Philipsen, Theodor, 1840-1920 ..... 25, 333-334
Pilo, Karl Gustav, 1711-1793 ..... 21, 96-98, 241
Precht, Burchardt, 1651-1738 ..... 48, 68, 73-74
Qvarnström, Carl Gustaf, 1810-1867 133
Rafael-Rådberg, Eric, 1881– 221
Rafn, Aage, 1890– 431
Rasmussen, Carl, 1841-1893 318
Rehn, Jean Erik, 1717-1793 96
Repholtz, Albert, 1863– 357
Revold, Axel, 1887– 612
Ring, Lauritz, 1854 ..... 24, 25, 353-356
Roed, Holger, 1846-1874 291-292
Roed, Jörgen, 1808-1888 ..... 256, 260-263, 269, 331, 342, 383
Rohde, Johan, 1856– 374
Rohde, N. F., 1816-1886 282
Rörbye, Martinus, 1803-1848 ..... 256, 260-262
Rosen, Anton, 1859– 430
Rosen, Georg von, 1843– 143-146, 201
Rosenberg, Edvard, 1858– 201
Rosenstand, Vilhelm, 1838-1915 316
Roslin, Alexander, 1718-1793 ..... 15, 89-92, 100
Rude, Olaf, 1886 391
Rump, Gotfred, 1816-1880 309-310
Rusti, Olav, 1850– 485
Rydberg, Gustav, 1835– 141
Saabye, August, 1823-1916 ..... 411, 413
Sager-Nelson, Olof, 1868-1896 195-196
Salmson, Hugo, 1843-1894 ..... 157, 166
Salto, Axel, 1889– 391
Sandberg, Johan Gustav, 1782-1854 47
Sandberg, Gustaf, 1876 ..... 221, 232
Sandels, Gösta, 1887-1919 ..... 18, 205
Scharff, William, 1886– 24, 391
Scheel, Signe, 1860– 571, 574
Scheffel, Johan Henrik, 1690-1781 85

PAGE
Schiödte, Erik, 1849-1909 430
Schleisner, Christian, 1810-1882 282
Schlichtkrull, Johan, 1866– 357
Schmidt, Alfr., 1858– 345
Scholander, Fredrik Vilhelm, 1816-1881 132-133
Schonberg, Torsten, 1882– 204
Schou, Karl, 1870– 388
Schou, L. A., 1838-1867 288-291
Schou, P. A., 1844-1914 346
Schouboe, Henrik, 1876– 384
Schröder, Georg Engelhard, 1684-1750 85
Schultz, Julius, 1851– 414
Schultzberg, Anshelm, 1862- 18, 172
Schwartz, Frands, 1850-1917 321
Seligmann, Georg, 1866– 357
Sergel, Johan Tobias, 1740-1814 .....
..... 16, 34, 95, 103, 106-113, 116, 163, 616
Siegumfeldt, Herman, 1833-1912 300-301
Simonsen, Niels, 1807-1885 282
Sinding, Elisabeth, 1846– 485
Sinding, Otto, 1842-1909 ..... 465, 480, 485, 604
Sinding, Sigmund, 1875– 604
Sinding, Stephan, 1846-1922 ..... 33, 614, 625-628
Sjöberg, Axel, 1866– 196
Skånberg, Carl, 1850-1883 ..... 153, 158
Skeibrok, Mathias, 1851-1896 ..... 625, 628-630, 632
Skovgaard, Joakim, 1856– 24, 25, 361-371, 372, 373, 527
Skovgaard, Niels, 1858– 24, 361-371, 372, 373, 416
Skovgaard, Peter Christian, 1817-1875 .....
..... 25, 304-307, 309, 310, 313, 361, 363, 372, 373, 416
Skredsvig, Christian, 1854– 493, 509, 527, 542-546, 551
Slott-Möller, Agnes, 1862– 374-377
Slott-Möller, Harald, 1864 374-377
Smidth, Hans, 1839-1917 301
Smith, Vilhelm, 1867– 201
Södermark, Olof Johan, 1790-1848 ..... 122-123, 125
Sohlberg, Harald, 1869– 31, 593, 595-597
Sömme, Jacob Kielland, 1862– 485
Söndrup, Just. Nielsen, 1873– 415
Sonne, Jörgen, 1801-1890 ..... 269, 293-295, 351, 426

PAGE
Soot, Eyolf, 1859–....564-566
Sörensen, C. F., 1818-1879.... 281
Sörensen, Henrik, 1882–....32, 612
Sörensen, Jörgen, 1861-1894....571-572
Sparre, Louis, 1863–.... 198
Stein, Theobald, 1829-1901....411, 413
Stenberg, Emerik, 1873–.... 201
Stenersen, Gudmund, 1863–....571, 575
Stenhammar, Ernst, 1859–.... 228
Stoltenberg, Mathias, 1799-1871....27, 452-453
Storck, H. B., 1839–....25, 428, 429
Strandman, Otto, 1871–.... 221
Ström, Halfdan, 1863–....566-570
Stüler, Friedrich August, 1800-1865.... 133
Sundt-Hansen, Carl, 1841-1907....473, 475, 476-479, 524
Svarstad, A. C., 1869–.... 610
Svedlund, Pelle, 1865–.... 201
Svor, Anders, 1864–.... 632
Swane, Sigurd, 1879–....24, 391
Syberg, Fritz, 1862–....23, 25, 388-389, 390, 391
Tägtström, David, 1894–.... 205
Tannæs, Marie, 1854–....571, 574
Taraval, Guilliaume Thomas Raphael, the Elder, 1701-1750....
....80, 82, 162, 163
Tegner, Hans, 1853–.... 345
Tegner, Rudolph, 1873–....415
Tempelman, Olof, 1746-1816.... 114
Tengbom, Ivar, 1878–....235-236
Tessin, Nikodemus, the Elder, 1615-1681....67, 68, 73, 80, 81
Tessin, Nikodemus, the Younger, 1654-1728....
....48, 73-77, 80, 81, 96, 121, 162
Tetens, Vilhelm, 1871 or 1872–.... 384
Thaulow, Fritz, 1847-1906....
30, 451, 465, 507-512, 527, 534, 535, 542, 556, 560, 570, 571, 572
Thegerström, Robert, 1857-1919....166, 172, 175
Therkildsen, M., 1850–.... 334
Thiele, Anton, 1838-1902.... 335
Thies, Axel, 1860–.... 345
Thomsen, Carl, 1847-1912....343, 344
Thorenfeld, Anton, 1839-1907.... 313

PAGE
Thorvaldsen, Bertel, 1770-1844 ..... 16, 21, 27, 34, 106, 122, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 267, 393-403, 406, 408, 411, 413, 425, 426, 450, 451, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 623
Thura, Laurids, 1706-1759 421
Thygesen, Rudolf, 1880– 32, 612
Thylstrup, Georg, 1884– 418
Tidemand, Adolf, 1814-1876 ..... 27, 29, 454-462, 472, 473, 475, 476, 477, 479, 498, 524, 529, 573, 619, 628
Törneman, Axel, 1880– 18, 204-205, 234
Torsteinson, Torstein, 1876– 609
Troili, Uno, 1815-1875 125-127
Trulson, Anders, 1874-1911 203
Tuxen, Laurits, 1853– 314, 315, 319-321
Tvede, Gotfred, 1863– 430
Uchermann, Karl, 1855– 485, 527
Ulfsten, Nicolai, 1854-1885 ..... 527, 555
Utne, Lars, 1862– 631
Utzon-Franck, Einar, 1888– 418
Vallée, Jean de la, 1620-1696 ..... 67, 68
Vallée, Simon de la, d. 1642 68
Vedel, Herman, 1875– 384
Vermehren, Frederik, 1823-1910 ..... 22, 297, 300, 382, 409
Vigeland, Emmanuel, 1875– 637, 638
Vigeland, Gustav, 1869– 27, 33, 589, 614, 632-644
Vik, Ingebrigt, 1867– 644-645
Visdal, Jo, 1861– 632
Wagner, Fru Olga, 1873– 416-417
Wagner, Siegfried, 1874– 416, 417
Wahlberg, Alfred, 1834-1906 ..... 16, 140-141, 166
Wahlbom, Karl, 1810-1858 125
Wahlman, Lars, 1870– 234-235
Wallander, Alf, 1862-1914 ..... 196, 221, 222
Wallander, Gerda, 1860– 196-197
Wallin, David, 1876– 201
Wandel, Sigurd, 1875– 384-385
Warming, Christoffer, 1865– 430
Wegmann, Bertha, 1848– 335
Weie, Edvard, 1879– 24, 391
Wenck, Henri, 1851– 430
Wennerberg, Gunnar, 1863-1914 222

PAGE
Wentzel, Nils Gustav, 1859–.....561-564, 566, 573
Werenskiold, Dagfin, 1892–..... 30
Werenskiold, Erik, 1855– 29, 30, 479, 485, 507-508, 519, 523-534, 535, 542, 546, 548, 551, 557, 575, 593, 595, 600, 602
Wergeland, Oscar Arnold, 1844-1910..... 485
Wertmüller, Adolf Ulrik, 1751-1812.....15, 100, 101
Westin, Fredrik, 1782-1862..... 121
Westman, Carl, 1866–.....19, 230-232
Wetlesen, Wilhelm, 1871–..... 604
Wexelsen, Christian, 1830-1883..... 472
Wickenberg, Per Gabriel, 1812-1846.....123-124
Wilhelmson, Carl, 1866–.....17, 197-198
Wilhjelm, Johs., 1868–..... 356
Willumsen, Jens Ferdinand, 1863–..23, 24, 25, 26, 377-380, 382, 416
Winge, Mårten Eskil, 1825-1896..... 138
Wold-Torne, Oluf, 1867-1919.....31, 597, 600-603
Zacho, Christian, 1843-1913.....317, 318
Zahrtmann, Kristian, 1843-1917.....23, 31, 335-341, 349, 364, 386, 575, 597, 600, 603, 611
Zetterwall, Helgo, 1831-1907..... 223
Zorn, Anders Leonard, 1860-1920.....17, 176, 188-195

DATE DUE

MAR 21

MAR 30

AUG 23

JAN 23

FEB 13

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